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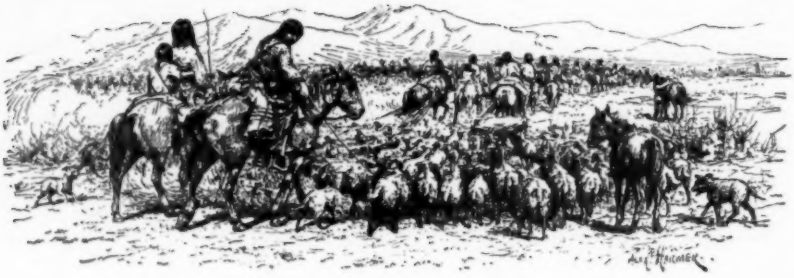
MORRINA.

BY NEITH BOYCE.

O bold, brown bird, swaying invisible
Among the topmost eucalyptus leaves,
In the soft air, star-set, purpureal—
Oft have I heard thee on warm summer eves
Pour forth thy heart in pulsing passionate song
Of love, love, love, in maddest ecstasy
Of joy!—It may be thou this night dost hold
With magic sweet and strong
The dim vale rapt in silent reverie,
Even as thou heldst my heart of old.

The secret of thy spell—that potent fire,
That free, full, thralling sweetness blend for me
With memories of the languorous southern air,
The burning skies, the breadth, the mystery
Of mine own land. Well mayst thou sing, indeed,
Who holdest these in fee. But if no more,
O golden voice, should make response to thee
That harmony full-keyed,
If thou wert alien on a pale cold shore—
Couldst thou still sing—or wouldst thou silent be?



THE SOUTHERN UTE INDIANS.

BY VERNER Z. REED.

IN an older time the Ute, or Utah tribes of Indians, roamed over the mountain ranges of all of Colorado, Northern New Mexico and a portion of Utah. They have always been mountain dwellers, but they often made incursions to the plains to hunt buffalo and deer, or to fight their hereditary enemies, the Comanches, Kiowas and Arapahoes. It is not many years since the white people first began to colonize the lands of the Utes, and among the Uncompahgre, Uintah and Southern Ute tribes are many men not yet old, who have lived lives as wild as the lives of their ancestors before the discovery of America. But the white men came rapidly after they began to come; they coveted the rich valleys in the country of the Utes, and in time the Utes were "corralled" onto reservations, some of which have from time to time been made smaller by government treaty land purchases.

The Utes have ever been brave, fierce, fearless, warlike people; their thoughts were of battles and hunts, and they have not kept pace with some of their cousins of other tribes in the arts of civilization. They are now at a point that is midway between the old era and a new. The days of battles, rapine and pillage are over, but what the new era will be no man can tell. There is little doubt that most of the Utes are yet as savage at heart as were their most bloodthirsty ancestors—Utes of old-time thoughts, customs and desires, but hedged in by the mighty power of the conquering whites, who compel them to live in a different way from that of the free, wild, olden time. They are among the last Indians that civilization has attempted to reach. Civilization has touched most of them not at all, and scratched the others only skin deep, and the Utes are extremely interesting as being among the best examples of the aboriginal tribes of the West who continue to lead lives akin to those of the old days before the white men had come.

The Utes are divided into three main tribes, the Uncompahgre and Uintah tribes of Utah Territory, and the Southern Utes of Colorado. At one time all three of the main tribes acknowledged the authority of a common head chief, although each tribe had its own sub-head chief. Ouray was the last chief to hold sway over all the Utes, and since his death the three main tribes have maintained entirely separate organizations.

In the extreme southwestern corner of Colorado, in the picturesque "Silver

BEAR DANCE.

San Juan," a country reached only by crossing over the tops of towering mountain ranges, is the reservation of the Southern Utes, the only Indians now remaining in Colorado. The reservation is about fifteen and one-half miles wide from north to south, and one hundred and twenty miles long from east to west. It comprises a series of fertile valleys watered by streams that trend to the southwest and flow through the San Juan into the Rio Colorado, and whose waters in time enter the Pacific Ocean. The reservation contains valleys, mesas and mountains, and is suitable for hunting and fishing, or for farming. To the east the Conejos range of mountains shuts out the wide world; to the north and northwest the white summits of the La Plata and Needle mountains rise to the line of perpetual snow; and to the south and southwest is the great desert country that borders the land of the Navajo. The valleys in the reservation lie between high mesa walls that in many places rise almost as high as mountains, and between the valleys are high table lands and foothills, covered with sage brush, cactus, yucca, and clumps and forests of scrub oak, piñon and pine. The streams, among which are the Rio de Pinos, Rio Florida, and the Las Animas, carry great quantities of the purest melted snow water, and are capable of irrigating large areas of the richest and most productive land in the West. The altitude averages six thousand feet; the climate is generally equable and mild; there is a little snow, not a great deal of rain, and a vast amount of sunshine.

UTE INDIAN WAR DANCE COSTUME.

The Southern Ute tribe was formed by the union of three tribes or clans, viz: the Weeminuchees, the Moaches and the Capotas. The Weeminuchees have always lived on or near the land now comprised in the reservation; the other tribes, or clans, were removed there about sixteen years ago. The government of the tribe is graded as follows: head chief of the tribe; chiefs of clans or sub-tribes; head men of bands. At the present time Ignacio, "the living good Indian," is head chief of the tribe, and also chief of the Weeminuchee clan, the largest of the sub-tribes. Buckskin Charley, whose original name was Horned Toad, is chief of the Moache clan, and Sevaro is chief of the Capota clan. The clans are subdivided into bands, each band numbering from four to ten men, and being governed by a head man or sub-chief. It will thus be seen that a common citizen in Uteland owes allegiance first to the head chief of the tribe, then to the chief of his clan, and lastly and leastly to the head man of his band. There is also a war chief whose authority in time of war would transcend that of the head chief. Buckskin Charley, who did hard fighting with other tribes before the days of railroads and white settlers, is war chief of the tribe, and it is believed that in the event of a serious emergency he would also hold that office over the two other main Ute tribes, the Uintahs and Uncompahgres

of Utah. The sway of the chiefs is not tyrannical or severe, but it is almost absolute, and their subjects yield ready obedience to orders, as a bullet is the penalty of serious disobedience. Tribal law attaches no emoluments to the office of chief, but it is the custom for the chiefs to have first choice of such good things that come the way of the tribe.

At the census of 1892 there were 986 members of the Southern Ute tribe, of which 489 were males, and 497 females. The census stated that there were 425 families, but that is far from being correct, owing to the fact that the Indians have not a good conception of the meaning of the word "family," and made many erroneous statements. Many single families were numbered as three or four families. Many men with wives were listed alone, the man being classed as a family, his wife and children as another. It is rather difficult to determine what constitutes a Ute family, and the census statistics regarding families are almost without value.

Of the sub-tribes the Weeminuchees numbered 550 members, the Moaches 270 members, and the Capotas 166 members. There were 290 males over eighteen years of age and 199 under that age. Of the females there were 305 over sixteen years of age and 192 under that age. The census of 1893 will show an increase in the number of all the clans, the total population being now estimated at 1060

MOUNTED UTE.

UTE BOYS ON HORSEBACK.

INDIAN CAMP.

UTE FAMILY.

people. The tribe has been increasing in numbers for several years, the increase being attributable to the absence of warfare, to the presence of an American physician, and to a life of lesser hardship than was known in the old era of battles.

The average life of the men is about twenty-five years, that of the women somewhat less, on account of their harder work and greater exposure; but some of the women attain great ages, the oldest person on the reservation being a woman ninety-three years old. Any noticeable increase in the population of the tribe is prevented owing to the fact that when twins are born only one is allowed to live, and because children born deformed are not allowed to grow up. The superfluous twins and deformed children are carried to exposed places in the forest and allowed to die from neglect. It would seem more merciful to kill them by a less lingering and painful process, but the manner of their taking off is according to Indian ideas of right. It is doubtful whether there are any Indian ideas of mercy. If twins should be one of either sex the male is reared, if they should be both of one sex the healthiest and most promising one is reared.

The Ute men are generally well formed and agile, and possess great endurance. They are quite strong, although their muscles are soft and flexible. Some of them become stout, while others are thin and "wiry." They have prominent noses and ears, high cheek bones, and rather retreating foreheads. They all have long, black, glossy hair, of which they are scrupulously careful. They do not average as tall as white men, although a few of them are over six feet. The women are shorter and stouter than the men. In girlhood and early womanhood they are plump and well-formed, but as they grow older, they become fat, and their busts and hips develop to an unusual size.

From an Anglo-Saxon point of view the costumes of the Utes are simple and scanty, but they are always picturesque. The clothing is now made chiefly of velvets, calicoes and cotton cloths purchased from agency traders, but is cut after the patterns of the olden time when the materials were the skins of animals killed in the chase. A few of the men wear hats, which are invariably small sombreros. In addition to this the male costume consists of an undershirt of cotton, a long-sleeved overshirt falling to the knees, leggings of cloth or buckskin, a gee-string and moccasins. The overshirt is usually fringed at the neck, cuffs and bottom, and generally the breast piece is made of double thickness. Should the overshirt be of buckskin it is almost invariably painted, yellow being a favorite color. The leggings fit the limbs very close; they reach from the ankle upward to the beginning of the hips, and are fastened to a belt that encircles the body. The same belt to which the leggings are tied holds the "gee-string" in position. This garment is a strip of cloth or buckskin about eight inches wide, and from three to five feet long, that passes between the hips and hangs down in front and behind. The moccasins are almost invariably made of buckskin or elk hide, and are generally beaded. The leggings and shirts are also beaded, and often finely fringed. As an outer garment there is the invariable blanket, which is worn almost constantly, winter and summer. The top of the blanket is passed over one shoulder and under the other, and is fastened around the waist by a belt; over this is worn the invariable cartridge belt and six-shooter, as all the Utes go armed. The Utes do not weave, procuring their blankets from the Navajoes, or from the government traders.

The costume of the women consists of a dress that reaches from the neck to below the knees, leggings that reach from the knees to the ankles, and moccasins. They all wear very wide belts, to which they hang their purses, awls and tools, and as outer garments they wear shawls or blankets. Some of their dresses are made of buckskin, or the tanned skin of wild mountain sheep. These skin dresses are almost always painted, and small bells and rattles are attached to them. They also wear bead jackets, or scarfs, some of which are executed in very good designs.

The men wear a great many ornaments, consisting of ear rings, finger rings, bracelets, armlets, breast plates and hair ornaments. They make very good rings out of German silver and turquoise, and make their own armlets from the same materials. The necklaces and breast plates are made from the teeth of wild animals, or from beads purchased from the Mexicans and traders.

The men take good care of their hair, parting it in the middle and braiding it in two long queues, one of which hangs over either shoulder. These braids are often wrapped in beaver or otter skin, and bear teeth and claws are sometimes tied to them. The women also part their hair in the middle, but do not braid it, cutting it off so that it falls only to the neck. The men wear eagle and crow feathers in their hair, but the women do not.

Both men and women pluck out their eyebrows, and nearly all the men pluck out their scant beards, although an occasional one will indulge in a small mustache. The men paint their faces almost constantly, the women more rarely. On ordinary occasions a man will have his face painted in but one color, but for a dance, a council meeting or a ceremonial occasion of any kind, he will use many different colors and designs. He also paints the front portion of the hair and portions of the clothing. The women paint their clothing but little, and their face painting does not often go beyond round spots on the forehead. The children, especially the boys, begin face painting very young.

UTE WAR DANCE HEADDRESS.

The Utes are a roving people, who dwell in tents and wander up and down their reservation hunting, fishing or visiting, carrying their tents and belongings with them. The government is endeavoring to encourage farming and permanent residence among them, and thirty-two farms are now being worked on the Southern reservation; but when the season of farm work is over, the farmers wander and hunt with their fellows. The government has erected small houses of planks or logs on the farms, but the Indians usually prefer to live in wickiups, as did their forefathers, conical shaped tents, formerly covered with deer skin and buffalo hide, now almost invariably made from canvas supplied by the government. The tent poles are erected something after the soldier fashion of stacking arms, being joined, and often tied, at the top, and over this framework of poles the canvas is stretched. An opening for the escape of smoke is left in the top, and another for ingress and egress in the side, this door-hole being covered with a flap stretched on sticks. A small excavation is made in the center of the wickiup and used for a fire place, the fire being built on the ground. A mat of limbs and small tree branches is built around the fire place, and this mat is covered with blankets and skins that serve as seats during the day and as beds at night. In the wickiup are kept the few utensils used in Ute housekeeping, and here the Ute family rests, eats, cooks, sleeps and receives visits from friends. The women build, and usually own, the wickiups. When the family moves, which is often, the women take down the tents, roll up the canvas and load it on packhorses, tie the ends of the tent-poles to saddles and allow the poles to drag on the ground. They also load the coffee pots, willow water jars, baskets, wooden ladles, blankets and hides onto pack horses, and they and the children ride on top of the packs. The men ride ahead of the cavalcade, and do not usually load goods on their horses. The half-grown boys and girls ride

UTE WAR HEADDRESS.

A PORTION OF THE SOUTHERN UTE RESERVATION.

behind the van and drive the sheep, goats, and extra horses.

The Utes are sometimes polygamous, but not to any great extent, owing to the equal numbers of the sexes. Several men have two wives, and a few have three. All the wives sometimes live in one tent with the husband, but it is customary to have a separate tent for each wife and her children. The men marry at about eighteen years of age, the women from fourteen to sixteen. Courtship is of short duration. A brave, after falling in love with a girl, will don his best clothes and feathers, paint his face in the brightest colors, load himself down with beads and ornaments, and then frequent the wickiup of the family of his inamorata. He will converse volubly with the girl's relatives, but affect a profound indifference toward her, often not noticing her when she speaks to him. She and her friends understand the significance of these tactics, and the man's availability and desirability as a husband are discussed. The girl's parents may endeavor to dissuade her from the proposed alliance, but by long established tribal custom the final decision is in her own hands, and she may marry to suit herself. If a man believes his suit is looked upon with favor, he goes upon a hunt, and returns after he has killed a deer. With the body of the deer slung to his horse he rides to the wickiup where dwells the object of his longing, ties his horse to a tree near the tent, and goes in, often not noticing the girl. If the girl has decided to reject him she pays no heed to him, but if she accepts him she goes out to his horse, waters and feeds it, unstraps the deer and cares for the meat and skin, cooks some of the meat and invites him to partake of it with her, and by so doing she has concluded both the engagement and marriage, for the two will begin living with each other at once, with no further ceremony. The young couple usually begin married life by dwelling in the wickiup of the bride's mother, but after two or three children are born to them, should they live together so long, they will build a wickiup of their own. As soon as married the man joins the clan of the woman and becomes one of the same people as herself, and the children, when born, belong to her clan. In case of divorce the man may return to his own clan, but often does not.

Divorce, or more properly separation, is very common, and may be effected by either the man or the woman. In case of separation each takes his own property, and the wife usually returns to her mother's family, taking her children if they are very young. If the children are almost grown, the sons go with the father and the daughters with the mother. Parents are very affectionate toward their children, but seem to have little regard for children who have left them because of divorce. In some cases the easily made marriages have lasted through life. Ignacio, the head chief, has but one wife. He entertains a great regard for her, and has lived with her for many years. In some cases a man or a woman may have been married as many as two dozen times.

SEVARO, CHIEF OF CAPOTA SUB-TRIBE.

BUCKSKIN CHARLEY.

The morals of the Utes are very lax, as are the morals of almost all wild Indians. A woman is supposed to be true to her master, but the man is free to indulge in as many amours as opportunity and his inclinations will permit, and he will not fall in his wife's estimation thereby. If a woman is unfaithful her husband may adopt one of several courses. The mildest punishment is to kill the favorite horse of the man who has trespassed; another punishment is to whip the woman and separate from her; another, now falling out of use, is to slit the nose of the unfaithful wife, and kill the offending co-respondent; and in rare cases the husband has been known to kill both the unfaithful wife and the offending man. Usually, however, if the wife consorts with another Indian her punishment consists of being beaten or divorced; but if her crime is committed with a negro, a white man, or a Mexican, the punishment is death. No half breed children are allowed to live if it can be avoided, and many an erring woman has seen her child killed, and has lost her own life for bringing into the world a little stranger in whose veins flowed the mixed blood of two races.

The men do the farm work, when any is done, and hunt and fish, and sometimes care for the horses. The women build the wickiups, provide wood, carry water, do the cooking and most of the laborious work. The female children begin to work young, but the boys do little except ride, herd horses, and practice shooting with revolvers, guns, and bows and arrows. The children are as well cared for as their elders, and are greatly loved by their parents. The families are not large, but two or three children being usually born to one mother. The children are not named as soon as born, and when a name is given it is usually hap-hazard, and may be changed several times during a lifetime. The infants are of course placed in *koonuhs*, or pappoose boards, and carried slung over the mother's back.

There is little regularity about the Ute family life. Each one eats when he chooses, sleeps when he likes, and arises when he pleases. The food consists of beef, coffee, *tortillas*, and wild game. The *tortillas* are cooked by holding them over the fire, and the meats are cooked on flat stones, or held on sticks and cooked in

UTE CHILDREN.

the flame. The cooking utensils are few and crude. Ladles are hewed out of oak knots; willow *ollas*, or water jars, are woven by the women and are very serviceable; drinking cups are made from cow horns that are heated in the fire and then flared; and jars and cups are procured from the Apaches and Pueblo Indians. In eating, the Indians sit upon the ground, and needless to say, they exemplify the old saying that fingers were made before forks. Chunks of cooked meat are usually kept in the wickiups, and any member of the family may eat of it when he chooses. They retire to bed early, and usually sleep late. An entire family will sleep in a single wickiup, each one wrapping himself in a blanket or skin, and lying with his feet toward the fire. The intercourse among the members of a family is nearly always pleasant, quarrels are very infrequent, and children are rarely chastised by their parents. Children hold their parents in great respect, and brothers and sisters are usually very affectionate and friendly with each other.

Both men and women are inveterate gamblers, betting on horse races, foot races, on the Mexican game of monte and the native game of *kan-yu-te*. This game, the only native one, is very simple, consisting merely in guessing in which hand one of the players holds a bone or small object. The one who holds the object will make a number of maneuvers with both hands, passing the object from one hand to the other, and finally holding up both hands closed. Then the players will guess in which hand the object is held. Gambling has a great fascination for them, and many a man has lost everything he possessed, even to his clothing, by betting against a run of bad luck. They play fair in their games, and a dishonest player, if discovered, might lose his life.

In handiwork the Utes are less skillful than most of the other frontier tribes. They make a great deal of bead work, consisting of ornaments for leggings, moccasins, dresses and shirts, hat-bands and scarfs. They make saddle bags of buckskin and ornament them profusely with beads. Almost all kinds of clothing are made out of buckskin, sheep skin, and elk hide, and whips and lariats are also manufactured. They make very good arrow quivers from raw hide, and arrows that are identical with those of the Apaches, being three-feathered and pointed with flint or iron. They also make a few bows, but they are not equal to Apache bows. Their willow work consists only of water jars and a few baskets. They make finger rings, ear rings, bracelets and breast-plates, and manufacture some of their paints from plants and minerals. In the past the men were all expert in the use of bows, arrows and spears, but they have lost this skill with the introduction of fire arms.

An important but dangerous occupation among the Utes is that of the *pwu-au-guts*, or medicine men. The medicine men use very little medicine, healing by magic, called *po-o-kan-te*. The healer procures his magic power from dead Indians who visit him at night from the Happy Hunting Grounds, where he goes when he is in trances, and from eagles, bears, and other birds and animals. When a man establishes his reputation as a magician he is believed in implicitly, and many fees of blankets or horses are paid to him for his services. When an Indian is to be treated for sickness a small wickiup, or medicine tent, is erected at some distance from the other tents, and the doctor and his patient repair there for the healing. The medicine man places his head upon the afflicted parts of the patient's body and draws the disease away. He ties a little bundle of herbs to the sick person's garments, and then chants and makes motions over the invalid. The chant is sometimes carried on for hours, a bright fire being built in the tent if it is to continue during the night. The chant is unspeakably weird, and can be heard

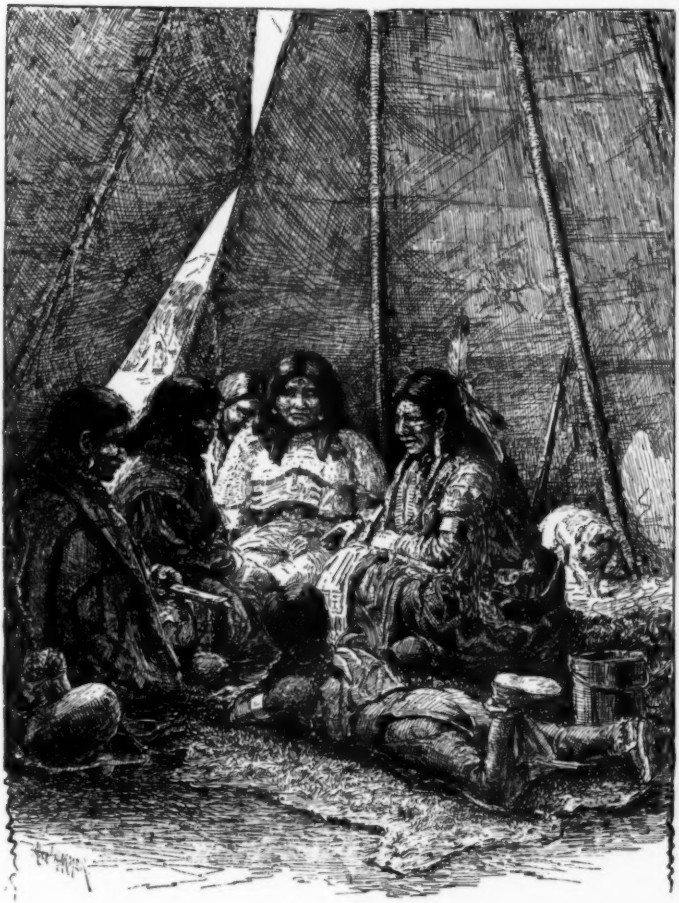
UTE MEN AND BOY.

at a long distance. The patient's male friends may visit him in the medicine tent, but in most cases women or strangers are not allowed to come near, it being believed that women exercise a bad influence. The medicine man, as well as the patient, believes fully in the power of magic to heal, but if a cure is not effected the patient and his friends believe that the medicine man is not trying to cure, that he is using his magic for evil purposes, and they may take the unlucky magician's life. I know of two instances where so called bad medicine men, or witches, were killed. In both cases the killing was done with the consent of the chiefs, and in one case a chief held the victim while his throat was cut by the father of the boy who had been bewitched. It is esteemed no crime to kill a witch, and trouble rarely follows such a deed.

The Utes believe in trance mediumship, in the power of a medium to leave his body and visit the Happy Hunting Grounds, and in the supernatural power and magic of animals and birds. The eagle, in their estimation the king and ruler of all birds, possesses wonderful *po-o-kan-te*, and if an eagle is killed and its heart eaten by a medicine man, they believe the eagle's magic is transferred to him. The eagle's feathers are believed to impart bravery to their wearer, and many fine feather war bonnets have been made by the Utes, a few yet being found among them.

The Utes believe that one God, or Great Spirit, rules all the Indians, and that he desires his children to be mighty hunters and brave warriors. They believe that their code of morals came originally from this Great Spirit, and that war is a good thing in his sight. They believe in a future life, but not in a future punishment. As soon as an Indian dies it is believed that his soul goes at once to the Happy Hunting Grounds, a fair land in the sky where there is no death, where there are towering mountains, broad forests, grassy plains and rivers of sweet waters that flow undiminished forever. In this Happy Hunting Ground each tribe of Indians has its own land, and when an Indian dies he dwells among his own people. In this blessed place there is no sickness, the men are all strong, the women are all beautiful, the horses are all fleet, and existence is one long, happy, endless round of hunting, feasting, dancing and making merry. The Indians who have been in trances tell of this happy land, a strange thing being that all give the same description. It is implicitly believed in, and every Indian, no matter what his life may be, believes that he will go there as soon as he dies. Because of this implicit faith no Ute fears death, and none are cowards.

The Utes have great respect for the memory of the dead, and while they erect no permanent monuments, they can remember for long periods the burial places of friends. Their burial customs vary according to the rank and importance of the dead person. If a witch is killed he may be thrown into any hastily dug hole without ceremony. An ordinary Indian will



THE UTE CHIEF'S WOOING.

be buried with some state. A horse will be killed over his grave in order that he may take it with him to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and a pipe, a jug of water and a few necessaries will be thrown into the grave. His female relations will cut their hair in mourning, and when any of them meet friends for the first time after the burial they will stop and give the death wail, a weird, melancholy cry, whose significance is known to every member of the tribe. If a chief or important personage dies, an elaborate funeral takes place. The women take charge of the funeral ceremonies, and the men, working under their directions, dig a grave, making it about eight feet deep. The grave is then lined with cloths and blankets, and a couch of blankets and robes is built in the grave, a pillow of fine furs being made for the head. The body, dressed in the best finery the Indian owned when alive, is then passed down to men who stand in the grave,

IGNACIO, HEAD CHIEF OF SOUTHERN UTES.

and is placed in an easy reclining position. Tobacco, playing cards, money, meat, fruits, saddles, revolvers and a jug of water are then placed in the grave for the dead man to take with him on his journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Rude timbers are then placed in the grave above the body, tanned skins or canvas are fastened to them, and then a wickiup is built over all. Six or seven horses are then killed for the use of the dead man's spirit, and sometimes the wickiup is burned down.

Five dances are numbered in the Ute catalogue, each of which has a sacred or mystic significance, although most of them are indulged in on festal occasions as well. The Dog Dance is danced by men only, being a kind of war dance. The Tea Dance, is danced by men and women, and the Ghost Dance, similar to the Sioux dance of the same name, is danced by both sexes. The Lame Horse Dance, is exclusively for women, and the Bear Dance for both men and women. The Bear Dance is given by some one of the main Ute tribes once each year, and is for the purpose of assisting the bears in the mountains to recover from hibernation, to provide food for the living bears and the spirit bears in the Happy Hunting Grounds, to charm the dancers against danger from bears, and is, besides, a social function. It takes place in March, lasts four days and one night, and is followed by a feast. The dance is held out of doors in a circular enclosure, called *ah-vick-wak-it*, the enclosure being made of green boughs.

No serious effort has been made to convert the Southern Utes to Christianity, and but little progress has been made in educating their young. Several boys and girls have been sent to schools and kept there for a few months at a time, but the best educated among them can only manage to read in the third readers of the public schools. They learn rapidly, taking into consideration the fact that before they can advance they must master a foreign language, but they are not kept long enough in the schools. Parents are very averse to sending their children to the schools, and the school training does but little good to children who are sent back to the old careless tribal life and blanket costume.

The lives of these Indians are very narrow and restricted. They are hemmed in on a narrow reservation, the boundary lines of which are the boundary lines of their world. They have no intellectual pleasures, and aside from hunting, gambling and dancing, they have little to occupy their minds. A few of the more active spirits chafe under their bonds of inertia, but there has been no trouble with the wh tes for many years. Brawls among themselves occur, but no more frequently than among a similar number of whites; but if they become serious, killing is usually the result. They have but little intercourse with the whites, as they know white men are not well disposed toward them. If they are approached in the right way they are very friendly, and they greatly esteem the friendship of white men whom they like and

respect. They are staunch in friendship, honest and truthful, but bitter and implacable in enmity.

A few of the men can speak some words of English, nearly all speak Spanish. Some speak the Navajo dialect, and many of the women understand Spanish to a certain degree, although few of them speak a word of English. Their own dialect is rather more harsh than other Indian dialects. There are comparatively few words in their language, but it is difficult to master, as a word may have many different meanings, according to the way it is inflected. They have a system of notation running to one hundred. After counting to that number they begin at one again, making a mark for each one hundred. Considering the few words at their command, and the meagerness of their language, some of them are very eloquent. The force of the spoken words is greatly enhanced by their intense earnestness when speaking upon serious subjects, by their indescribable dignity, by their sparkling eyes and by their magnificent powers of gesticulation in which they have no superiors. Buckskin Charley, the war chief, who, like many a white man, is painted worse than he is by his enemies, recounted to me the history of his life, speaking in the Ute dialect, his language being translated to me by a competent interpreter. An extract or two may serve to give some idea of Indian thought and eloquence. The first extract from his story is an account of a battle he took part in, and is given almost verbatim as translated.

"In an old time a great road came from the States to the city of Santa Fe. On the east side of that road, away on the wide plains, I and six other Utes went once to hunt buffalo. We killed great numbers of buffalo, and about the middle of one day we packed our meat and hides onto pack horses and started for home, wanting to reach our camp because we had used all the water we had with us. Two of our men rode ahead, and after we had ridden a little distance, we saw those two men turn and ride toward us, coming as fast as their horses could run. When they came near us they waved their hands and called out:

"'Comanches! Comanches! The Comanches are coming!'

"Then the Comanches came in sight; many, many of them, spread out in ten long rows, and riding hard toward us. As there were but seven of us we turned and ran, letting our pack horses go where they would, as it would have put us in danger to try to keep them. When we had ridden for about the distance of three miles, we saw ten men of our own people riding toward us, and we were very glad, and we ran our horses to meet them. I had but a bow and arrows, but my bow was good and my arrows had points of steel. Only one of all our people had a gun, as that was before the time many Indians had guns. Almost as soon as we reached

KA-RATCH, AN INDIAN POLICEMAN.

our ten friends the Comanches were upon us. There was no place to run, as our horses were tired; we had but one gun; we were very few and the Comanches were very many, but I knew we had to fight, and I rode up and down before the Utes and I said to them:

"'Utes, now has come our time to die. We cannot run from the Comanches. We have but one gun; we are but seventeen men and they are a great many, and they will kill us all. But we will fight bravely, and we will die together like men and Utes. But before we die, many Comanches must die. Come, be of brave hearts, be brave men, and let us fight and die so bravely that our people will forever speak to their children of how brave we were. Our people have fought the Comanches always, the Comanches have killed many of our friends, they have stolen many of our horses, they have taken many of our women, and now before we die let every man pay off his debt to the Comanches for the wrongs they have done us. When the Comanches kill one of us, then let us try to kill three Comanches. When we are all killed but two, let those two stand side by side and fight. And when the Utes are all killed but one, let that last one die killing Comanches. If the Comanches kill your horse from under you, stand on the ground and fight; if they break one of your legs, stand on the other leg and fight; if they break both your legs, lie on the ground and kill Comanches until you are too weak to put an arrow to your bow. Come, be brave, let us fight like Utes!'

"Then were my men of good hearts—they were Utes, they were brave, and I had cheered them although I was not yet a chief. Then the chief who was with us told me to command the fight. We could not live always, we must die some time, and I believed that in that fight we would all die, but no fear was in my heart, nor has fear ever been in my heart.

"Then the Comanches came close to us, and they rode up and down before us, calling to us and telling us our time had come to die. Then they shot a great volley at us, and in less than the beating of a heart we had shot back at them, and all the time we were very close together. Their first shots killed one of our horses, and their next shots killed one of our men who was a good friend to me, and then we called out to them:

"'You Comanche dogs, you eaters of dogs, we will kill you all!'

"Then the fight was fast and hard and hot, and we fought for many hours, fighting until the sun was almost gone. My men fought like men who fear nothing, and they were so brave and so mad with anger that the great band of Comanches became afraid, and after we had killed some of them they turned and ran from us like cowards. We were brave men, we had good *po-o-kan-te*, and so well did we fight that but one of us was killed, although more were hurt.

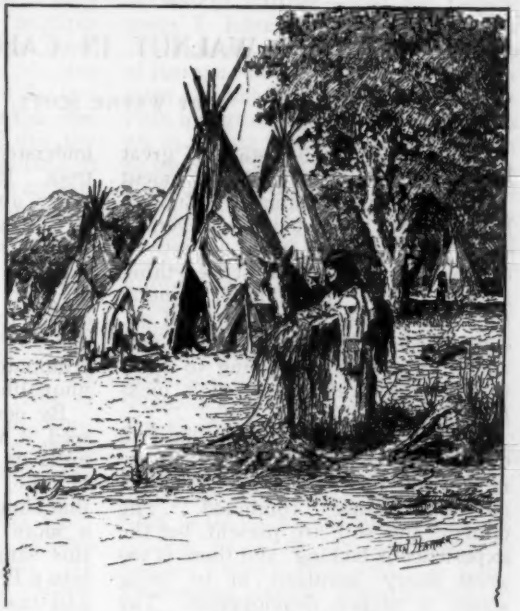
"When the fight was over we were worn out, for we had had no water all day. We tied our horses to pegs and we threw ourselves on the ground and slept until the sun came up, and then we buried our dead friend and killed a horse over his grave, so that he might have a horse in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

"Then we rode in sorrow to our camp, and our people grieved because one of us was dead, and the women relations of the dead man cut off their hair and wailed in sorrow for many days, and all our men met together and swore to kill any Comanches they might meet."

The following extracts from the chief's conversations are inserted here because they throw some light upon the relations of the white and red races, viewed from an Indian's standpoint.

"The way the times are now has made me many troubled thoughts. I am now too old to learn like the white men, and I was not born soon

enough to live out all my life like the Utes of the old time lived. I once thought the white people were very bad people and that they did much wrong; and the whites thought the Indians were very bad people and did much wrong. But I think different now, for I understand more of the laws that came from the God. Long, long time ago our god put us on earth and told us to fight, to hunt, and to take from each other in war. Your god put the Americans on earth to farm, to read in books, and to know many more things than the Indians know. The reason the white men know so much is because their god gave them the power. The Indians did as their god told them; the white men did as their god told them; but the white men did not understand the Indians, and the Indians did not understand the white men, and they were enemies. Your laws say: 'If a man kill he shall be taken;' our laws do not say so. Your laws say one thing, our laws say another thing, and we have not understood each other. But I believe that the white men's laws are good for the white men, and the Indian laws good for the Indian, and that when the white men and the Indians understand more of each other they will no longer hate each other. I believe that when all peoples know what God meant they will all be friends with each other; all Indians,—the Utes, the Navajoes, the Comanches, the Arapahoes—and the Americans, the Mexicans, and the black people."



THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S "YES."

This chief, his words accompanied by the most eloquent gestures, and emphasized with flashing eyes, told me many strange, wild tales of his people, tales of murder and bloodshed, with no idea that the deeds were wrong; but he also told me many thoughts he had upon the future of his people, upon their relations with the whites, and of things a semi-savage Indian would not be supposed to think about.

The Utes are a little nation, and are recognized as such by the government. They have their own rulers, their own priests, their own laws, their simple manufactures and their limited pastimes. They are of interest as being a people of to-day who live according to the savage customs of a thousand years ago. They are almost savage as yet, but within a few years their customs will have undergone many changes, and they will have become parties to the great scheme of American civilization.

THE WALNUT IN CALIFORNIA.

BY WAYNE SCOTT.

CALIFORNIA is a state of great possibilities. Its development is only in its infancy. Enough has already been done, however, to show that the State in its entirety is capable of producing almost everything known in the vegetable or mineral kingdoms. And as the years roll on, each season brings to light some new and strange discovery going to show that her resources are well-nigh inexhaustible.

Indiscriminate propagation has had more to do with the tardy development of the products of the State than all other causes combined. The climate and soil are present, but the experience is lacking, and there is too great hurry indulged in to bring about a proper development. The virtue to "make haste slowly" has never been a distinguishing characteristic of the average Californian, who is, as a rule, more anxious to realize quantity than to develop quality, and for this reason a false idea exists, both at home and abroad, with reference to the products of the State. Whenever a superior quality of fruit is produced it is shipped east, and the consumers there imagine that their purchases represent the average, if not the entire crop of the State. The eastern visitor being compelled to put up with the inferior stock left for the home market, exclaims: "Why, this is not like the California fruit we get in the East," and thus a false impression is produced at both ends of the line, which is detrimental to our home interests. Time will correct this evil, and already the conscientious growers of the State are laboring to effect that end.

Of all branches of horticulture so far experimented upon in California, there is probably no one so little understood as the culture of walnut trees. Many causes have operated to bring about this effect. More than forty years ago the "Los Angeles" walnut, so called from the fact that it was first cultivated at the old mission of that name, was introduced, but owing to the fact that it is the most delicate variety of walnut, its indiscriminate propagation was not an unqualified success.

By constant propagation from the seed, it has been allowed to deteriorate until its cultivation is a barren waste of time, and the tree occupies a place that should be used for something of a more profitable nature. And yet this same barren tree can be grafted into a Præparturien, or other variety, and made very profitable. By itself it blooms irregularly, and is therefore unreliable as a bearer, and is extremely tender as a plant. The *Juglans regia*, as the English walnut is known to botanists, is unisexual, bearing both the staminate and the pistilate flowers. It is a native of Persia and Himalaya, and was cultivated by the Romans during the reign of Tiberius, B. C., forty-two years. It is at this time being extensively cultivated throughout Southern Europe, and does well even in England, although in that trying climate it does not begin to bear until it has attained its twenty-fifth year. It grows to a height of from sixty to one hundred feet. There are many varieties, not all equally profitable, and with regard to the propagation of which there are as many opinions expressed as there are growers, on the one hand, and varieties of soil and climate, on the other.

Mr. Ellwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara, is of the opinion that the area of land suitable for successful

walnut growing in this State is very limited. He says: "It requires well drained, deep, sandy bottom land, well protected, and where no live oak trees have grown within the last century. Everywhere where the live oak has been recently rooted out the walnut tree will die about the time it bears the second crop, perhaps earlier. The second, planted to replace, will die in about the fifth year; the third, in the first, second or third year. I doubt if any fruit trees will do well where an oak forest has recently existed. The Elder Pliny, in his natural history written nearly two thousand years ago, speaks of this fact existing on the northern coast of the Mediterranean, and cautions planters from attempting fruit growing where an oak forest has recently existed."

Mr. Felix Gillett, of Nevada City, returns a vigorous protest against theories advanced by Mr. Cooper. He says: "The idea that walnut culture in California is possible only in those little valleys bordering the sea in Southern California, is, I must say, a preposterous and erroneous one. * * * Now I do strongly object, in the presence of facts to the contrary, to the above banishing of walnut culture from nine-tenths of the area of the State of California; and I do not care, either, what Pliny said two thousand years ago on that subject, but will cite an instance that will set at naught the theory that walnuts will not do well 'where an oak forest has recently existed.' That walnuts will grow more luxuriantly and bear larger crops at comparatively earlier age in deep and rich bottom land, well drained, well protected, and with plenty of moisture, is an obvious fact; though there arises another question—whether it is advisable to plant walnuts, a class of trees requiring so much space and with so little regard to the nature of the soil, in our richest land, so well adapted to the growing of other valuable crops that have absolutely to be raised in rich land. My experience in walnut culture—and for twenty years I have imported, propagated and fruited, all the leading varieties of Europe, besides having collected a large amount of data on that subject from nut-growing countries—warrants me in saying that walnut culture can be successfully carried on on the whole Pacific coast, provided we plant none but hardy kinds; in fact, the success of walnut culture in California lies exclusively in the hardiness of the kinds to be planted."

Before entering upon the details of walnut raising in this State, the advice given by some of the more prominent growers will be found to be interesting and instructive reading. Mr. G. W. Ford, of Santa Ana, says: "Before you plant a walnut orchard, see that you have good, rich, deep, valley soil, with first-class water facilities, or do not expect such promising returns as I or my neighbors in Orange County have had. I don't recommend planting a walnut orchard if you have poor soil, but something that will come off the ground early in the season. Certainly your land need not be anything extra, but I say that on almost any land where corn can be grown without any irrigation, especially in the southern part, a good quality of walnut can be raised without artificial means of watering." Mr. Ford winds up an interesting paper on the "Culture of the Soft-shelled Walnut," by extending a general invitation to all concerned to pay a visit to his orchard in Santa Ana, adding, "and I will show him there an orchard which will satisfy the most skeptical that a soft-shell walnut orchard is a paying investment."

Mr. A. Dorman, of Rivera, says: "I think that if the (planting of) corn, and irrigation were left out after the first three years, and the land given clean and thorough cultivation, it would be more profitable for the owners. Shallow cultivation is advocated by the most successful walnut growers in the valley. * * * The experience of the past season has had

a strong tendency to increase the popularity of the hard-shell walnut. * * * I believe the practice of sulphuring is injurious to the flavor of the nut, and hope it will soon be discontinued with the hard-shell, as has already been done with the soft-shell."

Mr. Felix Gillett says: "My advice in regard to foreign varieties of walnuts is that where the Los Angeles or common walnut of California does badly, people should not hesitate a moment to plant them (the foreign variety) as being so much superior and more hardy. * * * It is as easy to grow fine nuts as poor ones, and certainly more profitable."

Mr. Ellwood Cooper says: "My advice to those anticipating walnut growing is—first visit the various localities and profit by the experience of those now engaged in the business. * * * Trees will die, apparently without a cause, and the planter, after waiting ten or a dozen long years, will be compelled to root them out and try something else. One-half the orchards planted will never be a success."

It is more than probable that the planters have experimented with different varieties of the nut, but one fact is made manifest, and that is, that under the best circumstances the cultivation of the tree is difficult, and the results not at all well assured. The experiments in this State include a wide range of variety. There are the Præparturiens, or Fertile walnut, the Cluster, Mayette, Franguette, Parisienne, Grenoble, Serstina, Chaberte, Gant, Mesange, or Paper-shell, Vourey, Meylan, Culong, Weeping walnut, Ash-leaved walnut, Mammoth walnut, the last three mentioned varieties being of the fancy kinds, and many others not here classified. Each has some special characteristic. Some bear nuts of extraordinary size and fine shape. Some are wonderfully fertile and precocious. Some are so late in their budding that they are able to withstand the late frosts in the spring that effect nine-tenths of the entire area of the State. In some varieties the male flowers or catkins, as they are called, drop off before the female flowers or nuts have had a chance to show themselves, and as a consequence the nuts, not having a chance to be fertilized, by the pollen or yellow dust secreted by the catkins, drop off after attaining the size of a large pea.

The favorite method of propagation in California, and the one that has insured the greatest success, is to plant the nut in the spring of the year, in nursery form. The best soil is a sandy loam, well cultivated to a depth of about six inches. Let the nursery rows be four feet apart, and the nuts one foot apart in the row. The first year those nuts that are fertile and sprout, will attain a height of from six inches to a foot; the second year they will grow to a height of from eighteen inches to three feet, and the third year they will attain a height of five or six feet. This is a proper time for transplanting. First, prepare your ground carefully, by deep plowing and pulverizing. Plant forty feet apart, which will allow twenty-seven trees to the acre. Let the trees slant somewhat towards the direction from which the prevailing winds come. Prune constantly while the tree is young. The branches grow rapidly, and are apt to bear down with their own weight, or break off during high winds, and thus destroy the symmetry of the tree. The trunk should be kept free from limbs, for a distance of five or six feet from the ground, and earth should be kept away from the trunks; and if the top roots are exposed, so much the better, as it will assist the tree "in breathing." If the trees, however, have been planted in proper soil, and well cared for, they will begin to bear when they are eight years old, and in ten years from the time of transplanting, they will yield a handsome return.

The most careful cultivation is necessary; and after the fifth year nothing should be grown between the rows. There are planters who will controvert

this theory, and contend that partial cultivation, planting peanuts or potatoes, if not positively beneficial, will not prove injurious, but the prevailing opinion appears to be that the orchard should be kept clean, but not cultivated. A good plan is to plant an orange tree in the center of every four walnut trees. This will give twenty-seven trees of each kind to the acre, and if three-year-old walnuts are planted, and the trees are properly cared for, the owner will begin to reap rewards in about three years more. The walnut, being covered with heavy foliage, will protect the orange from the cool, coast winds that prevail during the summer, and during the winter season, being stripped of their summer robe, the sun will have full play on the ripening oranges. Oranges grown along the coast will be vastly improved by this means, and will be made to more closely approximate the lusciousness of the fruit grown further inland.

The tree having attained its maturity, we next look at its productiveness and the profit to be derived from it as a bearer. Instances are on record of eight-year-old improved soft-shell walnut orchards, averaging one hundred pounds to the tree. The average prices of the nuts sold were from ten to fifteen cents a pound. At ten cents, the trees would yield ten dollars each per year, or two hundred and seventy dollars an acre. This would be ten per cent on two thousand seven hundred dollars, or say, a good interest on one thousand dollars an acre after all of the expenses of cultivating, irrigating, etc., are allowed. Some years the minimum price here mentioned cannot be had, but the returns have not been discouraging. In 1888, sixteen carloads of hard-shells, bringing seven cents a pound, and one carload of soft-shells, bringing nine cents a pound, were shipped from Rivera.

In 1889, thirty-two carloads of hard-shells, which brought seven and one-half cents a pound, and two carloads of soft-shells, which brought eight and one-half cents a pound, were shipped from the same place, the returns this year for the entire lot having been about forty-five thousand dollars. The soft, or paper-shell nut, is finely flavored, but it is not a good grower. The nuts are small and being extremely delicate, are difficult to ship. For family use, on a small lot, and for close planting, the paper-shell will give good satisfaction; this is especially the case with the "Improved Soft-shell Walnut." But as a certainty, and as a matter of profit exclusively, it is better to adhere to the hardy kinds. Even after they cease to bear they are profitable. An instance is recorded of a walnut tree, grown from the seed, which had, at the age of sixty years, attained a diameter of four feet, which, when cut up into lumber and seasoned, realized four hundred dollars.

Grafting and budding the varieties of walnut are growing in favor, and will eventually attain as great a degree of popularity as the same process with reference to other varities of fruits. Grafting is not as easily performed as budding, nor is it as likely to be a success. This is principally attributable to the large amount of pith to be found in the shoots. The best way to graft is to make a triangular incision in the side of the stock, about an inch or an inch and a half in length. The tree should be about a year old at the time. Cut out from the stock a triangular piece of wood and insert a scion of the same size. The scion should be taken from the terminal shoots of the variety it is desired to produce. Wrap this with a piece of cloth, which must be waxed over, and then cover the graft with earth to within an inch or two of the top of the scion. Do not make a cleft in the stock, by splitting. Let the cloth be waxed only where the cut is exposed, so that in as short a time as possible the parts not mixed may decay and prevent the cloth from cutting into the stock. Use a very sharp knife and perform the operation late in the spring, when the stocks have

begun to show signs of growth. Budding is easier. In removing the bud, cut deep into the wood, so as to give the bud as much bark as possible. The bark should be about an inch and a half from point to point. With the sharp point of the grafting knife, gouge out nearly all of the wood in the bud. Insert this bud in a slit made in the stock of the tree to be budded. Tie tight with budding twine, and allow it to remain thus for three weeks. Then remove the string. As soon as the bud begins to swell, cut the stock back and allow the bud to grow. After they have attained a year's growth, they can be transplanted into orchard form. The process is very simple, but requires great care.

The English, or Madeira variety of the nut, it is said, will become rancid, if kept a year, no matter how much care may be taken of them, but the improved soft-shell will keep from two to three years without undergoing any unfavorable change. Collateral industries arising out of walnut culture are the drying of the kernel and the manufacture of walnut oil. In the city of Paris, France, there are annually consumed fifteen million pounds of dried, and ten million pounds of fresh nuts. Half of the oil used in France is walnut oil, or three times as much as of olive oil. One hundred pounds of walnuts will yield eighteen pounds of oil. Picking in that country costs five cents a bushel, and the nuts vary in price from one-half a cent to eight cents a pound. The cheap grades are those which are sent to the oil mills, while the finer grades are shipped to the market.

It will be some years before California can expect to compete with older countries in the profitable culture of the walnut, but there is no reason to be discouraged. It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that the tree can be profitably grown at an elevation of three thousand feet. The development of the industry is progressing in a manner that leads to the belief that our planters will soon be able to compete with those of any other country. The foreign varieties have been grafted on to the native wild walnut, with the result of fully doubling the product. Mr. Felix Gillett, in an interesting essay of "Foreign Walnuts and their Culture," says:

"Walnut-growing is an industry that ranks very high in France, and which can be developed on the same scale in a State like California, if only we are wise enough to study the French method a little and do as they do, planting none but hardy kinds, and planting them on plateaux, hillsides, rolling land, alongside roadways, around large fields and vineyards, in cordons and avenues, on soils not well adapted to other crops, and where the walnut in due course of time will grow to gigantic dimensions. But keep your deep and rich bottom land for the growing of other crops, and remember that walnuts require much space, and that in rich and valuable land, walnut growing might, after all, prove unprofitable, if you take into consideration the value of the land.

"The walnut belt in France comprises two-thirds of the whole area of that country, extending from the ocean to the Alps and Jura Mountains, and from the Pyrenees Mountains to the Loire, a belt where exists a similar diversity of soil and climate as is found in California from one end of the State to the other, and up to two thousand five hundred to three thousand feet in the Sierras. The finest walnuts in that immense belt came from the Department of Isere in the southeast, and are exclusively grown on grafted trees. The kinds most generally propagated, on account of their hardiness and beauty of the nuts, are the Mayette, Franguette, and Parisienne. The latter is found to do better in light soil, while the Mayette and Franguette prefer a rocky soil, but rather deep and rich. The Chaberte, less particular as to the nature of the soil, but very rich in oil, is much grown for the oil mills. To

give an idea of the extent of the walnut industry in France, I will say that the Department of Isere alone exports annually to the capital of Russia one hundred thousand dollars worth of Mayette walnuts. Most of the walnut crop of that and adjacent departments is carried down the River Rhone to Marseilles, on pine log rafts, at which port nuts and lumber are better delivered for market. The walnuts of the Isere bring the best price of any walnuts in France, five to eight cents per pound, according to years. In fact Isere walnuts sell with a premium, which is another illustration of that truth, that fine fruit will always bring better prices anywhere. In that part of France the walnuts are planted a little everywhere, especially on rolling land and hillsides. By the way, whenever having level or rolling land on your place, always plant the walnuts on rolling land. In the Department of Dordogne, from which comes the bulk of the walnuts exported to the United States from France, statistics show six hundred thousand walnut trees. The walnut crop of that Department, in nuts for market and oil, amounts annually to one million dollars. The nuts are exported to the north of France, Switzerland and the United States. To the latter country, on account of the tariff, are exported only the common kinds. In the Department of the Loire, fifteen thousand acres are planted in walnuts, the trees being planted as high as two thousand three hundred feet in the mountains, and so on in the whole walnut district."

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

BY ALICE I. EATON.

Through land and sea and sky the music rolls,
Up to the very doors of Heaven, where
'Tis blended in one mighty symphony
And offered at the throne of Him that rules
The universe and all that is therein.

Men say: "Can this poor song of mine avail
In anywise to change the harmony
Of that grand chorus? Or can one mere note
Of grief or joy, that I may sing perchance,
Add aught of discord or of melody?"

"Ah yes; our little note were lost, perhaps,
If it should travel all that space alone;
But others, hearing it, will add their voice
To swell the chorus." And what rich reward,
If the soft music of one thankful heart
Should form the key-note of a hymn of praise.

NOTES ABOUT IBSEN.

BY CHRIS M. WAAGE.

THE works that raised Ibsen to the pinnacle of fame were undoubtedly his two philosophical poems, "Peer Gynt" and "Brand." They are both written in dramatic form and are equally rich in thought, meter and rhyme. It would be difficult to say which of these two poems expresses the grandest philosophy, for they are both filled with profound thought, and their appearance caused the literary world of Northern Europe to wonder. Outside Goethe's Faust, nothing has been written to compare with these two works in their particular line.

Having read these poems and having been deeply impressed with their truth and grandeur, the reader's imagination might picture him as one whose living sympathy with humanity and wonderful psychological insight to man's deeper self had given him the imprint of melancholy—a man absolutely indifferent to the outside physical world, whose appearance betrayed his disregard for the fashion that molded his fellow men into certain outward forms.

On Bredgade, in front of Santa Anna place, the writer saw, in a photographer's show case, Ibsen's likeness, for the first time. By a strange coincidence the man himself appeared on the street, dressed exactly as he was in the picture. He wore side whiskers, and his hair was jet black and carefully oiled. He wore a silk hat of the latest fashion, a black velveteen coat, a pair of tight-fitting fawn-colored trousers strapped under patent leather shoes, while his hands were encased in elegant gloves. The atmosphere about him was filled with an aroma of scented hair oil, and in his dress he looked the exquisite, his face bearing no traces of an emotional nature. One would have taken him for a prosperous merchant rather than one of the world's greatest poets and philosophers.

We met several times after this at Jerichau's house. He was always measured, exact, punctual. We used to say about him at the Academy that he never even put on a glove without first considering the effect of the various motions necessary to accomplish the act. He seemed to be exceedingly affected.

It was the war of '64 between Denmark and the combined Austrian and Prussian powers, which first disgusted Ibsen with Norway and made him a favorite in Denmark, where he used to publish his works. He could not tolerate the apparent cowardice of Sweden and Norway in not coming to the rescue of their southern friends. For years it has been the custom of the students of the three northern countries to meet quinquennially at the respective university cities, taking them by turns, and for every such meeting, renewed promises of eternal friendship and unfaltering fraternity are expressed in glowing words by prominent orators.

When in '64 the hour of need came, and Denmark found herself in danger of annihilation, without a single friend coming to her assistance, the Norwegian poet wrote the verses which he called, "A Brother in Distress." In scathing words he upbraided his countrymen for the miserable part they had played in the drama of events, and the following verse, filled with Ibsen's contempt for his own nation, which I translate to the best of my ability, may illustrate the tenor of the poem which the author wrote on leaving Norway.

Henrik Ibsen.

The storms that ride across the sea,
From Denmark, message bear--
With trembling voice they ask of me:
"Where were you, brothers—where?"

The Norseland's fight alone I fought
Lay bleeding on the lair—
I looked in vain for help, you ought
Have been the ones to come, I thought:
"Where were you, brothers—where?"

Since those days Ibsen has given up writing poetry. He says himself that in order to be understood by the great mass of people, he finds it necessary to write prose. This recalls an episode of Ibsen's life, which reveals humor on the part of the author as well as a somewhat revengeful disposition. Ibsen and Hans Christian Andersen were both staying at the house of Mr. Melchior, a well-known merchant in Copenhagen. Ibsen wrote principally five act dramas, Andersen short fairy tales. The latter was excessively vain and always eager to read to anybody what he had written. He was a rapid writer, turning out fairy tales with remarkable celerity, and during this stay he frequently annoyed Ibsen by interrupting him in his work, to read aloud his latest story. Ibsen was too polite to rebel, so he invariably swallowed the pill and listened.

One day Ibsen finished a five act drama. He appeared in Andersen's room at an early morning hour and found him busy writing.

"I want to read you something," said the Norwegian.

Andersen put down his pen to listen, and Ibsen began. He read scene after scene, until they grew into acts, while the minutes passed into hours. The lunch bell rang, and still Ibsen read on. The Danish poet would have given anything in the world to have brought the infliction to a finish, but dared not interrupt his guest. At last came the end. "What do you think?" asked Ibsen, as he threw down the manuscript.

"I think," replied Andersen, with a mischievous twinkling in his eye, "that it is time to have something to eat;" and since that day he never offered to read any of his productions to Henrik Ibsen.

There were several illustrious personages with whom, at that time, Ibsen came in contact. Besides Professor and Madame Jerichau, probably in their day the most famous theatrical artists, and Hans Christian Andersen, there was Mrs. Johanne Louise Heiberg. This brilliant actress had retired from the stage, but her home, like that of Madame Jerichau, was a center which attracted all that belonged to the realm of art and literature. Among the actors Ibsen was accustomed to meet were Wilhelm Wiehe, Emil Poulsen, Mrs. Eckardt, the younger Poulsen and many other brilliant men and women, whose names are written in the history of the Danish stage. Among the sculptors were Bergslen the Norwegian, who modeled the statue of Carl Johan which now adorns an open square in Christiania, and Bissen and Prior. Of the painters there were Carl Bloch, Frederick Sörensen and the Neumans. Among Ibsen's intimates were Holger Drachman, who is now known as one of Denmark's foremost poets and authors, and was then a young marine painter of some note, who wrote verses and composed music in his leisure hours; also Niels Gade, who was then in his zenith, the Bendix brothers, of whom one is now well known in America, and who were talked about as promising musicians while Pauli was conducting the Royal *capel*, or orchestra. Among the poets and writers were Kaalund, Christian Lange and Bergsö, Christian Winther, who was tottering towards his grave, and Sophus Schandorph, as yet but a rising star. The magnificent genius of George Brandes had not as yet come to its focus. In after years he became a literary critic, second to none, not even Taine, and probably the one who has most fully understood Ibsen, standing as close to him as a friend as he does as a critic.

In such brilliant company Ibsen moved while in Copenhagen, and no wonder he took kindly to it, for he was fêted by all and looked upon as the greatest poet and dramatist of the North while yet a young man of thirty-six or thirty-seven years. His historical dramas created immense enthusiasm and found splendid representations on the Danish national stage, while such productions as "An Enemy of the People" and a "Doll's House" were looked upon as masterworks in the treatment of social problems.

Then Ibsen went south. He stayed in Italy for some time and finally removed to Germany, where he settled down for quite a long time, making München his home. But every two years he sent a new drama home, which was always published by Hegel in Copenhagen, and always found a place on the Danish National stage, and a translator in Mr. or Mrs. Wm. Archer.

Mr. Archer lives in London. He is of mixed Scotch and Norwegian parentage and speaks both English and Norwegian with ease. He belongs to a family which is recognized in all circles where culture, refinement and learning are found, and one of his brothers was for years a Cabinet Minister in the colony of Queensland. The Hon. Archibald Archer speaks of Norway's greatest poet with the enthusiasm of one who well understands the deeper thoughts in Ibsen's profoundly philosophical works.

In the year 1890 the writer resolved to attempt a translation of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." "Peer Gynt" is not merely a singular poem as a philosophical work, it is equally a poetical phenomenon. It is written furthermore in a style which is entirely original and unique in regard to meter, rhyme and versification. The task was difficult, and it took many hours to do a little work. When it was accomplished, it was read by request of Mr. Charles Woodbury

before a literary circle of friends, and the translations were later taken to Joaquin Miller, who said of them, "That is poetry—that is grand, magnificent!"

Encouraged by the laudatory terms in which both Miller and Woodbury had spoken, the writer determined to finish the translation of the poem, provided permission could be secured from Mr. Ibsen to bring out an authorized translation. To this end he was written, and two letters received from him in reply, both of which are given in almost verbal translations.

München, December 30, '90.

MR. C. M. WAAGE, OAKLAND:—In reply to your inquiry of November 12th, I regret to have to inform you that, owing to various reasons, I am not at present in a position to give you the authorization asked for.

With many thanks for the interest you have taken in my labors as a poet, I have the honor to remain,

Yours very gratefully,
HENRIK IBSEN.

München, Feby. 21, 1891.

DEAR MR. WAAGE:—Your letter of January 21st to hand a few days ago, and I hasten briefly to reply to same.

When you say that my last reply to yours has caused you pain, I can only think that you must have misunderstood what I wrote, as I am not aware that I have written anything, which could have hurt your feelings, at all events such a thing was far from being my intention.

As you are no doubt aware, they are at present about to establish new international laws in regard to the proprietorship of literary works, which will also settle the relation between England and America in this regard. It is the result of these negotiations which I propose to await, before I will give an authorization to anybody in regard to the translating of my works.

I am not aware that any one in England is engaged in translating "Brand" or "Peer Gynt." I understand, however, that a Mr. Miles M. Daw in Chicago is busy translating "Brand." I have received several letters from this gentleman, but otherwise do not know him and am ignorant concerning his literary qualifications.

In conclusion I beg you to feel assured that I truly and gratefully appreciate your endeavors to increase the interest in my works in America.

With kindest regards, I remain,

Yours sincerely and gratefully,
HENRIK IBSEN.

Ibsen has lately finished another drama. He now lives in Norway, and this is the first work he has written on his native soil for many years. As usual, his production will be published in Copenhagen, and the name and nature of it will remain a profound secret until it is billed to go over the stage of the Royal Theater in Copenhagen. In regard to this latest work I give, in the following, an exact translation of a newspaper article I read a few weeks ago. The article was published in Politikken under date of Tuesday, November 8, 1892. I may say that the paper referred to is a Copenhagen "daily," and in presenting the report I give it for what it is worth without comment or criticism:

On November 5th, Henrik Ibsen in person delivered the manuscript for his new drama at the general postoffice in Christiana, but owing to circumstances it could not be forwarded to Denmark until the evening of the 6th of November, at 10:35, when the work of transmission began.

Politikken has received the following telegraphic account of the proceedings from its representative, who accompanied the manuscript on its journey:

"Frederikshald, 2:05 A. M. The manuscript is transported in a first-class railway carriage with special attendants. The engine is decorated with foliage and flags and is driven as far as the border station by the President of the Norwegian State Railroad lines. At the departure from Christiania an immense crowd of people had congregated to witness the start, and thundering shouts of hurrah filled the air at all intermediate stations, the representative citizens of the towns on the route meeting the train in spite of the darkness of the night. All along the line flags were strung.

"Mellerud, 5:50 A. M. Last station on Norwegian ground! More orations! At the entrance to the station a gigantic triumphal arch has been raised; over which are inscribed the words: 'Farewell, and welcome back!' On the platform a torchlight procession is in attendance, which makes a brilliant show in the dark hours of the morning. Attorney Berg spoke on behalf of those present and said: 'Before you leave Norwegian soil, receive the homage of all Norwegians. Go out into the world and bring honor to the name of your mother; but be Norwegian in heart and soul. All hail to Henrik Ibsen's new manuscript.'

"No one can imagine the enthusiasm these words create. The torches are lifted high in

the air to the sound of thundering hurrahs. In the excitement of the moment a few torch bearers get too near the carriage, containing the manuscript and have to be forced back, lest their torches set fire to the vehicle. The train slides out of the station while the crowd sings: 'Yes, we love.'

"Göteborg. 9:25 A. M. On account of the rivalry between Norway and Sweden, no special preparations have been made here. Nevertheless the Swedish Authors' Association have sent the following stanzas by telegraph:

> Though brief in Sweden thy passing stay,
> With inspirations thou lightest thy way!

"Elsinore, 4:30 P. M. Publisher Jacob Hegel meets the manuscript here. The whole city is astir, and all around the railway station the streets are thronged with people. As the carriage, containing the manuscript, is run from the ferry on to the railroad track, Mr. Hegel, amidst profound silence, exclaims: 'Welcome to Denmark!' The crowd shouts: 'Long life to Henrik Ibsen's publisher!' Mr. Hegel expresses his appreciation and enters a special car, which is placed directly after the one carrying the manuscript."

In regard to the arrival of the manuscript in Copenhagen, the correspondent writes:

The reception at the railway station in Copenhagen was magnificent and cordial, even though it did not partake of the nature of a great national event, the same as did the journey through Norway. Outside the railway depot a number of societies had mustered, and an immense crowd of people was present as well. The platform had been barricaded, and only Mr. Hegel, his family, and representative men of art or literature were admitted. When the train stopped, Mr. Hegel left his carriage and approached the one containing the manuscript, and as the two attendants now appeared with the manuscript enclosed in a jeweled casket, all present doffed their hats. The casket was then placed on a kind of bier, covered with velvet and carried by Mr. Hegel and three authors, whose publisher he is, while the rest of the crowd followed in the wake.

The excitement outside had now reached its climax, and as the casket came in sight the crowd burst into shouts of rejoicing, and the precious burden was then placed in a carriage, drawn by four horses, and the procession slowly moved through the streets of Copenhagen. Mr. Hegel's place in Klareboderne, as a matter of course is elaborately decorated, and special efforts have been made by the typos, who are to set the manuscript, to decorate the entrance. It may be mentioned as a curious fact that these men have nothing else to do but to set up the dramas, which Henrik Ibsen has published in Copenhagen every two years. The balance of the time Mr. Hegel pays them a retainer. When at work they appear in full evening dress with white ties and gloves.

Mr. Hegel handed the manuscript to the foreman and in a short speech reminded him and his men of the great responsibility relative to the education of the world, which they were now to take upon themselves. The foreman, in responding, emphasized the honor which was being conferred upon him and his men, and through them on the whole typographical fraternity. The crowd then dispersed with more enthusiastic hurrahing, evidently having received a profound impression of the proceedings. In honor of the occasion Mr. Hegel treated the inmates of the General Hospital to boiled rice, roast pork and beet root.

Since writing the above the drama referred to has been published and translated into several languages, in America by a Mr. Arctander of Minneapolis. It is known in English as "Master Builder Solness," and has created a good deal of comment wherever it has been read or performed, principally owing to the manner in which the author has mystified the public by presenting an idea, singularly abstract, and calculated to puzzle rather than to satisfy the mind. Many critiques have been written on this work; but I honestly believe that a writer in the Pall Mall magazine comes nearest the mark when he somewhat acrimoniously observes that the word "master bewilderer" would have been more appropriate than "master builder."

CHILDREN OF THE STREETS.

BY ELODIE HOGAN.

"WHY must every thing smack of man and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead?" That is what Charles Lamb said when he moaned about the changes that had come among the pleasant haunts of his childhood.

When one has the commercial instinct along with an eye to the chase for dollars, one must conclude that in San Francisco the world is all grown up, that childhood is dead and that the gold-mill smacks of "man and mannish." For the children as a rule do not work in San Francisco. And if they get in the dust and pelf of trade there is little of the "up and down in ceaseless moil" element around their puny labors. It is the pure instinct of the joy of an occupation which drives them to do anything with a nickel at the end of a vista. Even if the parents are poor, with grim need scowling them on to further work and further saving, the children, for the most part, are kept as little ones and are sent to school. To keep him still is the greatest affliction for a healthy child. The small people of San Francisco being a hardy, wholesome lot, their first instinct is to be doing something.

In the country a child's mere desire for action, with pleasure as an end, could not drive him to any occupation with a revenue tacked on. An endless course of dear delights is there—to lie upon the grass with the fine garden smells around, to bask in the orchard and ripen with the ripening fruits, to watch giddy fishes darting through cool shadows of swift streams, the delicious swish of water on bare ankles, and the sweep of long weeds and grasses on nimble legs running. There is, too, a pleasant whiff of romance which hangs even to the cheerful drudgery of driving cows, piling hay or picking fruit. These are pleasant methods by which to spend that restless energy which is the basis of all childish sensation. But they are as locked-up rooms to the children brought up in and environed by a large city. When the boy in San Francisco grows weary of the dreams and play of his vacation days, he catches an echo of the noise and roar his elders make at their gratifying game of getting dollars, so he thinks it might be a pleasant thing for him to be busy too, and to make a noise and to get some nickels if he can. Of their own will and with joy the children here undertake whatever work they do. This, of course, applies to that cheerful crew of youngsters who ply their peddler's trade upon the streets and sidewalks.

Having made up his mind that he must do something, the boy looks for a place where a small invested capital will be sure to yield him a fair amount of fun, in addition to the money income. His temperament as well as his funds will have something to say in this matter of a choice of occupation. A curious boy, who is fond of noise, will take to selling papers. A boy who is lazy, with a love of color, will plant himself and his flowers near Lotta's fountain. A drudge of a boy who likes to trudge, will get a calico bag and fill it with matches. A boy who has the sense to love the smell of the sea and the feel of cold water and the swift dipping motion of a small boat—he goes to the water front and pulls and hauls there among the fishing boats and luggers of the Italians and Sicilians. And so their

ITALIAN FISHER BOY.

tastes lead them on until they fill the places of available work for children.

There is one thing which a healthy boy loves almost as well as he loves to be busy, and that is to make a noise and thrust his identity upon others. Now, the high-tide mark of being busy, making a noise, and pestering or pleasing people with one's identity, that is what it is to be a newsboy. The newsboy is a clamorous, ubiquitous sprite, untidy, nimble, cunning, coming always with a halo of ringing din around him. He buys three papers for five cents and sells them for five cents apiece. So every three sales that he consummates nets to his pocket a whole dime. He is found stationed along the sidewalks and in the middle of the streets. With an amazing *sang froid* he risks his neck and bones in getting aboard of moving cars and in dropping off the clanging dummies. He waves his papers in the face of passenger or pedestrian, and often makes a sale from sheer force of personal magnetism.

A big solemn man was once very weary and rather wished there were no world that he must learn and hear of. He was swinging along Kearny street at the close of the business day when the street was filled with wagons and trucks, and the pavement was thick with a rushing crowd—just at that particular hour which is a prolonged agony to a person with nerves. A newsboy spied him out, and tagging at his heels demanded that he buy a paper. The man half turned around and was on the point of refusing. "I don't want your paper," he said. "But I'm only a little bit of a chap!" responded the mite. He sold his paper and the man went on, laughing to himself.

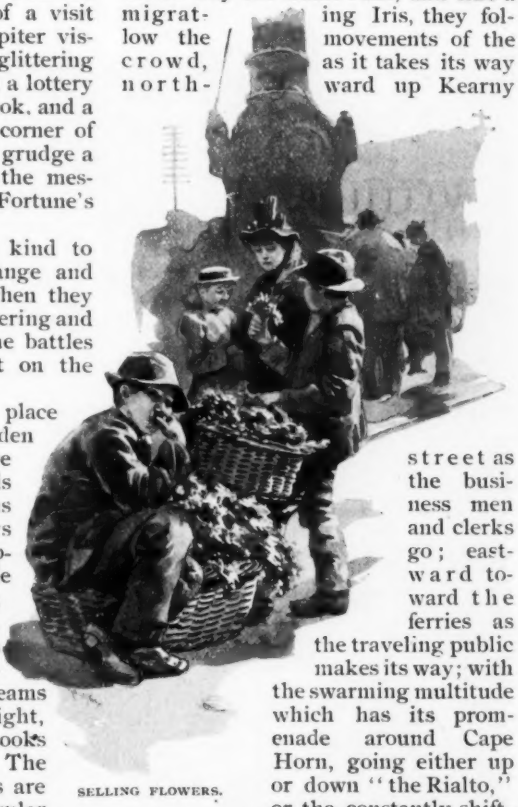
The newsboy is a blessed thing in that he nibbles at the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil with never a price to pay. He is a thesaurus on legs. He knows everything, and he knows no evil as yet. His startling cries on sin and crime are only abracadabra to him. But it is appalling and bewildering to hear the joyous trebles of these small human entities piping murder, war, fire and explosions. The most ghastly formula of all is the cry of "All about the suicide!" This comes from his lips with a glib cadence, yet what does he know of the tragic agony of a soul self-poised for flight into the black invisible?

BOOT BLACK.

A heyday time with him is just after a lottery drawing, when all the world is giddy with hopes of a visit from King Mammon—as Jupiter visited young Danæ — in a glittering shower of gold. A man with a lottery ticket hidden in his pocket book, and a lottery number tucked in a corner of his skull, has no mind to grudge a dime to a boy who may be the messenger to tell of a change in Fortune's face.

The boys, as a rule, are kind to each other in providing change and exchanging papers. But when they quarrel, they suggest the chittering and flapping and squeaking of the battles of the brown sparrows out on the cobble stones.

The small, irregular place which opens into cable-laden Market street, and which we all call Lotta's Fountain, holds the gathering of the clans of bronze-complexioned boys who sell to the marching populace, flowers which are a little older and much cheaper than may be had at the florist's. When the blue sky gleams through white heaps of irregular clouds, and the sun streams down in blinding showers of light, the Lotta's Fountain square looks like a topsy turvy rainbow. The greater number of the boys are in competition with the regular florists. They bring their flowers direct from the suburban nurserymen of Berkeley, Alameda or Oakland, and make them up into the generous bunches which they retail to the swiftly passing crowds. The flowers are so radiant in their heaps of pleasant color, that the boys are seldom put to the bother of a cry to attract attention to their treasures. They simply sit and dream and drone upon their baskets, and the colors and the sunlight do the rest. Clairvoyants, too, are these dusky-skinned youngsters, quick to know if one is only a robber of the fragrance and the glow of their flowers, or if there is a fair possibility of a sale. They know which way the traffic runs, and like a migrating Iris, they follow the movements of the crowd, as it takes its way northward up Kearny street as the business men and clerks go; eastward toward the ferries as the traveling public makes its way; with the swarming multitude which has its promenade around Cape Horn, going either up or down "the Rialto," or the constantly shifting crowd which ascends or dismounts the dummies as they stop in front of the fountain.



SELLING FLOWERS.

Many of the boys are as pleasant to look upon as the flowers which they carry. Some days it does not need a heroic reach of imagination to change that Lotta Fountain crowd of lads into a bunch of Roman boys in a corner of the *Piazza di Spagna*, or in a nook on the white marble stairs of *Monte Trinita*. They are, for the most part, Genoese with beautiful eyes and skin, but their features lack the delicate and regular beauty of their Roman brethren.

Of late the heavy hand of the

(Painted for the Californian by Charles Witkowski.)

A NORTH BEACH EPISODE.

law has been working woe for the little flower peddlers. It would seem that the big city of San Francisco could get on in its finances without pestering these young ones for money. But it is not so. For the right to sell their flowers they must pay ten dollars per quarter, and each one carries under his little coat a three-cornered tin tag, like a miniature family shield, on which is stamped his number and the date of issuance and expiration of his license. At any time a stalking autocrat in blue may demand to see this precious piece of tin, and if it is not forthcoming there will be a sorry boy and a basket of drooping flowers up in the vicinity of the police courts. Indeed, the flower boys do not go the primrose path of dalliance. They have orders as to the exact places where they may safely set their baskets and where they may safely stand. Kearny street is forbidden ground for all day ; and then there are police orders which regulate their positions on all the sides of the square. Their only haven of uniform peace is just where the Chronicle Building abuts on Market street. One day a blue-coated czar gathered them in, one-armed men, big boys and all, and marched them up to police headquarters. This was just after the licensing and regulation ordinance had been passed. Most of them were fined five dollars. But one boy with a round brown face and very red lips, whose number is 13, was "let off for nothin'." I am inclined to think he was "took up" for nothing.

There is a tribe of philosophers in small breeches whose avocation takes them to the quiet streets, where the people live in ugly houses with bay-windows that look out on cobble stones and pavements. These are the boys who are not obtrusive, not fond of noise and crowds, and boys with a very small capital to invest. A match boy's complete stock in trade consists of four dozen bunches of matches swung over his shoulders in a calico bag, a good pair of legs to pack him, and a solemn air of unconcern as to the general wagging of the world. His four dozen bunches cost him twenty-five cents, and when he retails them at four bunches for five cents, he nets on his investment thirty-five cents. There's many a mile, though, to be trudged before that big sum is cleared. Their business takes them toward the kitchen where nickels are scarce, not out on the thoroughfares where loose change flows free.

One day I met one of these small gentry who had sold only five cents' worth of matches in four whole days of marching. There was a meekness in his habit of conduct which gave an extra value to his matches. To hear him laugh and see him take his nickel would make one desire to buy his matches all day long, just like the man who despised trade and whose dream of opulence and wealth was to go along the wharves and flip dimes into the water, because he got nothing in return for them. This mild mannered child, in an amazing way, discussed the fluctuations of the match market. And as he faced about to ring the bell of a "no peddlers" besigned house, he sapiently remarked that "matches would go up next year."

AVISO!

Questo wharf appartiene exclusivamente per il uso e benefizio dei Pescatori della Citta e Contra di San Francisco!

COAL PICKER.

CHINESE BOYS.

This is the big notice which scares the troublesome, idle small boy off the "fisherman's wharf." The boys who work about there have very little heavy drudgery to do. The men look to the boats, mend their nets and do the fishing. The boys do what they can as the boats go out and as they come in, heavy with their quivering, silver spoils. Yards upon yards of beautiful red-brown colored nets are draped to dry upon the railing around the wharf. The nets are the special treasures of the fisherman, and here the small boys' assistance is invaluable. With the greatest care they are freed from any *débris* which may cling to them, mended, and strung up. They are manipulated as gingerly and as anxiously as a lady handles her Valenciennes or duchess. An enterprising boy has a corner on the tanning of the nets. He goes out on the bay, and besides his fish he has a long prodded pole, with which he hauls unto himself all the driftwood which passes by his way. This is brought in and boiled in great iron cauldrons, and twice each week every inch of net along the wharf is dipped into the bubbling, steaming, rich-hued liquid. This tanning process makes the nets more or less impervious to the rot and ruin coming from the salt water. It is by this same method that the sails acquire their deep-hued gorgeousness, so like to the very Venetian fisher-boat sails.

The boys hang the nets up to dry, and smooth them out with the lead sinkers all on one side and the cork floaters on the other. When the nets are dried, the hatches of the boat are lifted, and then the daintiest bit of work is done. One boy stands on the wharf and another gets into the middle of the boat's small hold. The upper boy flings the net to the lower one, and then a hand over hand passing of the net begins. The heavy sinkers balance it as it goes down, and it is set into smooth round heaps without a knot or disturbing twist in its million folds. The boys laugh and talk and whistle while they do it, but one would think them wizards or spiders not to have a horrible mixture of lead and cork and thread ready for the fishers, when they are out on the uneasy waters of the bay. So consummate is their skill, that when the time comes for dropping it, the net is reeled off

AN "ARAB."

into the water without a break or jerk.

A pleasant place to work is the "Fishermen's Wharf." The rows of round piles that support the wharf are just far enough apart to make the space between them seem like the cool, dark cells around a convent cloister. Here the green boats rock and swing up and down with every movement of the water. It is quiet enough about there, too—

"The noises of the city
Drift away thro' sultry streets and alleys,"

—and the crisping ripples leap and roll against the piles and wharves in a languid melody. Lazy boys who have no call there, hang around and play at fishing with hook and line; fishermen mend their nets and gossip from shadowy cell to cell; the boats go out and the boats come in, and one could never tell that one was on the very jump-off spot of a continent, with a blustering, roaring, tumultuous town behind one. At certain times it is the very place

"To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory
With those old faces of our infancy—"

Thursday evening is a brisk time about the wharf. Then all the boats come in filled with the fish for Friday's market. The boys are useful in lifting the fish out of the boats, assorting them and putting them into the wagons sent from the fish-stalls in the markets. During these times there is no place for dreams of peace and the past. A polyglot pandemonium rages. The assembly of fishers and their assistant lads is made up of Greeks, Genoese, Austrians, Sicilians and Spaniards. They shout and swear and quarrel, and make an uproar to the confusion and fright of the stranger, who of course expects fights and disasters unnumbered. It is only sound and fury signifying nothing, for though the Southern tongue be loud, the Southern arm is slow to strike, and a noise is quite as good as a blow when one wants only to bully. The boys make their share of the row, but they keep themselves well out of the range of a kick, and they know how to duck from a well-aimed cuff.

When the great ships come in from Mexican and Central American ports, or from the Islands of the Pacific, the market becomes crammed with the tropical fruits they bring to California. The fruit hawkers fill their little wagons with huge loads of fragrant pine-apples, bananas, mandarins, lemons, limes or oranges. Then are they seen climbing the hills and crawling through the streets with a juvenile annex on the seat holding the reins, or on the sidewalk, crying out the fruit and its price. Though only de-

"WILD GAME!"

sultory, this is a most pleasant business, the boy being allowed to have as perquisites as much fruit as he desires, in addition to the compensation for his services. Sometimes the boys go in for fruit peddling on an independent basis. They invest in a big box of limes or lemons, and station themselves down town just off the sidewalk where Grant avenue, Kearny or Stockton streets open into Market. There they gather in nickels, with nothing to do but sit on the edge of their boxes as they tell the people going by how cheap their yellow fruit is sold. These boys find in the crowd the fun that the others find in holding the reins over a jaded nag climbing up a hill.

Something of the same order of employment comes to other boys when the game laws expire, and quail, dove, duck and rabbits are in season. The game boys are like the fruit boys; sometimes they go as assistants to carry the game, to ring the bells, or trump up purchasers; again, they invest for themselves early in the morning at the big markets, trot the streets by themselves and have all the profits for their own.

"ALL ABOUT THE LOTTERY!"

"Progress" is the tired old packhorse that must carry all the sins of a selfish, precipitous age. So progress is responsible for the decay of the bootblack's occupation, and the existence on the street corners of the hideous stalls, bedizened with mirrors and high-colored lithographs, where men go to have their boots made shining. Counting them all, perhaps there are a dozen regular boot-blacks in San Francisco. They are very small boys with an invincible cheerfulness on their faces, a "jocund din" upon their lips, and, strung like a soldier's knapsack over their shoulders, their small black boxes which hold the trappings of their trade. These little fellows have small luck among the multitude which fills the thoroughfares of the town. Their well-stationed and well-caparisoned rivals, with cushioned chairs and mirrors, are too powerful in the splendor of their added comforts. For where is the man who wants to be jostled and hustled as he stands almost helpless, on little more than one foot? So the boot-blacks take their places along the quieter streets where their occasional patrons undertake no risks of trips or stumbles. A favorite *rendezvous* of these small cavaliers is along the graveled walks that run among the grass plots in Union Square. Many a hurried pedestrian discovers the dust upon his boots as he speeds from out the madding crowd, and the grimy-faced youngster is hailed with a pious gratitude. Even if there be no pair of boots to polish, the square is no mean place to spend the shining hours, and a boot-black is not the boy to let time hang heavy on his hands. Are there not sparrows at which one may shie small rocks? Are there not policemen to dodge and vagrants to tease,

and benches on which to lounge, soaking through and through with sunshine? And whatever are nursery maids for, with their "bald-headed dabs of humanity," (that is Jerome K. Jerome's affectionate definition of a baby) sitting with dignity in perambulators, or rolling as if with boneless legs on the grass—what indeed are they all for, if not for the sport of these tattered *Gavroches?*

In the district which lies between Market street and the Potrero, from Second to Fifth streets, there are innumerable timber yards and saw-mills. These furnish a small revenue to both girls and boys. Blocks, chips, the fragments of beams, rafters, shingles, planks and the useless ends of the milled redwood lie about in profuse heaps. The children for mere asking may have however much they can carry away with them. They pile the small litter into grain or gunny sacks, and pack the remnants of the boards and planks upon their heads or shoulders. The girls are as nimble as the boys at this, and get a fair share of the spoils. The boys are more inclined to sell their wood for whatever trifling sum they can get for it. The girls usually are out to gather it for home consumption. To a poor family this wood is no mean saving, and the scattered stuff gathered during the weeks of vacation and after school hours, often makes a well filled kindling shed. Along North Beach and where the bay washes the edge of the Potrero, piles of drift-wood are swept in. This is also picked up by the children. Always soaked with the sea and often being nothing more than fibrous pulp, it is not so profitable as the trash of the mills and yards.

A LITTLE WOOD GATHERER, NORTH BEACH.

The intricate tangle of tracks running through and about the freight yards at Fourth and Townsend streets is a veritable mine to the children of industrious habits. Here they are thick, boys and girls, with their bags and sacks, picking up truck of all kinds, no matter what it is, so long as they can fill the bags — coal, ground to a shining black gravel or in big chunks; transparent glittering lumps of ice in every conceivable shape; handfuls of wheat or corn all mixed with dust; fruit and potatoes — anything that could possibly be in process of transportation before it fell out of a box-car. The people in authority have no objection to this promiscuous picking, and the children are in for it simply to escape the tedium of unvarnished idling.

Travel to the tune of "Over the hills and far away" and find yourself up in the other part of town, and there you will discover a rare order of the small human buds. In that curious quarter, Chinatown, a hoary Oriental civilization has dumped a Mongolian detritus of strange-faced yellow men. Along the dirty streets and on the reeking pavements the baby offspring of this alien pack trot and run, and laugh and chirp. Tiny things they are, of the delicate color of cream, with eyes as black and bright as a squirrel's or a rat's; bedecked and gaudy are they with the colors of their little quilted jackets and their funny pantaloons. There seems to be no transition time for these small Chinese — from the fluttering little mysteries they evolve instantly into

those astute, sphinx-faced men who are their fathers. Nowhere more than up among these heathen hordes, does the pathetic trustfulness of childhood "transform the sullen street." The hardest highbinder of the lot loves all the pig-tailed mites who trot the alley-ways, and jabber in the language of their common fathers.

EMILIE TRACY Y. PARKHURST, FOUNDER OF THE ORGANIZATION.

PACIFIC COAST WOMEN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

BY EMILIE TRACY Y. PARKHURST.

THE Pacific Slope is so remote from all the great centers of activity and mature civilization, that it is seldom quickened into concerted action on any question of vital social import until long after the older communities have taken the initiative. Once awakened to a necessity, however, the West takes its place and maintains it with the vigor, spontaneity and enthusiasm of youth and ambition.

Until within two years and a half, no provision has been made on the Pacific Coast for the protection, benefit and advantage of the working newspaper woman and woman author. In other parts of the United States, these associations have been established ever since 1880, most of the earlier ones being organized for purely social purposes.

In September, 1890, after nearly three years of preliminary investigation and preparation, one hundred and fifty invitations were sent out to newspaper women and authors in good standing on this Coast, asking them to meet in San Francisco on a certain date at the writer's home. As distances are so great in the West, not more than fifty women responded in person, but every one invited sent letters of cheer and encouragement and pledged herself to the unwavering support of the movement.

The Constitution and By-Laws of the New England Women's Press

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

Association was adopted, for it was felt that its simplicity and force was the outcome of mature consideration and experience. The election of officers then took place. Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster was unanimously elected president. Mrs. Eyster is an enthusiast in all that she undertakes, is gifted with great tact, accustomed to public speaking, a woman with hosts of friends in every part of the world. For many years she has been a correspondent to many influential Eastern papers. She has written for Harper's Magazine and almost every other leading magazine in the United States. At one time she was associated with Gail Hamilton in the editing of Wood's Magazine. She has written a number of books, chief among which are the "Sunny Hour Series" and the "Colonial Boy," the latter being published in 1890 by the Lathrops of Boston. At present she is the State President of Juvenile Work of the W. C. T. U. of California.

Mrs. Eyster taking the chair, the following Executive Board was nominated and elected: Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr of Pasadena, First Vice-President; Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Ella Higginson of Whatcom, Washington, Third Vice-President; Mrs. E. T. Y. Parkhurst, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Sam Davis of Carson City, Nevada, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Mary O. Stanton, Treasurer; Mrs. Isabel Raymond of Santa Cruz, Auditor; and a supplementary committee consisting of Mrs. Mary F. Hall Wood of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Frances Bagby-Blades of San Diego and Miss Andrea Hofer of Chicago. Helena Modjeska, whose summer home is near Santa Ana, California, was made an honorary member.

The following active members were enrolled: Mrs. Caroline Severance, the first president of the first woman's club in Boston; Mrs. Gertrude Francis Atherton, the novelist; Miss E. D. Keith (Di Vernon) of the S. F. News Letter; Mrs. Alice Kingsbury Cooley, the author of "Asaph;" Mrs. Mary E. Hart, owner and editor of the Pacific Monthly; Mrs. Carrie Stevens Walter, associate owner and editor of the San Joséan; Mrs. Rose Smith Eigenmann, then of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences; Mrs. Lillian Shuey, author of "California Sunshine;" Mrs. M. G. C. Edholm of the Oakland Tribune; Mrs. Mary Bourne Watson of the Morning Call of San Francisco; Mrs. Virginia Hilliard of the S. F. Argus; Mrs. Mattie P. Owen, editor of the Golden Way; Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of "Curfew Must not Ring To-night;" Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCracken, author of "Overland Tales;" Miss Mary Lambert of the Oakland Enquirer; Mrs. Mary Bowman, associate editor and owner of the Santa Paula Chronicle; Mrs. Emeline North, trade

and shipping correspondent to St. Petersburg and Kiev papers; Mary Lynde Hoffman, author of several treatises on road and street construction; Miss Anna C. Murphy, Evelyn Ludlum, Mary Viola Lawrence (Riding Hood), Mrs. Sarah Sanford, Mrs. Carrie Blake Morgan, Mrs. Emily Browne Powell, Mrs. Julia P. Churchill and Mrs. Jane Martin.

EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

The purpose of this association is primarily to bring about a more extensive acquaintance among newspaper women, so that by the frequent interchange of ideas and methods, concerted action may be brought about in all matters of vital public import. In an association of this kind it would be disastrous to permit the discussion of any partisan movements in either politics, religion, or reform; so the members have sought to find a common field which they might all till to advantage without a suspicion of inharmony. With this end in view they have begun to urge certain public improvements in the way of roads, streets, parks, libraries, village improvement societies, free exhibits of county resources, the suppression of criminal details of sensational cases in newspapers, the suppression of criminal advertising, the development of the kindergartens — in fact anything and everything that tends to the building up of the country, regardless of creed, precedent or personal prejudice.

MINNA V. GADEN.

To facilitate such work, the association will issue printed monographs, prepared by some member who is thoroughly informed on a subject. It is our aim to have the essay give a comprehensive, unbiased view of the matter in hand, leaving each member the largest freedom of opinion, and the widest liberty in final action. We find these monographs valuable, chiefly because women, as a rule, are inclined to take prejudiced stands in public questions, owing to the incompleteness of their information. Once give them a fair understanding of the situation, and they act with intelligence and wisdom.

The first monograph issued by the Association was one on Country Roads and City Streets, by Mary Lynde Hoffman. Mrs. Hoffman is a large property owner, and her

essay is written from practical knowledge of existing conditions. We not only mailed this monograph to our members, but to all Coast Boards of Trade, State Officials and editors of papers. Mrs. Hoffman, being a member of the American Economic Association, her essay had a considerable circulation through that body. Many leading papers quoted the monograph entire, while many others made long extracts from it, fortified by vigorous editorial comment. More than five hundred notices were sent to the Association concerning this essay — a better indication of its success than any number of personal letters possibly could be.

Other monographs to be issued will treat of the various topics mentioned in a previous paragraph. We have felt from the first that it was the legitimate province of the newspaper worker to foster public spirit and to urge the promotion of public works. Newspaper men, are, as a rule, more or less hampered in action by their political or their financial patronage; while women, editors and publishers, with few exceptions, are free lances, and women special writers have the widest liberty in their choice of subjects.

At present, the only source of income of the Association is that which is derived from membership and initiation fees and from contributions. In time the association hopes to erect a handsome building in San Francisco, the rentals of which will suffice to pay the running expenses of the Association, as well as sick benefits, when it is required. The library of the Association is a source of gratification to the members. More than 500 valuable volumes have been contributed, besides files of many of the leading dailies, weeklies, monthlies. The Association wishes first to accumulate complete sets of the published works of members, then works by Pacific Coast writers, then reference books, and finally, rare and standard books. Our Librarian is a member of the American Library Association, and brings to bear not only a keenly intelligent knowledge of books, but the very best methods of classification and distribution, as well as of selection.

FLORENCE PERCY MATHESON.

LINDON W. BATES.

Among the members who joined our ranks during the first year are Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, of some of whose work Howells writes: "Nothing better has been written since the Bigelow Papers;" Mrs. M.

B. M. Toland, the author of "Legende Laymonde" and other exquisite holiday volumes, that have been brought out from time to time by the Lippincotts; Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, whose serials appear in the Chicago Graphic; Mrs. Florence Percy Matheson, a writer of countless short stories, and the wife of the United States Minister to Guatemala; Mrs. F. F. Victor, the author of the latest history of Oregon, called "Atlantis Arisen;" Mrs. Susan Taylor D'Evelyn, contributor to Dublin and American papers. There are also Mrs. Isabel H. Raymond of the Santa Cruz Surf, Miss Adeline

HELEN GREGORY FLESHER, M. A.

daughter of Elizabeth Akers Allen; Mrs. Laura Lyons White of the Des Moines Times and Express; Matilde Reinhardt, sister to the court painter of Saxe Coberg Gotha; Ina D. Coolbrith, the poet; Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, the author of "Incog," and Knapp, foreign and exchange editor of the San Francisco Call, Mrs. James Neall of the early Overland school, Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, Mrs. Ruthella Shultz Bollard, Mrs. Ellwood Cooper, Miss Agnes Manning and Miss Sarah Severance.

SUSAN TAYLOR D'EVELYN.

When we consider that the writing of the general newspaper worker is for the most part anonymous, we feel that our ranks do not appear at a disadvantage when compared with those of other press associations. Our population is so scattered over a large territory, our slope is so remote and our papers confined to such a small locale, that we cannot show many brilliant nor influential Western newspaper connections. On the other hand, the Western vigor of style being so much the mode now, and the necessity of bread-winning as pressing here as elsewhere, nearly all of our writers keep up from one to a half a dozen connections with influential Eastern and English periodicals. This gives the writers name and standing that the Eastern newspaper woman, with her routine and assignment work, cannot command, except in a few cases.

It has often been observed that in the Eastern cities, women sent out on night details are compelled to go unattended, while here in San Francisco, if a woman is sent out at all on a detail that involves the least exposure to the rough element, she is provided with an escort. Indeed, in San Francisco and other Western cities, women are not often assigned to other night work than that of dramatic and society reporting, or lecture and association reporting.

Few women are employed on the daily press in San Francisco. The Call has one woman on its staff; the Chronicle employs one woman, but it is an innovation; the Examiner employs two and sometimes three women; the Post, the Bulletin and the Report have no women on the regular staff; the News Letter employs one, the Wasp three, the Argus one, and the West End one. The Press of the West is uniformly courteous to women workers and their efforts in the right direction.

With its support, the newspaper women of the Pacific Slope have broader possibilities and opportunities than any other similar association in the country, for the reason that the West is young and its condition formative, and the progress they are making is indicative that they are taking every advantage of their situation.

San Francisco, 1892.

This history of an organization from the pen of its founder needs to be supplemented but briefly.

In the death of its organizer, Mrs. Parkhurst, the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association suffered the loss of a woman who, forgetful of personal ambition, gave to its members the

ADELINE E. KNAPP.

wealth of inspiration which is the measure of a truly philanthropic spirit.

One of the charter members of the Association, a woman from whom Mrs. Parkhurst had received the highest encouragement during her task of interesting the women writers of the coast in this plan of organization, has well said: "If the end and aim of this Association had been no greater than the bringing together the women writers of this coast, the promoter of such a plan must have received our

LILLIAN PLUNKETT.

hearty response." That this was not the sole end of its founder and builders might be attested by study into the objects of women's clubs, this Western organization included, and no woman who came in contact with Mrs. Parkhurst and realized her ability to disseminate ideas, could have spent her best years in the upbuilding of an institution of such limitations.

A versatile writer herself, and with the journalistic field open to her, Mrs. Parkhurst spent by far the greater portion of her time in urging others to take advantage of those opportunities with which her watchfulness rewarded her. Her best work will never see the light of public commendation. She put her best into that which she gave away. As corresponding Secretary to the Association, her letters and semi-yearly visits to the distant members, with each of whose work she was personally in touch, not only carried inspiration and enthusiasm to all, but made her work a power in the community.

As Assistant Editor of the CALIFORNIAN, Mrs. Parkhurst's journalistic career had just begun at her death.

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association today numbers one hundred and twenty-three active members.

Mrs. Emily Browne Powell, the present President, is a well-known contributor to Eastern publications, a woman of large acquaintance, of many friends, and a presiding officer of quiet power.

The Executive Officers for the present year are Mrs. Emily Browne Powell, President; Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, First Vice-President; Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Second Vice-President; Mrs. James Neall, Third Vice-President; Mrs. Minna V. Gaden, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Mary Lambert, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, Assistant Recording Secretary; Mrs. Florence Percy Matheson, Treasurer; Miss Adeline E. Knapp, Chairman of Program Committee: additional members, Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, Miss Agnes Manning and Mrs. Lillian Plunkett.

Members well known throughout the State are doing work with which not only the Association, but the whole Pacific Coast and the thinking world are in sympathy. With the up-

building of this commonwealth the names of Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr of Pasadena, Mrs. Isabel Raymond of the Santa Cruz Surf, and Mrs. Ella Higginson of Washington, will long be identified.

Among those achieving purely literary distinction, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin and Mrs. Lindon W. Bates are receiving most favorable criticism and are being welcomed into the charmed circle of American authors.

Among the members of the Press Association engaged in editorial work Miss Adeline Knapp of the San Francisco Call, Genevieve L. Browne of the CALIFORNIAN, Louise E. Francis, editor of the Castroville Enterprise, Mrs. Frances Bagby Blades of San Diego, Mrs. Alice Moore McComas of Los Angeles, Mrs. Maggie Downing Brainard of the Pacific Tree and Vine, San Jose, and Mrs. L. C. P. Haskins of Washington, are each doing distinctive journalistic work with which their constant readers are familiar.

Along purely philanthropic lines Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper's work needs no heralding. Mrs. Ada Van Pelt, editor of the Pacific Ensign, and Mrs. M. G. C. Edholm are actively engaged in press work in the interest of the W. C. T. U.

JEANNE C. CARR.

LOUISE E. FRANCIS.

Among those members who are regular contributors to Eastern and local journals, writing upon California subjects, are a number of Pacific Coast writers by adoption. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, the great granddaughter of Dr. Lyman Beacher, is most known in the East through her contributions to the Eastern press. Mrs. Helen Gregory-Flesher, a regular contributor to the American Press Association, to the local press, to New York Magazines and an occasional contributor to the Arena, is a Canadian by birth and education, holding the degree of Master of Arts from Trinity University. She was the first woman to claim and receive that honor from that institution, and has opened the door to all who have followed. Under the directions of an American newspaper syndicate, Mrs. Flesher visited Japan and did some of her first journalistic work in reporting and writing descriptive accounts of the opening of the Diet, or first Parliament of Japan, and matters pertaining thereto, under the difficulties attending the fact that no woman had

previously had access to its sessions. Mrs. Flesher has made California her home only within the last few years. Mrs. Mary F. McRoberts, an Englishwoman, well known in political and educational circles in England, and a contributor to its press from California, is another recent comer to the Pacific Coast, though a resident of California in earlier times.

Mrs. Emma Russell Endres, another English woman, and correspondent to the London Times, is a Californian by her adoption of the State as her home, and a busy contributor to the English and American press. Mrs. Endres is a student of political economy and is well informed upon that important subject.

Other members whose largest contribution to the press is for Eastern publications are Mrs. Carrie Blake Morgan, Mrs. James Neall, Mrs. Nellie B. Eyster, Mrs. Florence Percy Matheson, Mrs. Alice Cary Waterman, Mrs. Clara Spalding Brown, Mrs. Dorothea Lummis, Mrs. Evelyn Ludlum, Mrs. Lindon W. Bates and Mrs. Minna V. Gaden.

MARY O. STANTON.

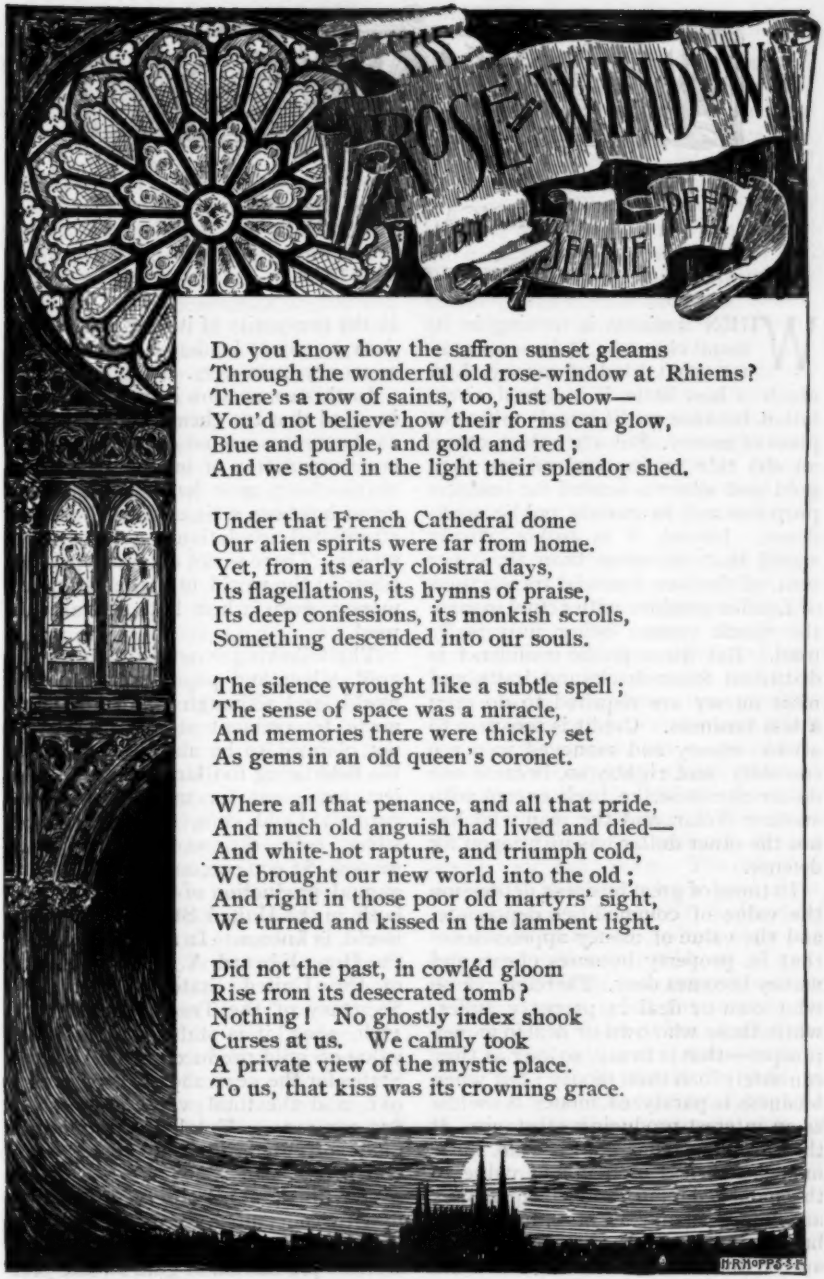
MARY LAMBERT.

Mrs. Mary O. Stanton in her treatises upon scientific physiognomy, Mrs. J. G. Lemmon on botanical subjects, and Miss Rose O'Halloran in astronomy, are among the scientific writers of the coast.

Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, Miss Virna Wood, Mrs. Lillian Shuey, Miss Mary Lambert, Mrs. Lillian Plunkett and Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe are numbered among the writers of verse.

Recent honorary members are Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, Miss Rose O'Halloran and Mr. George T. Gaden.

As a member of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, the International League of Press Clubs and the Woman's National Press Association, the Pacific Coast Press Association is abreast with the spirit of organization, at the same time confident that responsible individualism is the basis of strength.



Do you know how the saffron sunset gleams
Through the wonderful old rose-window at Rhiems?
There's a row of saints, too, just below—
You'd not believe how their forms can glow,
Blue and purple, and gold and red;
And we stood in the light their splendor shed.

Under that French Cathedral dome
Our alien spirits were far from home.
Yet, from its early cloistral days,
Its flagellations, its hymns of praise,
Its deep confessions, its monkish scrolls,
Something descended into our souls.

The silence wrought like a subtle spell;
The sense of space was a miracle,
And memories there were thickly set
As gems in an old queen's coronet.

Where all that penance, and all that pride,
And much old anguish had lived and died—
And white-hot rapture, and triumph cold,
We brought our new world into the old;
And right in those poor old martyrs' sight,
We turned and kissed in the lambent light.

Did not the past, in cowléd gloom
Rise from its desecrated tomb?
Nothing! No ghostly index shook
Curses at us. We calmly took
A private view of the mystic place.
To us, that kiss was its crowning grace.

AMERICAN FINANCES.

BY MORRIS M. ESTEE.

WHEN business is moving in its usual channels, it does not matter what kind of money, how much or how little, is in actual circulation, because credit largely takes the place of money. But when there comes an ebb tide in financial affairs, then gold and silver is needed for business purposes and to sustain public confidence. Indeed, it is authoritatively stated that not more than three per cent. of the vast financial transactions of London are done with actual money, the check system being universally used. But when public confidence is disturbed, fewer checks and drafts, and more money are required to do even a less business. Credit is sensitive to attack, money and moneyed men are cowardly, and rightly so, because one dollar cannot strike back except with another dollar, and the man who has not the other dollar has no weapon for defense.

In times of great business depression the value of commodities depreciate, and the value of money appreciates—that is, property becomes cheap and money becomes dear. Therefore, those who own or deal in property suffer, while those who own or deal in money prosper—that is to say, so long as they can safely loan their money; but when business is paralyzed, money is useless as an interest-producing substance. It thus follows that, as a rule, dear money and less money is of value to the moneyed man, and cheap money and more money is of value to the business man; and as nearly all people are business men, and only a few are money lenders or moneyed men, the community is most deeply interested in the prosperity of its business people. And yet money lenders are as necessary as money borrowers.

In this connection it must be borne in mind that too cheap money is quite as dangerous as too dear money. A large circulation of inflated paper has always been most harmful, but there never has been a time when there was an inflated circulation of gold or silver money. There is not enough gold and silver in the world to make too much money, even when both metals are used.

The following is an estimate of the gold, silver and paper money of the world, and although this estimate is made by eminent statisticians, it is not claimed to be absolutely correct, the field being too large and the subject too great for mathematical accuracy: Gold coin, $4,300,000,000; silver coin, $3,300,000,000; paper money, $3,900,000,000. The present annual production of gold and silver, both in the United States and in the world, is known. In a report made by the Hon. Edward A. Leech, Director of the United States Mint, to the Secretary of the Treasury, February 16th, 1893, it is stated that the total value of gold produced in the United States for the year 1892 was $33,014,981, and the total value of silver $77,995,442. Total production of gold and silver for that year, $111,000,423.

It will thus be observed there is now twice as much silver produced in the United States as gold. The world's production of gold for the year 1892 was $130,816,660, and the commercial value of the world's produc-

tion of silver for the year 1892 was $133,054,000, the total production of both metals being $263,870,660, the coinage value of the silver produced was $193,605,200.

It is thus seen that the United States produced for the year 1892, over two-fifths of all the gold and silver of the world. It may then be confidently asserted that if our financial conditions rest upon the amount of gold and silver we produce, no country is financially stronger than the United States, nor are we less fortunate in the amount of money we have in actual circulation, always granting that silver or its representative (silver certificates) is continued as money.

The total amount of money in actual circulation in the United States on January 1st, 1893, exclusive of the amount in the Treasury and its branches, was $1,611,321,753; and the amount in the Treasury was $756,928,577, making a grand total of $2,368,250,330 in the United States, and as the population is 65,000,000, this would make a per capita circulation of $25:38, an amount larger than at any other period in the history of the Republic. It is thus observed we have about one-fifth of all the money of the world, while our population is a mere fraction of the world's population. It will also be observed that there is $567,269,118 in silver coin and bullion, and $331,614,304 in silver certificates, now in actual existence in the United States, showing that the enormous sum of $898,886,422 is in either the white metal or rests upon the white metal as security for its circulation: and so it is not the want of money that now causes this general depression in business and in values, but it is largely caused by the threat to drive out of circulation silver money and silver certificates, (and thus decrease the amount of money in circulation,) and to so change our tariff laws as to imperil our home industries and destroy our home and our foreign markets.

It requires no great knowledge of the business conditions of the country, no research into the precedents of the past, nor exhaustive study of financial problems, to see that if the large sum of money, represented by silver and silver certificates, is retired from use as money, it will cause the failure of many of the best business concerns of the country, and shatter national and individual credit, and thus paralyze the business industries of the whole nation. Indeed, it is now quite impossible to fully anticipate the results of such an awful financial catastrophe in the United States. There does not appear to be any reasonable necessity for disturbing the relations between gold and silver, or the use of both as money metals, and there does appear to be a necessity for the continued use of both metals.

It is a striking fact that as silver depreciates in value, commodities also depreciate in value. Observe the price of silver for the past ten years, and then note the prices of the products of the factory and the farm; as a rule, they run parallel. Money becomes dear and scarce when the country approaches a gold standard, and we approach a gold standard whenever silver is talked down or driven out of circulation. This condition of things has existed in our country for many years. The only two articles in America which have risen in value are gold and U. S. bonds—the one because the creditor class has talked all money but gold out of confidence; the other, because our country persists in paying all the interest on our bonds in gold, when, under the law, and of right and in common fairness, some of it should be paid in silver—because the interest is payable in coin, and silver money is coin as much as gold.

Assuming the existence of financial distress which demands a remedy, how the repeal of the so-called Sherman Act (which authorizes the issuance of silver certificates for bullion purchased and deposited in the treasury) can afford that remedy has not

yet been explained. Silver certificates are used as money like greenbacks. They pass everywhere and they are everywhere in circulation. Is it wise or needful to have less money, when the whole people are needing and demanding more money? and is it not a fact that the repeal of the Sherman Act will decrease the amount of money now in actual circulation?

In this connection it is not argued that some more efficient means cannot be found to take the place of the present system, nor is it claimed that the Sherman Act meets all the expectations of those who favored its enactment; but to repeal that law without enacting some other to take its place (which new law will retain silver as a money metal) could not fail to result most disastrously to the country. Indeed, financial legislation inspired by great monetary distress is always dangerous, and while it is true that the resources of a great country cannot be easily legislated out of existence, they can be imperiled. But a great nation cannot be impoverished because it has gold and silver, instead of gold only, nor will that legislation that regards only the creditor class of our people be conducive to the greatest good. On the contrary, that legislation only should be enacted, which justly measures the value of all property and the interests of all the people.

It is well to consider what would be the result if a single gold monetary standard were adopted all over the world. France would demonetize $800,000,000 of silver; the United States fully $600,000,000; Germany has $50,000,000 in silver thalers not yet disposed of; Austria-Hungary has about $50,000,000 in silver. In fact, every European nation has large and varying amounts of silver on hand now used as money. The business world would be paralyzed if silver should be thus demonetized. There are not five nations of the earth, if this were done, that could, for the five succeeding years, pay in gold the interest on their public debts, much less provide for the payment in gold of the principal due thereon. Now if silver cannot be safely demonetized, then the best and most effective use should be made of that money metal. It should be built up and sustained by the financial world, and not destroyed or talked down. If we must have it, then it should be employed in the best possible manner. True, silver is the money of small transactions; but remember, there are hundreds of small transactions where there is one large one; and, after all, it is the small man financially who most needs, and who often most deserves the protection of the law. Silver money is so much capital, and is it not the height of unwisdom to destroy capital in any form?

"It is an incontrovertible fact," says Mr. James Platt in his book entitled "Money," (Page 135), "that in the history of commerce we find no principle more firmly established than this: That as the capital of a country is increased, agriculture, commerce and industry will flourish, and as capital is diminished, these will decline; that the man who attempts to annihilate any portion of the capital of a country wherein he dwells, is as forgetful of his own advantage as the miller who should endeavor to dry up the mountain stream which turns the wheels of his machinery, or the farmer who should desire to intercept the sun and the showers which fertilize his fields."

It is most true the study of the question of money has always been a leading topic with students and theorists. Indeed, there are too many remedies for evils which either do not exist or which are but slight ailments, and which, in time, if left alone, would cure themselves. What seems the strangest part of this money problem is that those who have the most to lose by unsettled financial conditions, are the most anxious to have financial conditions unsettled, unless

settled their way. Those who deal most in money, and who of necessity are deeply interested in the ability of the people to pay what they owe, are themselves constantly but unwittingly striving to make it impossible for the debtor classes to pay their debts. This applies with equal force to nations and to individuals. The richest nation of the world, England, is a creditor country, and a gold and a single standard country. The rest of the world owes England and Englishmen $8,000,000,000 of money, which is nearly twice the amount of all the gold in the world. It is claimed that the combined indebtedness of the world is $80,000,000,000, and so the world never can pay in gold, nor can English creditors ever be paid in gold.

But some people, and conspicuously the American people, have been frightened into the adoption of the English monetary ideas, because the creditor class always dictates to the debtor. And as England is an old and rich nation, and as London is the great financial center, borrowers seek that money market, and of necessity accept the terms which that market imposes upon them. All the English colonies are in debt to England. India owes the mother country vast sums of money, and yet England, until within the month, has insisted on a silver standard for India and a gold standard for England, and because India produces what England must have (wheat, cotton and rice) England goes into the market with the gold it gets of America and other rich debtor countries, and after forcing the price of silver down to the lowest possible point, uses the same American gold to buy American silver at a British discount, and then pays out that same silver to its own people in India at par, dollar for dollar, in buying articles which compete in an English market with American products, like wheat and cotton. This is a keen, sharp-sighted business policy. Thus far it has worked admirably for England, and this policy will be continued in India, although the free coinage of silver there has recently been stopped, but silver money is the currency of that country and always will be. Note the result. Wheat is lower now than ever before. And so are many, nay, most of the surplus American products. Who are the sufferers? Primarily, the producers—American producers, and indirectly every business man and every bank in the whole country, because financial unrest follows business depression, and you cannot long have prosperous banks and poor people, for dear money limits its use.

These are the present conditions, and they will continue to be the conditions until America declares its financial independence of England. By this, it is not argued that America should cease to trade with England, but rather that as America is now the largest producing country in the world, and has the most wealth (but not the most idle money) it is in a position to command the situation, if it is brave enough to do so. We produce what England wants and what she must have. In the past, our exports to England have vastly exceeded our imports from England, and this will continue so unless large and unwise changes are made in our tariff laws. Commerce is king—not gold. Gold is but one of the tails to the great financial kite. Commerce is the kite itself. Money does not always make business—dear money, never. Credit is better than money. And the man or nation that produces much and has much to sell, has credit and can command money the world over.

The business depression in industrial pursuits in England has already lasted a number of years, and it will continue so long as commodities continue cheap, and money continues scarce and dear. And to the producer money is always scarce and dear when commodities are cheap. The commerce of America will soon hold the mastery, if America only encourages that commerce by maintaining such a commercial and

monetary policy as will make money reasonably abundant and cheap at home, and thus encourage home industries. Once make secure the business of our country and our money will care for itself. True, London is today the great monetary center of the world. It will not always hold that supremacy. Every student of history knows that Florence, Venice and Genoa, each in its day and time, held dominion over the commerce, and at the same time, the banking of Europe. Silver was their standard. Do you inquire what gave these cities their financial supremacy over all other places? It was their commercial supremacy. It was not alone the kind or amount of money that they had in their banks or in circulation. It was trade that made them rich, and it was trade that kept them rich through so many centuries.

Commerce has made London what it is. Take from that great city her commerce, relieve her of her industries, deprive her people of even the present poor rewards for labor, throw a dam across the Thames, or make clear the air above her chimney tops, and London will cease to be a great financial center. Money gravitates as business moves. Commerce and money go together and are necessary to each other, but commerce holds the mastery.

It is most true that a number of the great financial nations of the world, conspicuously England and Germany, through influences which it is quite unnecessary here to discuss, have in recent years attempted to, and finally have, demonetized silver; and yet both these nations use a large amount of silver subsidiary coin, which is issued at par and passes at par. Paper money is also used by most European peoples, and conspicuously by these two great nations. And when issued and used as money, the government or bank that issues the paper usually guarantees its payment in gold, and the credit of the bank or nation stands behind the paper so issued. And yet, whenever there is a great financial depression, or when there is a war, they cease to pay in gold, because there is not gold enough. In a word, gold is the standard when gold is not wanted, but when it is most needed there is none to be had. The promise to pay in gold is a deception, says Mr. Platt, you only see the ghost of gold when it is wanted in the substance.

It is also a fact that substantially all the gold and silver of the world, not actually used in the arts, is now coined into money and used somewhere as money, with the single exception that in the United States, as a matter of convenience, paper money is issued as the representative of the value of silver bullion on deposit in the vaults of the treasury. It is also a fact that during the last century, the commerce of all the nations of the earth has very largely increased, and for that reason, more money is required to carry on the business of the world than ever before. This large increase of trade and commerce is chiefly attributable to rapid communication by steam and telegraph, the advance of civilization, improvements in transportation of freight and passengers, and increased facilities for manufacturing. It would thus appear that as a matter of exchange of values, money becomes more and more necessary to mankind as people become more and more commercial. Gold and silver, being the most valuable metals, are the natural money of the world. Every civilized man knows both metals as money. It is the common law of mankind to look upon them as money metals. The tradesmen and producers all over the world receive either coin in exchange for their commodities. And as the use of money is increasing, the demand for it becomes a greater necessity. Without it no enterprises, great or small, can be successfully established or carried on, and so any contraction of the monetary circulation would result in a monetary crisis, reaching not only the stability of great banks and business houses, but the stability of governments themselves.

It is a mistake to suppose a banker different from other people—he is simply a keen dealer in money, and the man who deals in money is like any other man who has something to sell. He wants his goods (money) to bring a good price—to be in demand; and whatever will make his goods scarce, and difficult to get, increases its value, and thus apparently benefits him. He knows, as every intelligent man knows, that when there are two kinds of money in the world, and an equal amount of each, if he can destroy one kind, what remains will be more valuable; and so many of the moneyed men of the world are for mono-metallism, because if a single gold standard is adopted by all the nations of the earth, and silver is demonetized, there will be only about one half the present amount of money in circulation; and he knows that this alone would double the value of the money that is left, because it would double the purchasing power of gold, and in a like proportion lower the value of all other commodities, because the commodities would necessarily increase in amount, while the means to purchase them would decrease.

In a word, we would then have dear money and cheap commodities; the men who have money would be richer by half; the men who have commodities would be poorer by half. But the latter are as one hundred to one. Labor is a commodity and would go down in the general fall. The result necessarily follows that as money becomes scarce, there will be a lowering of prices; land becomes cheap as money gets dear; the products of the factory and the farm suffer alike; and, as people have less money for use in the purchase of needful articles, less of those articles are consumed. And then comes poverty, suffering and unrest, with an increase of crime and lowering of the moral standard.

The answer made to these arguments is that as money would be worth more, the relative value of commodities would not change, because one dollar then would be worth two dollars now. If the gold men think this is true, why not double the price of commodities and double the amount of money, and cheapen its value, and thus make two dollars worth but one dollar? If the rule is correct, why will it not work both ways? No, the fact is, the argument in favor of dear money is a narrow policy. If successful it only creates misery, want, unrest—it is not a creative, but rather a destructive theory. It will benefit the few and destroy the many. It is admitted that the intrinsic value of silver is less than gold—it always was less. Our laws make the coinage value of gold sixteen times more valuable than silver; but, owing to the fact that some of the nations, which are the money powers of the world, are demonetizing silver, the difference in the commercial value between the two metals is much greater now than heretofore, and so the same power that cheapened silver now demands its demonetization as a money metal, because it is cheap. The creditor classes, who are interested in making money dear, are doing this and will continue to do it, until the communism of organized wealth endangers the peace of society. Indeed it has already imperiled the business industries of the world. Money cannot become dear if silver is continued as one of the circulating mediums of the world, because the supply will more nearly equal the demand; but the supply of gold is not largely increasing, while the demand for money is increasing as the wealth and commerce of the world increases. And so, on the one hand, it is a contest for good money and more money and fair prices for commodities; on the other, it is a contest for less money and dear money and cheap commodities; and this contest will continue and increase in force while these conditions continue, and they will continue until actual and practical bi-metallism is restored.

It is the logic of events, that a

single gold standard cannot be maintained for any great length of time, without causing depression of values and a financial crisis, for money is only valuable, whether dear or cheap, when it can be used in some form of enterprise. The borrowers of money are the men who do something, who build up and sustain the wealth of the world. They are the creators; and when money becomes too valuable to borrow, then commodities will be too cheap to create, because no margin of profit will be left to the producer, and dull times will be inevitable. It cannot be denied that a change in the financial system of a country is dangerous, because any change affects the value of property, and therefore, stability is more needed than improvement. No nation is great enough to impose its own monetary system on the rest of the world, unless it is to the interest of the rest of the world to adopt it. And a free people will not willingly adopt a monetary system which makes property less valuable and the masses of its people poorer. England has done this, for it is admitted by English statesmen that within twenty years, all property in England has decreased in value fully thirty per cent, its agriculture is in decay, its laboring people are migrating in vast numbers to remote colonies or to the United States, its manufacturing interests are not prospering, and while its rich people have more gold, its poor people have none, and they can earn none. Indeed, there is no encouragement for prosperous America to swap financial systems with England.

It has been well said that it is the paying ability of the people that gives confidence and sustains credit, and their paying ability depends on their prosperity. A bank cannot divorce itself from the community in which its business is conducted, any more than can our government at Washington sustain itself by opposing the clearly expressed wishes of the people of the nation. For a time, organized financial power can control even the policy of a nation, but in the end the unorganized but resistless business industries must be felt and will control, because they represent the most people and the best average judgment of the people. It is nonsense to say that a comparative few of the moneyed men of a nation living in a single city, in matters in which they are personally interested, fairly represent the common business sense of the whole country. They are unwittingly like a bribed jury: they cannot give an impartial verdict. Money kings, however useful, cease to be beneficial when they rule as kings rule. They should not be allowed to enrich themselves at the expense of other men, nor to muddy the fountains of wealth after they have slaked their own thirst. Banks are necessary, money is necessary, and gold is necessary to the prosperity of our country, but labor, business enterprise, silver money and borrowers of money are equally necessary to our industrial and financial progress.

Silver and its uses is not the bugbear it is represented to be. True, in large transactions neither silver nor gold is actually used. Both metals are needed to stand behind and sustain the credit of the world. Note the present uses of silver.

Secretary Windom reported to Congress in December, 1889, that the annual product of silver of the world (coinage value) was $142,000,000, and his report shows where this silver was used, viz:

Amount required in India	$35,000,000
Amount required in Austria and Japan	10,000,000
Subsidiary coinage in Europe and South America,	16,000,000
Amount annually exported to China, Asia, and Africa, other than Indian coinage	10,000,000
Annual coinage of Mexican dollars	5,000,000
Indian coinage	10,000,000
Amount used in the arts	15,000,000
Surplus or balance	51,000,000
	$142,000,000

Since that report was made, there has been no marked difference as to the use of that metal. It does appear, however, that our country requires more and more money. Then wherein is the fear of too much silver coin, or too many silver certificates? As before stated, do not this coin and these certificates pass as money, and are hard times caused by too much money, and will good times come when we have less money? Does any one claim that money is now too cheap or too abundant? Failures are caused by a want of money, not because there is too much of it, and especially when that money is gold or silver.

But we are told that gold is leaving the country. This is true; and being true, would you make money less abundant here by demonetizing what money we have left at home? And would not even more gold be shipped away, if we lowered our credit by decreasing the amount of money in circulation here? Gold is sent to Europe because we owe someone in Europe, and as we have lost confidence in ourselves and are making a political question of our finances, our debtors there have lost confidence in us, and want their money.

A constant repetition of the menace which some of our own people make against our revenue system, and the threats to lessen the amount of money in circulation, has already had its effect in disturbing public confidences. It is the fear of what is to come that causes hard times, infinitely more than any actual injury inflicted.

And again, suppose our foreign creditors are afraid we will some day pay them in silver, and for that reason they are now realizing on their American securities—would they not do the same thing at any time when money is scarce in America?

Indeed, there is not a nation on the globe that can pay its indebtedness in gold. No, not even England, rich as she is. Too much indebtedness and too little gold is the reason. And so this very statement that the United States will pay its indebtedness in silver is a fallacy. In any event, our foreign creditors do not want their money as long as they feel their investments are safe. Once sustain our home industries, and our home credit will sustain itself, and our gold and silver will remain with us.

It is confidence we most need, and confidence must be created by our own people, in our own country. We must first sustain our own finances by encouraging American Enterprises. We must sustain home markets by protecting home made products, and thus give labor a fair reward. We must make more to sell to others and buy less from others. Then we will be more prosperous; our banks will cease to call in their loans, or to close their doors; property will enhance in value, industries will multiply; business will assume its usual channels, and as confidence is restored less money will be required to do the business of the country; the East and West will then join hands in building up and sustaining American credit at home and abroad. Wall street is necessary to the country, and especially when Wall street is right. But it is not necessary to sustain Wall street when Wall street is wrong. Prosperity cannot be written or figured into existence. It must grow, and its growth can be aided by wise legislation, but not created by it.

What legislation would be a remedy, is the question. Silver must be used in some form. If the Sherman Act is repealed, some other law must take its place. If free coinage, it would possibly be the free coinage of American produced silver. Another remedy is to prohibit the circulation of any paper money under ten dollars, and to coin no gold pieces less than five or ten dollars, as the case might be. Very little gold is now coined under five dollar pieces. England has no paper of a denomination less than twenty-five dollars. The small money thus taken out of circulation should be replaced

by larger money put into circulation, the object being to make all smaller transactions in silver money. It is estimated this would put into circulation $400,000,000 of silver not now in actual use, and it would not drive out of circulation one dollar in paper or gold.

Even these remedies may not be the true ones. But one thing is certain, the American people and the American financiers cannot longer sustain themselves upon European precedents, because our conditions are American. We are all producers, we have no great standing armies, no cheap or pauper labour, no monarchical government, no class distinctions. Here the rich man of to-day may be the poor man of to-morrow, and nothing is truer than that the American nation must prepare itself to face new, and hitherto untested economic problems. The increase of wealth and population of the central, intermontane, and Pacific States of the Union, the development of new and varied industries, the production of articles at home which hitherto were obtained only from abroad, the admission of new states into the Union, and the changed industrial conditions of many of the older states, have given a new trend to business enterprises, and a broader and more national sweep to American finances. And thus America must have a financial policy of its own. Our country will then prosper, because the American people will build upon foundations laid on American soil, constructed by American industry, and sustained by American money.

SILVER COINAGE.

BY HON. W. W. BOWERS.

THE Hon. R. P. Bland, Democratic Congressman from Missouri, the champion of the free coinage of silver, attempts, in an article in the April number of the North American Review, to show that the only hope of free coinage lies with the Democratic party and that it is a party question; that the Democratic party is on one side and the Republican party on the other. The attempt is a flat failure. His party to-day, no matter what has been its position in the past, is against him and against free coinage. If he does not know this, he is certainly one of the blindest men now in public life, as regards the status of free coinage of silver. The article has not in any manner advanced the measure to which he professes such devotion. Mr. Bland begins his article with a rhetorical fusilade of rather well-worn Democratic stock phrases, which have no foundation outside a Democratic imagination.

Great latitude is allowed the stump speaker in a canvass, but when a man in Mr. Bland's position carefully prepares an article for a leading magazine, upon an important public question to which he has devoted years of time, the public has the right to expect reasonably correct statements of common, well-known facts, respecting the condition of public affairs. These, carelessly or incorrectly stated at the outset, beget distrust as regards the correctness of what follows. In the first paragraph of his article he says:

"The appalling demands upon the resources of the country, to meet the enormous appropriations of money, nearly one-half of which are for pensions alone; an onerous system of taxation, and yet a depleted treasury; a makeshift and disjointed currency, satisfactory to no one; problems of imperialism presented in the questions of the annexation of foreign territory and peoples; all pressing for consideration; etc., etc., etc."

Here in seven lines are six state-

ments that are not only very loose, but are wholly Pickwickian.

But what are the facts? These. Taxation is not appalling; not nearly one-half of the appropriations are required for the payment of pensions; the Treasury is not depleted; the country has the best and safest, most satisfactory system of currency it ever had since its foundation, and it requires an immense stretch of imagination to discover where the question of imperialism comes in. "The appalling demands upon the resources of the country" exist only in the imagination of politicians and stump-speakers. If any class is appalled it is the money barons and speculators. If they are appalled why should the common people mourn? Fancy Mr. John Wanamaker growing more and more "appalled" at the "increasing demands upon his resources" during the past ten years, made by the pay-roll of his employees, as it steadily and rapidly increased with his business, and he grew richer and richer. He is "appalled" in the same way every sensible man is at the rapid growth of this nation. It takes more money to run one of our first-class modern steamships than it does to navigate a primitive dugout, and the earnings and resources are correspondingly different; but this is a fact our Democratic friends seem to forget, or never to have learned.

The total appropriation made by the fifty-second Congress was, for the two years, $1,004,178,000, and the total appropriation for pensions for the two years, was $313,268,700. That's very far from "nearly one-half." In this connection it may be remarked that but for these pensioners, dead and alive, Mr. Bland could not have been a member of the Congress of the United States. As to the "onerous system of taxation," nearly one-half the revenues come from the tax on whisky and tobacco. Would Mr. Bland take off this onerous (?) tax from these articles? By far the largest half of the revenue obtained from other sources comes from duties levied on imported articles that can be produced in this country, and if the consumer pays more than he would if the duty were removed, the difference is paid the American workingman in the way of wages. Not a workingman, nor any man in the United States has ever lost a dollar, or a penny through the national currency; not one dollar of it was ever dishonored; never, since the issue of the first bill to the present hour, has there been a moment when a national bank dollar was not worth a dollar anywhere in any civilized country; and this is the kind of currency Mr. Bland characterizes as "makeshift and disjointed." How many millions of dollars did the laboring men of this country lose through the Democratic "rag" money issued by irresponsible State banks between '40 and '60? There is to-day a greater "seeming preference" on the part of the Democratic party for that rag money, than it ever had for gold or silver. If not, why that plank in the last Democratic platform which reads: "Section 8. We recommend that the prohibitory (?) ten per cent tax on State bank issues be repealed." If that does not mean the re-establishment of these wild-cat banks, then it has no meaning at all.

Mr. Bland essays to explain a "seeming preference on the part of the Democratic party for gold in the days of Benton." Here is an opportunity for him to explain this "seeming preference," on the part of the Democratic party, for the old-fashioned Democratic wild-cat currency.

As to Mr. Bland's assertion that the Treasury of the United States is bankrupt or depleted, the "Statement of the Public Debt and of the Cash in the Treasury of the United States," made by the Secretary of the Treasury, dated May 1st, 1893, is the best answer. This shows that at the close of business, April 29th, 1893, there was cash in the Treasury as follows:

Gold coin	$121,753,585.35
Gold in bars	80,529,773.73
Total gold	$202,283,359.08
Silver dollars	360,359,922.00
Subsidiary coin	11,113,573.21
Bars	110,315,196.23
Total silver	$481,788,691.44
Grand total coin	$684,072,040.52

This is rather a remarkable showing for a "bankrupt Treasury." Can the Treasury of any other country make one as good? The statement also shows that during the thirty days of the month of April, the public debt had decreased $1,832,475.00.

As to the "problem of imperialism," that is so very far-fetched that it does not require further notice—so much for Mr. Bland's predicates.

A considerable part of Mr. Bland's article is made up of extracts from the Congressional Record to show that a larger number and greater proportion of Democrats than Republicans voted in favor of free coinage, that, therefore, the Republicans are responsible for the defeat. Is his deduction correct and his argument sound? Will he accept that rule in fixing the responsibility as to all other measures? If so, we will accept and will say at once that under such rule, the attempt to destroy the Union was a party measure, a Democratic party measure, for not only were the majority of those who took up arms against the Government, Democrats, but of the hundreds of thousands who did, every one was a Democrat—not one was a Republican. Yet we know that many thousands of Democrats were fighting in the Union army for the preservation of the Union. The Democratic party, as well as the people of the United States, has always and most justly held the party in power responsible for all legislation. The party in power, in any branch of the Government, is wholly responsible for all things done or not done in that branch. The responsibility cannot in any degree be shifted from the majority to the minority. The Democratic House is responsible for everything done in that body, the Republican Senate for everything in that body, during the fifty-second Congress. Without exception, the Democratic party holds the Republican party responsible for the demonetization of silver in 1873, because they controlled every branch of the Government at that time.

Mr. Bland says: "The most recent vote on this question (i. e., the free coinage of silver) was in the House, March 17th, 1892." This is a mistake. There was no action on the silver bill on that day, but the vote he refers to was taken on March 24th, and there were in all, ten votes taken on that day on the question. So, in the House of Representatives, where the Democrats had 227 members, the Republicans 88, Mr. Bland could not pass his free coinage bill. But none of these were the most recent votes on the question. On July 1st, 1892, Senator Stewart's Bill, S. 51, providing for the free coinage of silver, and which bill was substantially the same as Mr. Bland's, passed a Republican Senate by a vote of 29 to 25. On page 5,742 of the Congressional Record, giving the proceedings of the House for July 2nd, 1892, will be found the following: "A message from the Senate, by Mr. Platt, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the Bill S. 51, to provide for the free coinage of gold and silver bullion, and for other purposes, in which the concurrence of the House was requested. (Applause on the Democratic side)." A Republican Senate asks a Democratic House to concur with it in voting for the free coinage of silver. On the 13th day of July, 1892, as may be seen by referring to page 6,133 of the Record, the most recent vote, save one, was taken on the silver question. It was on the adoption of the resolution reported by the Committee on Rules, to take up the Silver Bill S. 51, for consideration. This was defeated by a vote of 154 to 136. Of the 154 negative votes, 96

were Democrats and 58 Republicans; and so, for the second time, free coinage was slaughtered in the house of its friends. The "applause" with which the Democratic side of the House greeted the request of the Republican Senate to concur with it in the passage of a free coinage bill, did not materialize when the vote was taken. It appears convenient for Mr. Bland to forget these more recent votes; but there has been a still later vote on the silver question. It was on the 8th day of November last, when the Democratic party, as a party, throughout the United States voted solidly for Grover Cleveland, the most vigorous and relentless, as well as the ablest opponent of the free coinage of silver that could be found in the Democratic party; who, before he was inaugurated as President, is credited with the attempt to coerce the legislative branch of the Government (through the power he holds in the matter of official patronage) to repeal the present act authorizing the limited coinage of silver.

The great city of New York is the heart and stomach of the Democratic party. They are Mr. Bland's Democratic colleagues in that money center that demand an extra session of Congress to be called at once, to absolutely demonetize silver, and to repeal the Sherman Act. They are his Democratic colleagues who are attempting to force this extra session by shipping gold out of the country. The extra session is to be called for the sole purpose of prohibiting the further coinage of silver—to destroy its money character, and for no other purpose. Already Mr. Bland's Democratic colleagues are tugging at their tethers, eager to be in at the death.

One other fact Mr. Bland forgets is that while every Democratic State stood solid for the anti-silver Democratic candidate, four hitherto safe Republican States left the Republican party on account of its uncertain position on the silver question. These States did not go to the Democratic party, for its position on the question was no more satisfactory. The silver planks in both platforms were substantially the same—miserable and cowardly to the last degree.

So long as Mr. Bland urged the free coinage of silver as a business proposition, he was on a solid foundation. When he attempts to make a partisan question of it and calls attention to the record of the Democratic party upon it, he is floundering in mud; for there is nothing in the past history of the Democratic party which indicates that at any time it was the friend of honest money. The record shows that it was always the friend of the worthless, irresponsible State banks, with their rag money, and during every year of its supremacy they flourished, and the people were robbed right and left. The bills issued by the banks in one State were worthless in an adjoining State, and after twenty years of almost uninterrupted rule of the Democratic party, in time of peace, the Treasury of the United States was bankrupt; Government bonds, bearing twelve per cent. interest, could only be sold at a discount of from twelve to fifteen per cent., for under Democratic business methods gold and silver were driven out of the country. We had only rags left. The financial methods of the Democratic party, as attested by its history, were, and are, dishonest and disastrous. The era of honest money for the people only came in with the advent of the Republican party to power. To-day the workingman who has a dollar, whether it is a silver, gold or paper dollar, knows that he can purchase as much with one as with the other, that it is good in any State, and that it will be as good to-morrow as it is to-day. This was not possible until the Democratic party, with its ignorant and defective financial system, was removed from power, and supplanted by the sound financial methods of the Republican party, under which this country has attained its present unexampled prosperity.

THE CALIFORNIAN NAVAL BATTALION.

BY W. F. BURKE.

JUST two years ago, August 22d, 1891, a crowd of men met in one of the justices' dingy little court-rooms in the City Hall of San Francisco, and together they were sworn in as the first company of naval reserves on the Pacific coast.

Soon after, another company was sworn in at San Diego, another and another followed at San Francisco in quick succession, and the four companies of the battalion being then formed, their officers met and elected F. B. Chandler, who had been identified with the movement from the start, as Lieutenant Commander.

This last act completed the organization of the California Naval Battalion. Almost without warning it had sprung into existence, and in a little over two months after the first company had taken the oath of enlistment, the Lieutenant Commander issued his first order, in which he assumed command.

The act of the Legislature by which the California Naval Battalion became a possibility, was approved March 31, 1891. It was entitled: "An act to establish a naval battalion, to be attached to the National Guard of California." It provided for "not more than four companies of naval militia, which shall constitute a battalion, to be known as the Naval Battalion of the National Guard." It further provided that the battalion should be commanded by a Lieutenant Commander, that each company should be commanded by a Lieutenant, and should have in addition three other officers and eighty petty officers and men.

By the terms of the act, the organization of the battalion was made to conform generally to the provisions of the laws of the United States governing militia bodies, and the system of discipline and exercises was made to conform as nearly as might be, to that of the United States Navy, as at present existing, or as may be hereafter prescribed by Congress. When not otherwise provided for, the government of this new organization was placed under the laws which govern the National Guard of California, and the Governor has the same power over it as he has over the other State military forces.

It was also set forth in the act that the duty, or any part of the duty of this naval militia, could be performed afloat in United States vessels, and the Governor was empowered to apply to the President for the detail of commissioned or petty officers of the navy, to act as inspectors and instructors in the art of naval warfare.

Such was the act under which the "fresh water sailors," as at first the newspapers delighted to call them, were ushered into the service of the United States and of the State of California.

As may be seen, the act of the Legislature, while providing for the formation of the companies, was woefully silent regarding the means with which they were to be supported; and as the Legislature had adjourned only a few months previous to the organization of the first company, the prospect of financial assistance from the State was not particularly brilliant. This was the first difficulty encountered.

The second was a question of precedence. The first company had been sworn in as Company A; yet without warning the coveted first letter, of which the boys were so proud, was shifted to the San Diego Company, the second one organized, and the oldest company became Company B. In the discussion which followed, the individuality of the companies was strongly brought out, and being emphasized from the first and intensified afterwards in the struggle for existence, it now forms the weakest spot in an otherwise powerful and prosperous organization.

EVENING COLORS.

As a matter of fact, the theory of the Naval Battalion does not recognize companies in the military sense of the word, at all, but rates the entire organization as a ship's crew. Each so-called company is a division, destined to man a certain number of guns on shipboard and to take a certain place in a land attack; the bill called them companies, however, and the designation has stuck to them ever since.

The Naval Battalion occupies a peculiar position in its relation to the military forces, both regular and militia, and the naval forces of the United States. It partakes of the properties of all, and yet the true reserve man is every inch a sailor. Following the theory of the organization to its logical conclusion, the finished reserve man should be a fighter of the first order. He must know the duties of a sailor on shipboard, first of all; he must know how to land on a beach or rocky shore, and that, too, in the face of an enemy; then when he lands he becomes a soldier, and a soldier's duties and the theory of land warfare must be familiar to him. He must be a good shot with his rifle, whether on solid ground, on the rolling deck of a ship, or in the swaying "top" at the mast head. He must understand machine guns, torpedoes and powder in all its forms; he must be able to use his cutlass and revolver with deadly effect, and above all, those long black, wicked looking naval breech loaders must be as familiar to his hand and eye, as his vessel itself. He must be a sailor at sea, a soldier on land, a sharp-shooter in the top, a gunner on deck, and at home efficient in any or all of his numerous characters.

The California Naval Battalion, at present, contains nearly 300 men. They are fully armed with the Lee magazine rifle — the navy arm — and with the navy revolver. Their uniform is similar to that of an able seaman in the United States service, with the exception of the hat ribbon, which, in the Reserve, bears the words "Naval Battalion," instead of the name of a ship. The officers are armed and uniformed exactly as the regular officers, and in every detail the California Naval Battalion has been made to conform as nearly as possible with the regular service.

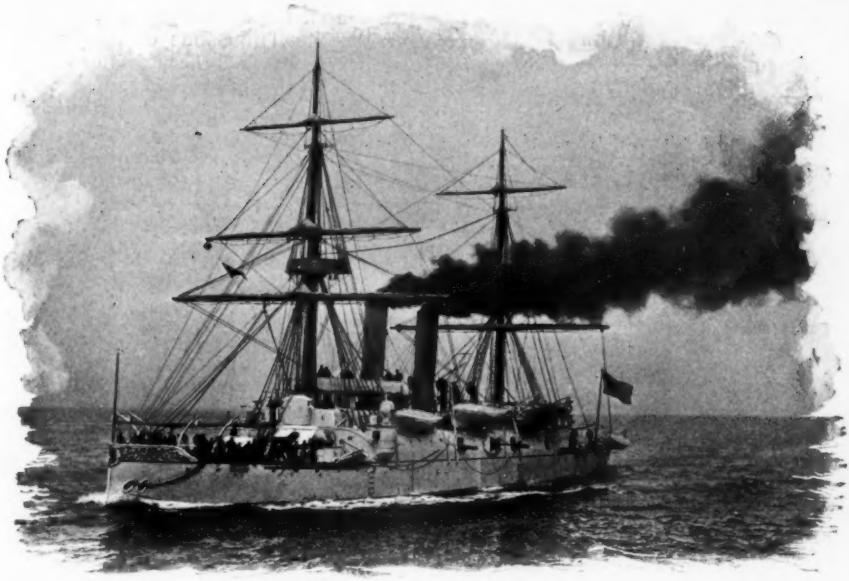
FRANK A. BROOKS, LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT.

Having organized, the next step was to procure a place to drill, and here the first serious mistake was made, an unavoidable one, however, because of lack of funds. Each company shifted for itself. For some time Company B then Company A, drilled by moonlight, when available, and by guesswork when dark, in the big, gloomy courtyard of the City Hall. It soon went into an armory, however, as did the other companies, and then the battalion began to take some semblance of a permanent organization. But the armories were in different parts of the city and the companies were separated.

The dues of the men, by careful management, sufficed for armory rent and current and incidental expenses, but they were not sufficient to purchase uniforms. The merchants of the city were then appealed to, and they responded with nearly $3,000. This went for uniforms for the men, the officers providing their own. The $25,000 annually appropriated by Congress, becoming due about that time, the battalion held its first muster, March 22d, 1892, and applied soon after for a pro rata for 371 men, as shown at the muster. This meant $8,584.43. The California Battalion was then the largest in America, and the amount of its share of the appropriation was nearly $1,000 more than that of the New York Battalion, the next in size.

The federal appropriation, however, is not furnished in money, but in arms and equipments. The battalion commander, therefore, applied for everything necessary to equip the men, and the following list of what was sent will show how the battalion is armed and equipped at present, as no accoutrements have been furnished the men since that time: 280 rifles, 280 gun slings, 280 bayonet scabbards, 40 revolvers, 40 belts, 40 holsters, 40 cartridge boxes, 40 packs for revolvers, 280 single web belts, 360 haversacks and straps, 370 rubber ponchos, 360 canteens and straps, 3 grubbing hoes, 6 shovels, 370 coat straps.

The rifles were all new and furnished with bayonets. The web belts have loops for cartridges and pockets for magazines, and the haversacks are of



U. S. S. BOSTON.

canvas. In addition, with each gun were furnished all the necessary cleaning and repairing tools and over half a dozen magazines.

A flag, consisting of a blue field, in the center of which are two crossed anchors, fouled in their cables and surrounded by thirteen white stars, was then adopted. A fac simile of this flag heads all battalion stationery, and its miniature, on a button, forms the official badge of the battalion.

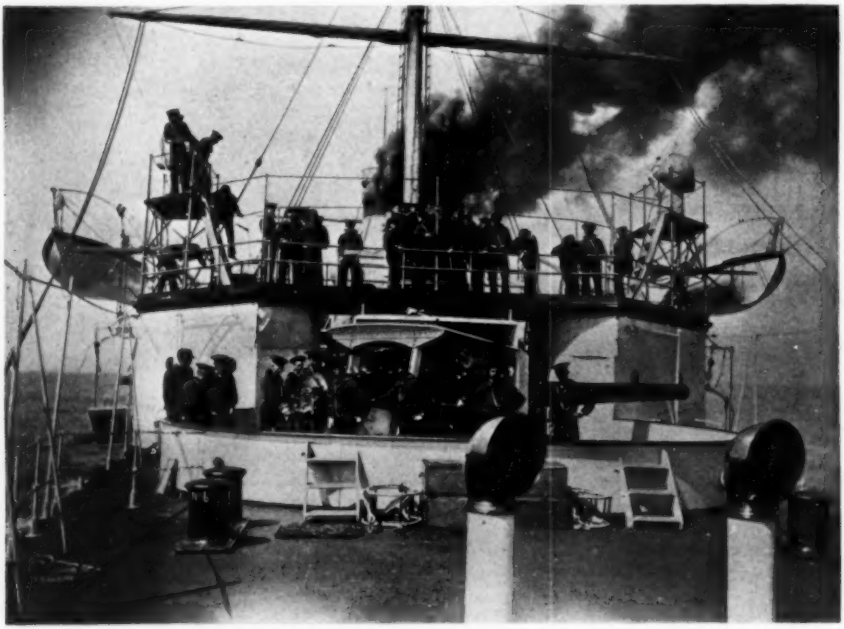
A three-inch breech loading rifle and all its accessories was secured from the Mare Island Navy Yard, and things were beginning to look well for the reserve, when Lieutenant Commander Chandler resigned. Captain Charles Miner Goodall, a man well known among the shipping men of San Francisco, was elected to the vacancy. Captain Goodall is a master mariner, and as he took hold with enthusiasm, the battalion has prospered under his rule.

A sixteen-oared barge, fitted with two masts and sails, was the next addition to the equipment. For obvious reasons she was called the *Mayflower*, and her triangular sails and flowing ensign at the stern have been familiar figures on the bay ever since. From the time of her appearance, the nautical instinct in the men developed rapidly. When the cruisers *Charleston* and *San Francisco* came into the harbor and anchored, this sentiment was at its height, and when the boys were invited on board to drill with the big guns and to behave like seamen generally, there once more sprang up between the companies a fellow feeling, which has done more than all else to hold the organization together. It brought home to them the fact that though separated on shore, on sea they are all in the same ship's crew.

From the advent of the *Charleston*, Captain Picking commanding, the characteristic history of the Naval Battalion commences. Before that, the boys felt the terms "land sailors" and "fresh-water sailors," which were freely applied, had as much truth as

ridicule in them, but the *Charleston* has been the means of making real seamen out of the raw reserves, and to speak ill of the gallant craft in presence of a reserve man is as bad as to belie his commander.

The *Charleston* entered the service of the battalion in July, 1892. On alternate days the city companies used to muster all the men available, and they would row out in their own barge to the white cruiser, and would drill for hours at her guns. After some weeks of this, a night attack was planned, and one moonlight evening the nine boats of the cruiser were manned by two of the city companies, while the third manned the search lights on board. The boats tried to come close enough to launch an imaginary torpedo with deadly effect, while the great streaks of light shot across the water, spying them out, and enabling the men on the machine guns to demolish them with phantom shot and shell. Thousands of the people of the city watched the sight, for it was truly a magnificent one; and for a great many the inquiry as to what was the meaning of those four dazzling beams of light, shooting about like gigantic ghostly arms, brought the first information of the Naval Battalion, an organization which had been in their midst for more than a year.



COMPANY B, AT EIGHT-INCH GUN, FIRING.

August 6th, 1892, in Battalion order No. 10, came the order to gather upon the Folsom-street wharf at 7:30 A. M., August 12th, and proceed on board the *Charleston* for a trip to Santa Cruz. Short as the time was, the men hurried round asking for vacations—those who had not had any, and those who had, brought influence to bear upon employers to get another; as a result, when the Battalion formed upon the wharf at

the appointed time, there were one hundred and seventy men in line from the three San Francisco companies. The men were fully armed and equipped. This, in naval parlance, means that each man wore his blue suit and tan canvas leggins, and that he carried a haversack, containing his lunch, a tin plate and cup, knife and fork. Over each shoulder was slung the blankets, wrapped in the rubber poncho, around each waist was hooked the belt and bayonet with its scabbard, and in the hand was the rifle.

The cruiser *Boston* was in the harbor at the time, and she was ordered to accompany the *Charleston* to Santa Cruz. She took none of the men, however, but gracefully saluting as the *Charleston* passed her, she took her place off the starboard quarter, and in this way escorted her sister ship down the coast.

The run down was a beautiful one. A slight ground swell gave the ship just enough roll to keep the boys careful of their steps, but not sufficient to disturb any stomach. The officers and men of the *Charleston* behaved toward the battalion in a way to fully justify the statement that the "white squadron" is manned by gentlemen and sailors. There was never a laugh at any of the clumsy actions which at first characterized the reserve men, but instead the sailors took the boys in hand and showed them everything. At mess, although the battalion boys had been warned to fill their haversacks, as there would be no provisions for them on the ship, the crew took them below and loaded them with a seaman's fare.

CHARLES M. GOODALL, LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER.

Several times on the way down the

LIEUTENANT C. H. CROCKER.

men were called to quarters, and were made to "cast loose and provide," "secure," "prepare to ram" etc. Then first and second boarders were called away; first, second and third riflemen were called away, and altogether the ship's decks were kept lively by the men hurrying to and fro with shot and powder, rifles and cutlasses. One of the reserve companies was formed into the powder division, and the men stalked about in their long white robes and wooden shoes, to the amusement of all, until the reason for such a costume was explained; then there was no more laughing.

When off Santa Cruz, Governor Markham boarded the vessel and inspected the men, both regulars and reserves, and then the companies were landed at the wharf. They were marched to some bath-houses, in which the men were to spend the nights of their stay in Santa Cruz, for there was not room on board the cruisers for the battalion. Here quarters were paid for out of the company's funds, and not a word of complaint came from the men when they had to sleep on the hard floor, for they saved money thereby. They provided their own meals too, as the State had made no appropriation for the expenses of the trip, but the boys cared little for that.

The next day, Saturday, the companies again boarded the *Charleston*, and all the morning they pegged away at a target with the big guns. The loading, firing, and sponging were done entirely by the reserves, there being a regular seaman at each gun, however, to prevent accidents. The green gunners soon caught the knack of firing just as the ship completed her upward roll, and then some really creditable shooting was done. If a ship had been in place of a target, she would probably have been sunk, but it would have taken every shot, for some went rather wide of the mark.

On Saturday afternoon the seamen from the *Charleston* and *Boston*, and the naval reserves marched to Camp Columbus, the militia camp, two miles in from the coast, and they formed a feature of the big parade held on that day. It was hoped to have them land on the beach and attack a battalion of infantry, but there was not time to ar-

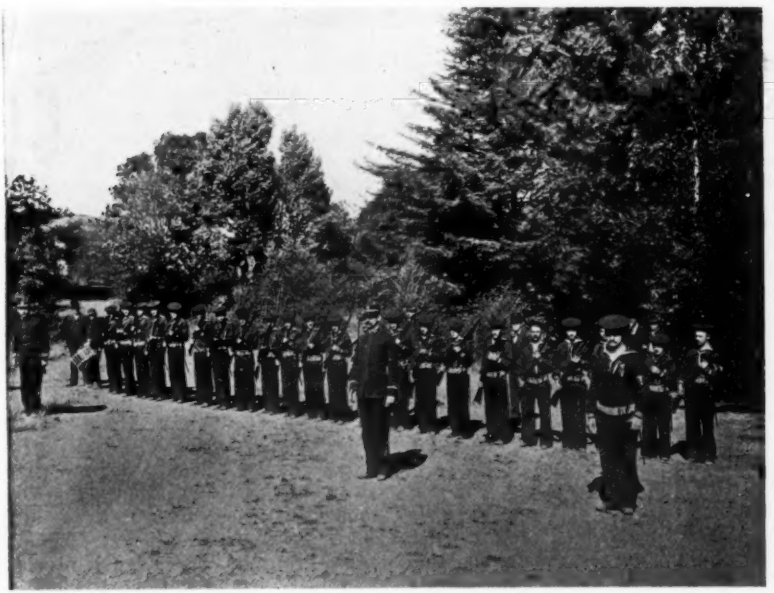
LIEUTENANT LOUIS H. TURNER.

range for such a manœuver, and besides the reserves had not yet been given cartridges, either blank or ball.

On Sunday morning the *Charleston* weighed anchor and started for home. The only really notable thing on the trip up was the Sunday inspection, in which the naval battalion shared. Everything was found in good condition, for the *Charleston's* men had patiently and without a word of complaint, cleaned all the big guns after the reserves were through with them on Saturday, a proceeding the boys watched closely, and from which they gleaned many bits of information about the mechanism of breech-blocks and gun-carriages.

It was during this homeward cruise that the boys responded to their first "church call" at sea. Down on the berth deck they assembled, where stood a table, and beside it a small organ, and where officers and seamen sat together with heads uncovered. The simple services transformed the bare cheerless place at once into as solemn a house of worship as any on land, and rank and distinction were alike forgotten for the time being. Just below, the foam swished softly around the steel prow of the vessel as it drove through the water, and the sound blended sweetly with the voice of the chaplain, as he offered a prayer for "poor Jack;" while the steady even roll of the vessel, the forbidding steel sides and deck beams, and the gurgling of the waves on the cut water beneath, emphasized the prayer and brought the words home to the reserve boys with a meaning they had not seen before. In the minds of more than one, that simple sea service is one of the most vivid memories of the trip.

Being Sunday, of course there was no drill, so the boys amused themselves as best they could. This was disastrous, for following the well-established rule that an idle mind will work evil, the thoughts of quite a number turned to their stomachs, and as a consequence they became seasick. Even



DRESS PARADE.

then, however, the regulars never cracked a smile, but kindly offered valuable assistance to the stricken reserve men, who recovered quickly under the treatment and were all well before the vessel arrived home.

The three days' trip ended without an accident, and as the boys left the white cruiser, the cheers they gave came from the heart as well as the head. It was echoed back from the decks more than once, and when the *Charleston's* men stood upon the rail the better to see the departure, the officers of the ship did not order them down.

The cruise is ancient history now, and every one is familiar with all its events, those who stayed at home as well as those who went; but, nevertheless, it is still a subject of armory conversation, and will continue to be such for a long time to come. The only drawback was that Company A of San Diego could not go also. Company A has now had fully as much drill on the cruisers as the other companies, however, and is quite as efficient.

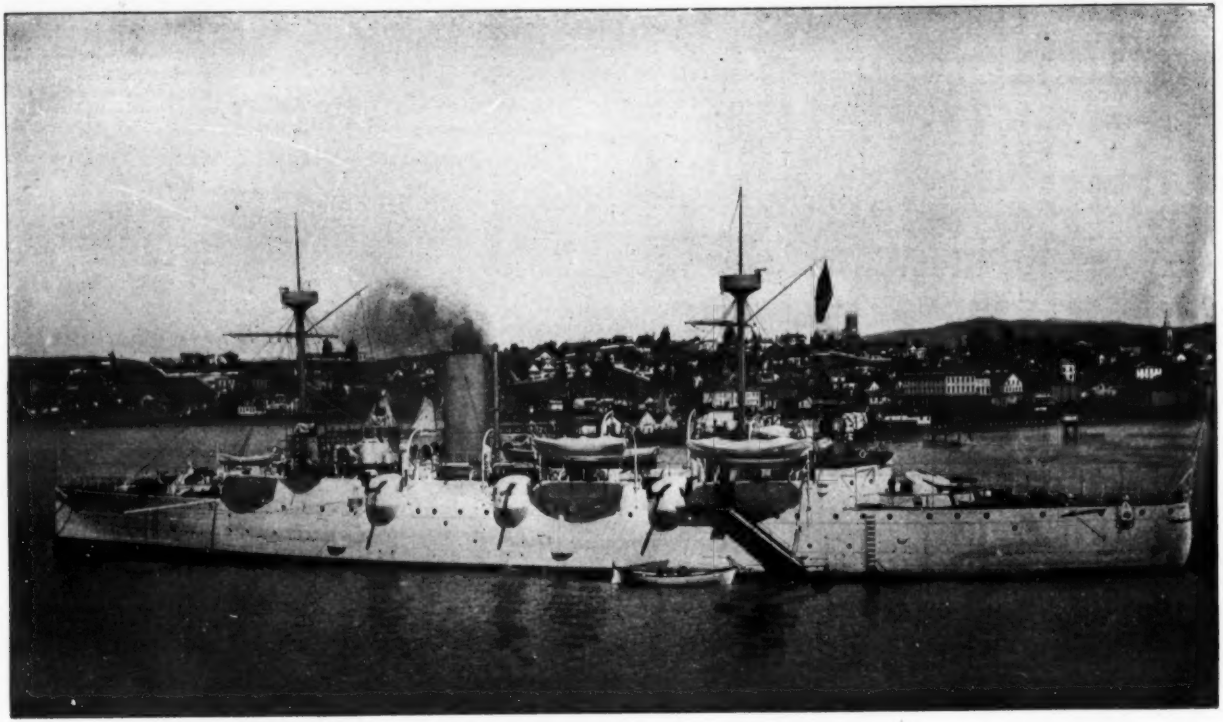
At present, the battalion is in a most enviable condition in every way. The companies have turned out several times, and the organization is looked upon as being a permanent, prosperous and efficient element of the State militia. The battalion is relieved from all apprehension on the score of finances, for the State allowance began in July, and by special act, an appropriation was made to pay armory rent from January, 1893.

The drill of the companies is, in infantry tactics, substantially the same as that of the army, only it is not so exacting. They have, in addition, their field gun drills, their boat drills, their cutlass drills, their lectures on seamanship, and when a cruiser is handy, their drills on ship board.

On this last matter, however, the battalion will soon be made independent of periodical drills on visiting ships of war, for the *Pensacola*, that famous old frigate which made such a gallant record for itself during the late war, will be ordered down to the city from Mare Island for its use. She will be used as a receiving ship by the Government, and will have on board a sufficient number of men and officers from the regular service to take care of her. She will be armed with converted rifles bored for breechloaders, and with a good secondary battery of modern machine guns. A couple of modern 6-inch rifles will also be mounted on board. It is hoped, too, to have her old frigate rig put on her again (she is now dismantled) but it may be that she will have only military masts. Her engines will be left in her, however, and each year it is intended she shall take the battalion out into blue water for at least a week. She will be moored to a wharf, and her decks, guns, and boats will at all times be at the service of the battalion.

The original organization of the companies, prescribed by the bill, has been closely adhered to, but there are changes which experience shows are much needed. Each company has four officers and sixteen petty officers, and the membership of each keeps at sixty or over. The petty officers in each company are chief boatswain's mate, chief gunner's mate and chief quartermaster; boatswain's mate, gunner's mate and quartermaster; captain of the forecastle, captain of the fore-top, captain of the main-top, captain of the mizzen-top, captain of the afterguards, three coxswains, a signal man and a bugler. This number is considered too large, as it provides for positions not found on a modern war ship such as the naval reserve would be required to man. It is, therefore, probable that the list of petty officers will be revised.

There will be more equipments received in a short time, for the second federal appropriation, since the organization of the battalion, has been made. It was decided to use it in the purchase of three 1-pound Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns, a number of revolvers and belts, some cutlasses and tents sufficient to cover the whole battalion.



THE "CHARLESTON," FROM MARE ISLAND.

COMPANY C, AT SIX-INCH RIFLE, FIRING.

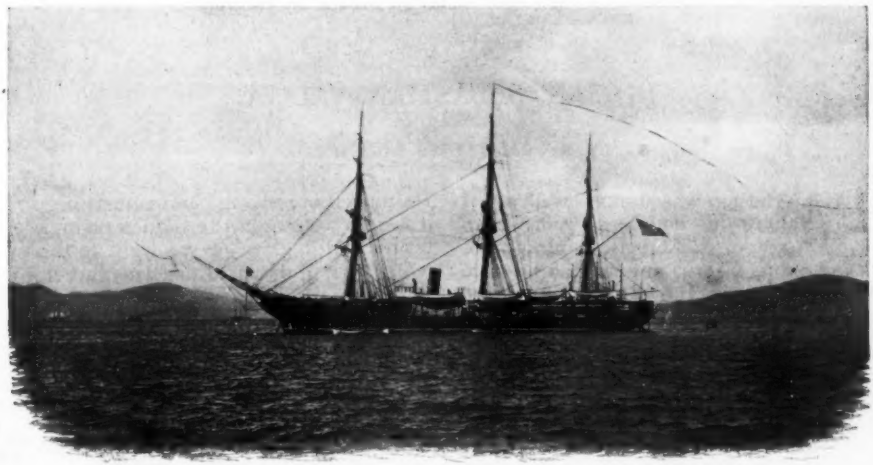
The Hotchkiss guns each cost $1500. Each has three mounts—a boat mount for use in the barge, a barbette mount for use on earth-works or land fortifications, or on shipboard, and a field mount for use as light artillery and in street work.

The new equipments are even now on their way here, and when they arrive, and when the *Pensacola* is placed at its disposal, the California Naval Battalion will be one of the best equipped militia bodies in the United States. The men will have fine new rifles of the latest pattern; they will have three of the best rapid-fire guns made; they will have a ship—a real ship with a glorious record, and not an old hulk—for drill and for cruises; they will have modern breech-loading rifles for heavy ordnance practice; they will have all the necessary boats for boat practice, and the only thing lacking will be instruction and illustration in the theory and practice of torpedo warfare.

The best thing about the battalion, and the characteristic which will make it a credit to the State and to the service, is the evident disinclination of the men to be taken for anything but sailors of the naval reserve. They are very proud of their uniform, and when in citizen's clothes, the little "battalion button" is conspicuously displayed on nearly every man's coat. In addition to this, many of the boys have had their cuticles engraved with all manner of shapes and figures dear to the nautical heart, but constant intercession by the officers is putting a stop to this truly laudable ambition to be "salt." The officers are all young and enthusiastic, and many of them have risen from the ranks. The complete list of the bat-

talion officers is as follows: Charles M. Goodall, Lieutenant Commander; Frank A. Brooks, Lieutenant and Adjutant; Fred H. Stahle, Lieutenant and Ordnance Officer; Shafter Howard, Lieutenant and Paymaster; Daniel B. Northrup (San Diego), Lieutenant and Surgeon; Albert H. Taylor, Ensign and Assistant Surgeon; James G. Decatur (San Diego), Ensign and Assistant Ordnance Officer. Company officers—Company A: William D. Bloodgood, Lieutenant; Frank M. Simpson, Lieutenant Junior Grade; Thomas M. Shaw and Joseph C. Crenshaw, Ensigns; Company B: Charles H. Crocker, Lieutenant; Cecil C. Dennis, Lieutenant Junior Grade; Guy C. Calden and W. F. Burke, Ensigns; Company C: Colin A. Douglass, Lieutenant; Ewald J. Schmeider, Lieutenant Junior Grade; Edward E. Manseau and John T. McMullen, Ensigns; Company D: Louis H. Turner, Lieutenant; William E. Gunn, Lieutenant Junior Grade; Theodore F. Tracey and Chauncey M. St. John, Ensigns.

The Lieutenant Commander is a well tried sea captain, who has commanded more than one large vessel, and among the other officers are several ex-man of warsmen and a number of yachtsmen, so the battalion is not without nautical hands to guide it. The boys are willing to learn, and the teaching is easy, for officers and men are bound together by two inseverable ties. One is the flag under which they serve, the other is their love for the sea.



U. S. S. PENSACOLA.

WHEN TIME HAS CEASED.

BY CHARLES P. NETTLETON

When Time has ceased and back from whence we sprung
We go, all men shall be forever young,
And even here must God's immortal youth
Begin in souls that love immortal truth.

THE LONG QUIET WINTER EVENINGS WE SPENT ALONE TOGETHER.

IN SAN SEBASTIAN VALLEY.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

MY father was dying. All night long he had been lying in a stupor, his breath coming more and more feebly, and his pallid face sharpening in the dim light of the sick chamber. All night long I had hung over him with the agony of a love about to be deprived of its single treasure. All night long Señor Martinez, my father's old friend, had shared my lonely vigil, begging me again and again to lie down and take a little rest. I paid no heed to his entreaties. Between me and the desolation of complete bereavement, lay, at the most, but a few hours, and every moment was precious, though anguish-laden.

The faint light of morning—morning in a California coast town, gray and chill, struggled into the room. Señor Garcia arose and turned out the gas, then stepped noiselessly to a window and opened the shutters. He was an old man, with antiquated courtesy. He moved noiselessly, but something, it might have been the sudden change from the dim glare of gas light to the white light of dawn, aroused my father. His eyes, sunken but strangely lustrous, rested on me with the kind look that had been the joy of my childhood, and that had greeted me when I joined him in vacation time in after years, to share for a little time the wandering life he had led since my mother died. But now the tender affection in them was shadowed by a great anxiety. I laid my face against his, and try as I might, could not repress the great sobs that welled up from my bursting heart.

"Marian!" His voice was scarce a whisper, but it recalled me to my reason. I lifted my head and tried to meet his look bravely.

"Marian, marry—" his voice failed, and it was only after a struggle and an incoherent whisper that he regained it—"Garcia."

This command, which was less a command than the piteous plea of one who loved and was about to leave me, came to me without awakening any realization of all that it meant. I looked toward Señor Garcia, dark, withered, white-haired, with the look of premature decay that comes to so many of the native Californians, and he answered me with a look of assent. My father's voice sounded again, tremulous, failing:

"He understands. Promise — promise."

The Señor's thin hand was extended to me. Selfish and thoughtless as I was, I could not reckon my own wishes in that dark hour.

I laid my hand in his; the anxiety in my dear father's eyes gave way to peace, and my bethrothal was sealed on his dead lips.

* * * * *

The old Señor was kindness itself during the drear days that followed, for the strain and terror through which I had passed brought on a severe illness, and I lay for weeks in the gloom of a strange hotel, attended by a hired nurse, a gentle, faithful creature, whose paid service and schooled sympathy brought into agreeable contrast the old gentleman's deep solicitude, manifested by his frequent inquiries, the fresh flowers with which he brightened my room, his calls when I grew better, and the delightful drives to which he treated me as soon as my physician permitted me to go out. And yet these calls and drives bore their burden of annoyance, for it was during them that I learned of Raoul Garcia.

That I should have a step-son, I, a girl of barely eighteen, seemed absurd enough; but that this step-son should be a man grown, and a paragon of all excellencies, added a grotesque element to the situation. Every act of the old man's life seemed to be directed by Raoul, or ordered with reference to him. He scarcely seemed to have an independent opinion. As to matters of business, he dismissed them with an airy wave of his hand, confessing that he had no head for such matters, but that Raoul would attend to everything when he came.

A very clear picture formed in my mind of this admirable Raoul. He would be of the cavalier type, a latter-day, juvenile version of the father, a dashing, handsome youug man, supple and slender, with a beauty almost effeminate: the type one cannot help but admire, as one admires a butterfly or swift-winged bird, and with no more reliance upon its stability.

The law of California compels an unseemly haste in the settlement of estates, and there came a day when I had but half recovered from my illness, when my presence was required at a lawyer's office, to sign some papers. The lawyer was conversing with a man whom I took to be past thirty. I set him down at once as a very dull and commonplace person. He was of medium height, squarely built, with a dark skin and firm, regular features, as stolid and impassive as the sphinx. The Señor exclaimed and rushed forward as he saw him. Then he brought him to me:

"Marian, this is my son Raoul."

How proudly the old man's voice rang! Raoul held out his hand to me, and I met the searching gaze of a pair of beautiful dark eyes, the single redeeming feature of Raoul Garcia's face, as I saw it then. I shivered as I met them. I was very weak and tired. Raoul hastened to bring me a chair and to hand me a glass of water; but in all that interview we did not exchange a single word.

The days that passed were like a dream. There were women who came and went and took measurements of my figure, suggesting only a ghastly remembrance of the measurements for my father's coffin. There were papers drawn up, that I signed without so much as glancing at their contents. And, at length there came a bright day in October when I donned the white robe they brought me, and rode

with the Señor to the old Mission church in San Sebastian valley, where the Garcias, for generations past, had been christened, married, and had their funeral services read over them.

It was there, in the entrance to the ancient church, that my girlhood rose in sudden revolt against the step being forced upon me. The pain I had suffered had benumbed my mind, and I had been in a lethargy, unable to feel or to think. A sudden horror and repugnance possessed me. In the presence of the witnesses who had been called to the ceremony, and of Raoul Garcia, I protested against the outrage that was being done my youth.

"I consent to this, only because it was my dying father's request," I cried. "Remember, although I bear your name, there is a gulf between us that can never be passed. We have no interests, no sympathies, no tastes in common. You are an alien, of an alien race."

The two witnesses, grave men of property, resident in the neighborhood, moved away in their embarrassment. My heart was full of entreaty as I looked at the old Señor. If I entertained any desperate hope that he might at this last moment release me from the pledge I had made, it was disappointed. He winced a little under my bitter speech, but I noticed with contempt that he turned to Raoul, after his custom, as if to ask his advice. There was a moment of indecision. I felt Raoul's glance, calm and searching, rest upon me: then he gave an almost imperceptible motion of his head.

There was a chime of bells overhead.

"It is time to enter," said the old Señor gravely.

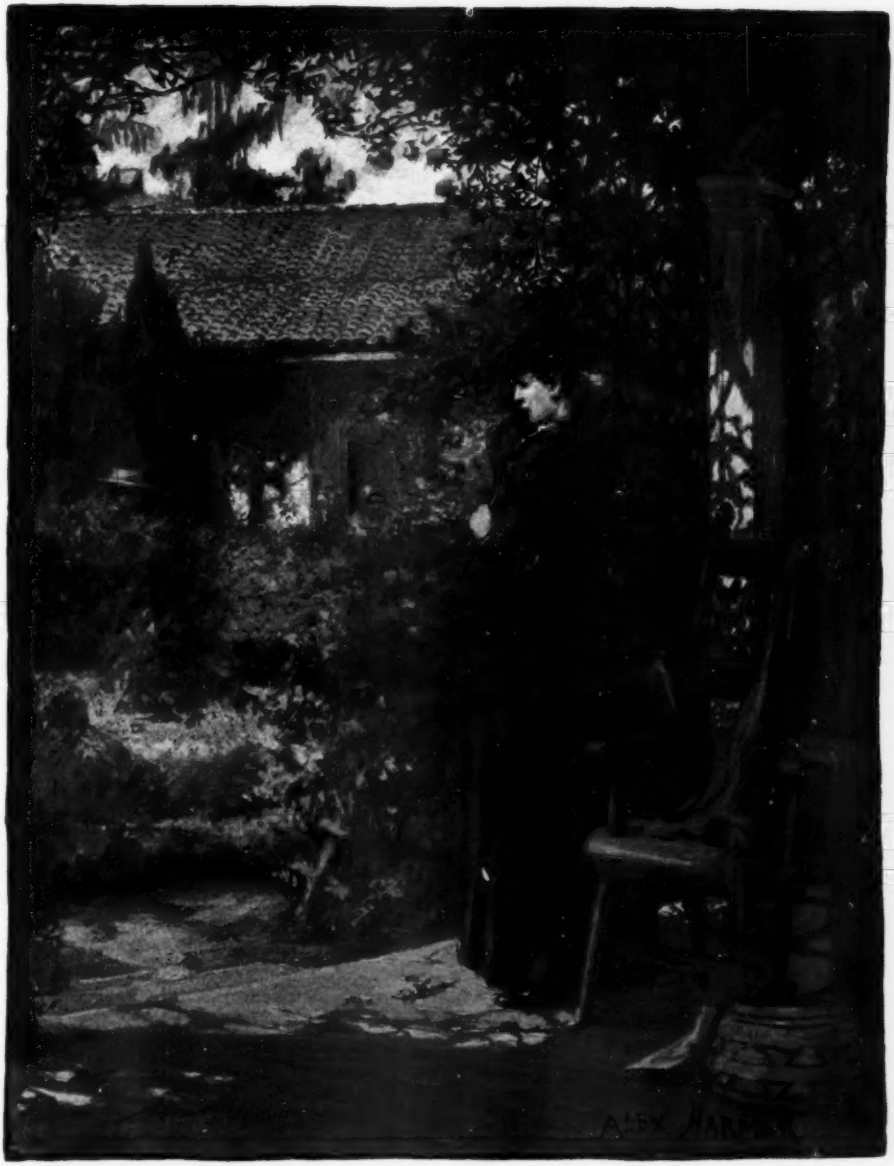
I could not answer. There was a light touch on my arm, and I felt myself borne through the doorway and over the tiled floor, nearer and nearer to the voice of the priest, solemnly intoning some Latin sentences unintelligible to me.

I stood before the altar, blind and unseeing. The beautiful ceremonial of the Catholic Church fell unheeded on my ears. A heavy band of gold was placed on my finger. Over this the priest pronounced a blessing that I have never heard before or since, asking that the shining circlet, emblem of eternal union, might be symbolic of the union of our hearts, a consolation in trouble, a protection in danger, a guard against temptation. But as he pronounced us man and wife, the full terror and desolation of my position swept over me, and my husband led me, weeping, from the church, and placed me in the carriage that was waiting. Once within this friendly shelter I abandoned myself to uncontrolled grief, and was only aroused when a man's voice, full and low, said kindly:

"Marian, we are home,"

I lifted my head and saw that we were in a long avenue lined with palms, with the gray-green of olive trees beyond. Before us, surrounded by orange trees fragrant with bloom, its broad veranda draped with roses, was a red-tiled adobe house. But it was Raoul Garcia who sat beside me; it was Raoul, who grave and unsmiling, led me past the swarthy, laughing faces gathered to greet me; and it was Raoul Garcia, *my husband*, who silently left me at the door of my room. I lingered, my hand on the door, looking after him as he walked away down the long dim corridor. He must have felt my gaze, for he turned and looked back. There was grief and deep regret in his face, and in that instant I awoke to the knowledge that this marriage had involved for him a sacrifice greater than my own.

The months that followed were very peaceful, although they throbbed with an undercurrent of pain that was sometimes lulled into a strange peace, and at times rose to something that was almost anguish. I rarely saw my husband except at meal time, when he handed me to my place with distant courtesy, and even maintained



LIKE AN INSPIRATION, ONE DAY THE THOUGHT CAME TO ME THAT TOGETHER WE WOULD REMODEL THE OLD GARDEN.

a semblance of conversation, that the old servants, watchful and sympathetic, might not guess too much of the strange relation in which we stood. But when we rose from the table, Raoul always hastened to excuse himself, and betook himself to the orange grove, where all day long he spent his time, directing and instructing the men, who, like the most of California day-laborers, were neither intelligent nor industrious if left to themselves, and needed constant supervision.

The old Señor was my unfailing companion in these days, and I grew to love the gentle, unworldly gentleman, as I would never have believed possible in the days of my early acquaintance with him. His very weaknesses had a tender grace that endeared him to me. His inertia was inborn. If he was in a sense selfish and self-seeking, he was tenderly sympathetic. His vices were petty, and his virtues were as large as his warm old heart. We drove and rode together through the shaded country lanes, and he told me the history of the crumbling ruins that marked the spots where great haciendas once stood, with their hospitable doors flung wide to welcome the strangers who came but to ruin and destroy them; and the sad, romantic history of Southern California, with its piteous undercurrent of wrong and injustice, became impressed upon me, until I was stirred with a fierce indignation towards my own people, and was almost ready to proudly claim kinship with the race that was so fast disappearing before them.

The long, quiet winter evenings we spent alone together, the Señor and I, sometimes reading, sometimes playing a game of piquet, an old-fashioned amusement of which he never tired. As the days lengthened and grew warmer, we sat on the veranda, where the air was laden with sweet scents from the garden and orchard, and one night, when all the air was pulsing with harmony, I lifted my voice and sang a little snatch from a German opera, of which my father had been fond. Before I had finished the first stanza, a rich mellow voice joined me, and when I had finished I turned and saw Raoul standing on the ground in the shadow of the vines, his folded arms resting on the railing of the balcony.

My surprise almost betrayed me into an untoward speech. How should he be acquainted with an opera familiar only to students of classical music? How was it that he, this man whom I had set down as ignorant aud stupid, pronounced so easily the harsh syllables of a language so foreign to his own?

The Señor unconsciously answered me.

"It is something Raoul picked up at Munich, when he was studying painting there, after the school at Madrid."

"You are an artist?" I said to Raoul, and some of the astonishment I felt crept into my voice.

"I once thought of becoming one," he corrected me.

"And gave it up?"

"The road to success was too long. The ranch needed me. It is better to be a good farmer than a second-rate painter," he replied.

After that, when we sat on the balcony, it sometimes happened that Raoul would stroll around and join us; and sometimes we sang together, and sometimes we talked of late books and magazines, or he discussed with his father the operations on the ranch. The constraint between us was slowly wearing away, and while there were times when I still rebelled against the chance that had deprived me of any choice in the shaping of my destiny, I began to feel like a welcome guest in the quiet household, and to love the friendly shelter of the walls which had thrown their protection around me in my woe and loneliness.

The current of a quiet life flows so evenly that the time seems endless in which it approaches a given point,

and it is only when we look backward that we realize the rapid flight of time. One morning I awoke to a bewildering sight. In place of the sombre garments that old Manuela always laid out for me, my room was littered with rich-hued stuffs, morning dresses, walking costumes, evening toilets, wraps and bonnets in profusion. I sat up in bed and looked around me, my eyes dazzled by the unexpected sight, my brain reeling with vague anticipation. Remember that I was only eighteen, and sorrow had come upon me even as I stood upon the threshold of the enchanted realm where all who are young have their little transient kingdom.

There was a soft rap on the door, and Manuela entered, bearing the bucket of warm water that she always brought for my morning bath. The smiles that knotted her wrinkled old face proved her complicity in this surprise, so adroitly planned and executed.

She lifted one of the gowns, a morning dress of deep maroon, faced with crimson, fretted with embroidery that glowed like the colors at sunset.

"The Señora will lay aside her dark garments and wear this, so in harmony with her youth and beauty, now that the year is past," she said humbly.

Her hapless speech engulfed me in a flood of bitter memories. I pointed dumbly to the door, and she left the room. So this was the meaning of the pretty wardrobe. The past was to be effaced; the past that held my father and his love, the one true, unselfish affection that I had ever known; and I was asked to commit myself to a future that in my dreams had been peopled with pleasant possibilities, but that face to face was a maze of doubt and uncertainty from which I shrunk in dread.

When I at length went down to breakfast, it was in a quiet robe of Quaker-gray; but I did not neglect to say a word of grateful acknowledgment to the Señor, who was always so observant of woman's dress, and to whose never-failing forethought I knew I owed this kindly provision, which neither my own inclination nor interest would have prompted me to make for myself. The Señor listened urbanely, and complimented me on my appearance. Raoul, who came late into the breakfast-room, did not appear to notice any change in my apparel, and hastened through the meal, excusing himself before we rose from the table.

Afterwards I remembered that, beginning with this morning, we drifted further and further apart. I did not observe it at the time. The gay outside world stepped in between us, attracting me and repelling him. Our next neighbors were the Vernons, people of wealth and standing, whose house was always filled with guests, and was the centre of festivities of every sort. Mrs. Vernon had paid me a formal call soon after my marriage, which I had returned, but she had respected my mourning and made no effort to press further attentions upon me. Now she came often, and with gay insistance brought others to see me, and bore me off with her into a life of luxurious pleasure-making that was, at first, like a glimpse into an enchanted world. Our valley was largely populated by people of wealth, who had been attracted to it by the salubrity of its climate, the charm of its scenery and the fertility of its soil, which enabled them to make their homes beautiful by surrounding them with tropical growths and orchards that yielded a bountiful supply of fruits for the table, while making easy additions to their incomes. Yet the valley was so languorous that one might soon have wearied of it, unless some strong stimulus to activity were supplied. The poor, and those possessed of small means, found this stimulus in the need of constant industry to assure the successful growth of the season's crop. A few, like Raoul, appeared to become grossly absorbed in work for the very love of it, but with the majority the invention

RAOUL RODE DOWN, SILENT AND ABSTRACTED.

of new diversions seemed the main aim of life. So it came about that one day there would be a riding party to some distant cañon, and on another a reception in honor of some newly-arrived guest, and on others musicales, card parties, high teas, while old-fashioned sports of every kind were constantly revived, and the feet that lightly threaded the mazes of the German on a waxed floor one night, tripped the Virginia reel on a barn floor even more merrily the next, and corn huskings, candy pullings, spelling bees and quiltings disputed favor with tennis and Browning clubs.

I am ashamed to say that in this gay society with which I mingled, there were young men who paid sentimental attention to me, a married woman. Looking back through the perspective of years, I can see that this was an inevitable result of circumstances. When a young and pretty woman—for I was pretty after a pleasing girlish style, before the gray came in my hair and lines began to mark my face—when such a woman is plainly seen by a whole countryside to live on distant terms with her husband, and to seek her pleasure where he does not follow, there will always be thoughtless and unprincipled men to pay homage to her, and to make sentimental speeches that no happy wife ever hears. Sometimes I parried these gaily, or recklessly burlesqued them; sometimes my cheek was scorched with shame, and I administered gentle rebukes, feeling all the while like some ensnared bird which lies helplessly at the mercy of its captors. Even kind old Señor Garcia's faithful attendance was insufficient to protect me from these affronts, for the old gentleman's hearing was not acute, and his eyes had lost their keenness.

It was at Mrs. Vernon's that I first met Harry Davenant, a young lawyer, who had taken up his residence at the fashionable hotel down the valley. Even at this day, when the glamour of youth has long since faded, I cannot but acknowledge the inexplicable attraction of this man. Though of polished manners, his natural intelligence quickened by years of foreign travel, he still retained a certain youthful ingenuousness that endeared him to men and women alike, and made him most popular at all social gatherings. It is small wonder that I was innocently flattered when he singled me out for especial attention, or that my vanity was touched by his laughing confidences. Yet all his little courtesies were so delicately rendered and with such strict regard for the proprieties, that they came as a genuine relief to the old Señor, who might well have wearied under the weight of social obligations that fell upon him as my cavalier in these gay days, nor did they seem to reflect upon Raoul, who was far from being the only young ranchman who buried himself in the management of his land, in those days of splendid toil, which transfigured thousands of acres of grazing lands into rich expanses of orchard and vineyard.

Yet it gave me pain to discover, as time went on, that the pleasant home life had become a thing of the past. I would have liked to maintain with Raoul the pleasant relations that existed between his father and me, to have exchanged gay badinage and light confidences, but he seemed to have retreated to an immeasurable distance.

I was not accustomed to defeat, nor could I abide half way measures. If we did not seal a friendly compact of some kind there would soon be open hostility between us. I tried to think of some plan that would bring him into friendly relations with me, and make us in some sense a sharer of each other's interests. Like an inspiration one day the thought came to me that together we would remodel the old garden about the house, which grew rank and neglected. I called him to me as he was passing down the avenue.

"Raoul, help me to restore the old garden, and make it pretty and attractive once more."

He smiled at my enthusiasm, but did not seem loth to follow me as I led the way through the weedy paths, pointing out vines that needed pruning and shrubs that should be cut back, and where new plants might be effectively placed. He even made a few suggestions of his own, and initiated the work by breaking off dead roses and cutting away straggling branches as we passed. We strolled on to the banks of a little pond, fringed with wild dock and grasses.

"We will plant callas about this and make it beautiful with the sacred lotus and white pond lilies," I cried. "And here on the bank we will have a rustic summer-house. These unsightly stones shall be flung into the pond."

"This unsightly stone," he said, laying a reverent hand on the larger of the two, "was my mother's favorite seat. A pear tree used to shade it. It died years ago. And here, on this small stone, I used to sit at her feet."

It was the first time I had ever heard him name his mother, but I knew from his father and old Manuela how he had idolized her. And once, in crossing the courtyard, I had had a glimpse of her room adjoining the one in which he slept, which was set sacredly apart by his orders. The quaint brass bedstead, with its silken canopy, had been brought from Mexico, and in a niche at the side of the room, was a shrine of alabaster. Her work-basket stood as she had left it, and on a light stand was a withered bouquet that she had placed there.

Something swelled in my heart. Was it indignation at the slighting esteem in which he held me, or some other feeling that I could not define?

"Your mother was everything to you," I said. "You loved her dearly. Since you lost her you have not room in your heart for another human emotion."

"Yes," he said sadly, "there is room; plenty of room."

"But no one to fill it?"

I spoke bitterly. He could not have told me more plainly how little I was to him. He did not reply, nor look towards me, and turning sharply away, I hastened along the tangled paths, leaving him standing there.

In the months that followed I seemed to be leading a dual life. On the one hand I was swept onward by the ever swelling tide of the social gayeties that encompassed me, and in this region of enchantment, where women were ever gracious and men were always courtly, I often thought disparagingly of Raoul and his dull, plodding life. There were times when my wedding ring was an intolerable weight, and I looked down with loathing upon the great white pearl deep bedded in the heavy gold band. Why had he married me? I asked myself the question many times. My fierce outburst on the threshold of the church freed him from every obligation to my father. Our acquaintance had been too slight to have made it possible for him to fall in love with me, if indeed his self-restrained nature did not make it impossible that he should ever have conceived a romantic passion. Could my father's money have attracted him? These Spanish Americans had lands, but they were often poor in ready wealth. I put away the suspicion as unworthy, but it returned again and again.

When I went out in the early morning and worked among my flowers, I was a wholly different person. No one who has not tried it can know the glorious recompense of toil in a California garden, where soil and climate are the gardener's friends, and the most delicate plants take hold of life lustily, and thrive with a vigor that repays one a hundredfold for the care expended on them. By midwinter the paths were clean and trim, and the garden bright with bloom. Early in the season I persuaded Miguel, the old major domo, who combined the offices of butler, coachman and head gardener, to take up a great pear tree that stood near the

stables, and to transplant it, with a great ball of earth around the roots, beside the stones on the margin of the pond. The tree seemed never to discover that it had been moved, and when spring came it burst into bud and leaf, and soon flung grateful shadows over the low seats. Raoul never spoke of this to me, and I did not know whether he was aware that it had been planted there by my suggestion, but I found, and it was a peculiar comfort to me in those days, that he soon fell into the habit of going there to sit when the sun was hot. I used to slip down in the morning with a book or magazine that I thought he would like to see, and leave it lying there; and sometimes I myself sat down and looked out over the peaceful scene that had contented the eyes of the fair young mother and her child in years gone by; but when I saw Raoul riding up the avenue, or heard his voice in the orchard, I stole silently away.

A strange serenity, that was like the peace of age, came to me in these quiet morning hours, and it was good to feel that my sharp words on my marriage day had been forgiven and forgotten. The Señor was kindness and goodness itself to me, and with Raoul I seemed to be on as friendly and courteous relations as it was possible to be with a nature seemingly narrow and reticent.

A time came when I was suddenly and cruelly undeceived. A baby girl, child of one of the field hands, was playing in the avenue one day as Raoul rode down, silent and abstracted, his spirited gray horse prancing and chafing against the curb of the strong Mexican bit, impatient for the freedom of the open road, a few rods further on. The child saw him coming, and paused irresolute, directly in the path of the fretting horse. I cried out in warning, but before I could escape from the sheltered path where I was standing, the horse had swerved and the child had gone down. Fortunately it was a spent blow from the steel-clad hoofs, and in an instant the little one was up again, sobbing:

"Señor Garcia! Oh, Señor!"

He, who held himself in strict reserve with all his relatives and friends, who had never addressed to me, his wife, one word that was more than kind, or that courtesy did not claim from him, was smitten with the tender reproach in the child's plaintive cry. He sprang from his horse, caught the little one in his arms, covering her face with kisses, stroking her hair with a loving touch, murmuring his contrition in tones so sweet and tender that they might have been those of a mother giving loving consolation to a dear child in trouble. Then, as smiles came back to the little creature's face, he mounted his horse and rode away, grim and impassive.

And I? I crouched behind a clump of cannas, burying my face in my hands. At last I saw and comprehended the full measure of the crime to which I had so unwittingly contributed. I had been given a glimpse of the unfulfilled longing of that empty heart. He, who had such a wealth of affection to lavish upon a woman who could have been his fitting mate, who might have been the royal master of a happy home, had foregone all this to give his name and protection to a shallow, selfish girl. Oh, if my father had never urged this cruel marriage, but had only been content to send me back to the safe shelter of the convent where my youth had been spent.

Yet the child in me still awoke to happy expectation of each day's varying pleasures; and it was a girl's innocence that encouraged Harry Davenant's apparently harmless attentions, until he himself taught me the deeper meaning that lay behind them.

We were returning from an after dinner ride, and as I separated from the rest of the party, Davenant left the others and rode up the long avenue with me.

"You shall have the reward prescribed for all the knights of chivalry,"

I said thoughtlessly, snatching a red rose from a vine that overhung the road, and extending it to him with mock ceremony.

He caught my bare hand with the rose, and held it so tightly that the thorns forced their way into my flesh. Then he loosed his hold upon it, raising a haggard face to me.

"There is a ring on it, but the ring is heavy, too heavy for your little hand," he said, and he rode away.

Raoul was coming to meet me, but a few paces away. I shrank from his touch and look. How much had he heard or seen? Indignation at him, at myself, and above all at Harry Davenant, possessed me as I walked stiffly toward the house.

A few days later Miguel took me over to the neighboring city, that I might match some crewels for a sofa cushion I was embroidering. Raoul had gone to a neighboring ranch that day, to make selections from some lately imported nursery stock, and the old Señor, complaining of a headache, had lain down for an after dinner nap, so I slipped away without telling any one of my purpose. I soon completed my purchases and was waiting for my change, when my attention was attracted by a tableau and a dialogue on the other side of the store, at the dress counter. The customer was invisible, being hidden from view by a stack of odds and ends, lingerie and baby garments, such as are often displayed down the center of a village store, and was evidently hard to please. The counter was littered with rich stuffs, and as often as a new piece was unfolded it was waved impatiently aside. Finally the merchant opened a box and shook out some bright stuff with a golden shimmer.

"Ah, that will do," said a man's deep voice.

"I thought it would please you, Señor," returned the merchant complacently.

"It is one pattern only? That is good. You may send it to the usual address."

Some coins jingled on the counter. I caught up my own little parcel and hurried out upon the street to where I had left Miguel, bidding him drive fast—fast for home. For the voice of the unseen purchaser was Raoul Garcia; Raoul, my husband, who took no interest whatever in the clothes I wore, who had never so much as looked at one of the pretty gowns with which his father's taste provided me; Raoul, buying rich clothes for some unknown woman, some woman he was accustomed to supply, for had not he directed the man to send the goods to the "usual address?"

Once speeding along the smooth country roads, I shrank back in the corner of the carriage, shamed and frightened. It was the first time in my life that I had ever come near to the reality of evil. Raoul had no near relative, sister or cousin, to whom such gifts might properly be made. And was this the secret of his cold withdrawal from society, his avoidance of all familiar intercourse?

In this hour I passed from girlhood to womanhood. A hatred of all things evil seemed awakened in me. And I, who had hitherto lived only in the shallows of life, found strength and holy purpose as I battled in the depths. I turned my wedding-ring upon my finger, and looked long and steadily upon the pure luster of the gem bound there.

No matter how empty my wifehood, I would wear it unsullied. The sin and sorrow of the world should not be increased by the weight of my error. What I had witnessed only strengthened my resolve to check the further advances of Harry Davenant.

A week later, as we sat at luncheon, the Señor complained of a slight indisposition. There was to be a dinner-party that night, in the lower end of the valley, and we were among the invited guests. The day was warm, and the drive would be long and wearisome. I hastened to arrange to make our excuses to our hostess.

"Miguel can ride over and carry

our apologies," I said. "It will make no difference to Mrs. Maynard. A few covers more or less do not matter in our informal gatherings."

"I will go with you," said Raoul quietly.

"Do not trouble yourself for the world," I said quickly, and the remembrance of his baseness lent coldness to my voice.

"I have promised Mr. Maynard," explained Raoul simply, and I knew by the firm way in which he spoke that the matter was settled. All that afternoon I went about the house in painful indecision, longing for the courage which might have enabled me to decline the doubtful honor of my husband's escort. A few months before I would have been gratified by the offer of his company. Now I shrank from it, wondering how many of our neighbors were already familiar with the shameful secret that chance had disclosed to me.

It was late in the afternoon when I went listlessly to my room to prepare for the party. Old Manuela slipped out of the door as I entered, a look of childish pleasure on her withered face. I crossed the room, absently pulling out the pins that bound my hair, and wondering what one among my dresses would make the most quiet toilet for the occasion, when I stopped in surprise beside the bed. Spread out upon it, by Manuela's careful hands, was a costume fit for a princess. Ashes of roses in the shadow, shimmering gold in the sunlight, a web of misty lace about the corsage and a knot of Malmaison roses at the breast, holding the secret of all color in their fragrant hearts.

RAOUL IN THE ORANGE GROVE.

My eyes swam with tears, and I knelt beside the bed, pressing the soft silken fabric to my cheek. For this was the self-same stuff that I had found Raoul buying the day I was in town.

Manuela, with gentle insistence, held me before the glass when she had put the finishing touches to my toilet. For once in my life I had the glad satisfaction of knowing that I was beautiful. The sunlight burnished my brown hair, answering to the sheen of my dress. My pale cheeks had borrowed

a touch of glowing crimson from the hearts of the roses. In my eyes there was a light so new and strange that I involuntarily bent forward and tried to read their mystery. Then recollecting myself with a happy laugh, I swept out of the room and along the passage to where Raoul awaited me.

There was a tall pier glass at the further end of the drawing-room, and as I passed through the doorway facing this, I met Raoul's eyes regarding me with undisguised pleasure. When he wheeled about and faced me, he was as sober and impassive as ever.

"The carriage is ready," he said. "I go on horseback, for I must make a short stop on the way; but I will easily overtake you."

Somehow this peculiar avoidance of me neither offended nor displeased me this night. The long silent ride gave me the time for reflection that I needed. Now I knew the delicate consideration that lay behind the affectation of indifference, and it should no longer repel me. I was glad, glad that even when I had so cruelly misjudged him, I had been unshaken in my determination with regard to Harry Davenant.

It annoyed me to find that Mr. Davenant was to take me out to dinner, and his self-congratulations, whispered to me, were odious, for they seemed to point out the way that my feet had so lately been unconsciously traveling. At the table a topic of absorbing interest was mentioned that engaged the attention of all the guests. Our fertile valley was only just passing through the transition stage that has redeemed to fruit culture so many thousands of acres of wild pasture lands, long utilized for grazing purposes. Cattlemen still occupied the lands along the foothills and looked impatiently at the changes taking place in the rich lands below, which had once been a part of the great stock ranges. To protect the fruit-growers and to encourage the planting of orchards, a "No Fence" law had been passed, which threw the responsibility of keeping their cattle within bounds upon the stockmen, and spared the farmers the enormous expense of fencing lands in this lightly timbered country. The Senator who had represented San Sebastian valley in the preceding legislature, had "sold out" to the cattlemen and helped to repeal this law, and all the carefully-cultivated fruit ranches were at the mercy of roving bands of cattle turned loose on the day after the law's repeal.

As I listened to the accounts of the ravages that had already been wrought in the beautiful orchards and gardens, a feeling of indignation came over me and prompted one of my rash speeches. The apathy of Southern Californians irritated me. It seemed to have its root in the disposition of the Spanish race, which had meekly submitted to every manner of imposition and never resented the most outrageous abuses. Even Raoul, who certainly was not lacking in industry, and who so faithfully discharged every personal duty, appeared to have this same inertia, this shameful indifference, when it came to matters of public responsibility.

"The people have no one to blame but themselves," I said hotly. "If the right sort of men would go into politics and shoulder corruption aside, such men as Preston would never be put in office."

"Which is why Mr. Raoul Garcia has raised his standard and entered the lists, to supplant this rogue in the Senate, I suppose," said our host, smiling at me.

I looked at him and then at Raoul.

"It is not pleasant to plunge in the political mire. I could scarcely have brought myself to do it, were it not to save the homes and redeem the honor of the valley."

His voice thrilled and his eye kindled with his concluding words. It was the first time we ever exchanged a look of perfect sympathy.

"I don't believe that you knew of his candidacy. I believe that you have learned it this moment for the first

time," said Harry Davenant, in a significant undertone.

"Mr. Davenant, my husband and I have no confidences that we do not share," I said aloud, that all at the table might hear.

Davenant flushed a fiery red. Nobody had heard his speech, but, knowing him well, the men shot mirthful glances at him, and the ladies tried to appear as if they had not observed the incident. I glanced timidly in Raoul's direction. He and I alone knew that my speech was a daring fabrication. Surprise, gratitude, profound respect were the message his eyes conveyed to me.

From that moment Raoul seemed to put away his accustomed restraint, and I saw him in his true guise, a deep, clear thinker, a polished conversationalist, whose words were never too many and ever to the point. Davenant attempted to hold a discussion with him, but soon floundered, hopelessly out of his depth. Yet when Raoul saw that half the company, including almost every woman, was being excluded from the conversation, he was quick to shift it to topics in which all could participate.

Before the meal was half finished, a messenger arrived and a note was brought to him. He looked dismayed as he read it.

"They expect me to speak at Los Penascos to-night," naming a village six miles away. "I have had no notification, no——"

"Don't say no chance for preparation, Señor. You can easily dispense with that. Mrs. Garcia, your husband is the best extemporaneous speaker we have ever found in the county," said our host, turning to me. "We must be grateful to Preston for helping us to discover him. He will distinguish himself in the Senate. I predict that we shall have him in Congress some day."

I looked up at Raoul, stalwart, strong, his grave face intense with purpose, and wondered that I could ever have thought him dull and commonplace. He excused himself to the company. A sudden intense desire possessed me to go with him and hear him speak that night.

"Raoul, take me with you," I cried.

He looked at me for a moment wistfully, as if wondering what caprice led me to make this plea.

"It is not best. The road is rough. I must ride fast for I am already late. Yet I do not like the thought of having you go home attended only by Miguel."

"If I might have the pleasure," put in Davenant eagerly.

Raoul brushed him aside as if he had been a fly.

"If Mr. Maynard would be so kind," he began.

"Certainly, Garcia, leave your wife to my care," returned our host, rising to accompany him to the door. Raoul hesitated one instant, then crossed the room, stooped over me one moment, and was gone.

All the life and cheer of the company seemed to depart with Raoul. Our host and hostess seemed singularly overcast, and made a sorry feint at eating. As for me, the kiss my husband had left on my forehead seemed to burn like a living flame. When we rose from the table it was a relief to find that they made but a faint protest against my desire to return home at once.

We rode for a considerable distance without speaking. Mr. Maynard was the first to break the silence.

"Mrs. Garcia, I do not wish to alarm you, but if you can influence your husband, try to discourage his taking unnecessary risks. The cattlemen are highly incensed against him. They have made bitter threats. I do not like this unexpected call he has had to-night."

He had voiced my own brooding anxiety, vague and undefined before. Mr. Maynard went on as if to excuse the liberty he had taken.

"We live so far apart that my wife and I have not seen so much of you as we would have liked, but I cannot help

being interested in all connected with you. I knew your father very well before he lost his property, my child."

"My father — lost his property? My father was a rich man, Mr. Maynard."

"Ah! Then I was misinformed." He corrected himself quickly.

His quick evasion aroused my suspicion.

"Mr. Maynard, tell me truly. I am not a child. I am a woman. I must know."

He honored me by believing in my sincerity.

"Your father lost his money in speculation two years or more ago. He died penniless, and in debt."

"And all the pretty things that I have had, the money with which I have been so liberally supplied?"

"Comes from Raoul Garcia."

"Mrs. Garcia," he suddenly added, "I am going to show you a very great proof of my confidence in your true heart and good judgment. I am going to tell you something that your husband may never forgive if it should come to his ears. The Garcias are not rich, but they never forget a service done by a friend. Your father once did them a very great kindness. He owed a debt of honor when he died. Raoul secured it by mortgaging his orange grove. He will free it in time — if there are not too many hindrances. The large subscription you made to restore the old Mission the other day made it necessary for him to ask a new loan. You are not offended at me?"

"I can never thank you enough."

I stood on the veranda as he mounted his saddle horse and rode away in the moonlight. The ranch was very peaceful, and from the servants' quarters came a cheerful babel of tongues as Miguel halted on his way to the stables. Within the house it was silent and deserted, for the Señor had retired early. Manuela came hurrying in to wait upon me, but I dismissed her, telling her that I should need her no more that night. Left to myself, I took a light and went to my room. Although I had been reduced in a moment from imaginary riches to the knowledge of this burden of debt, I was happier than I had been since my girlhood. I opened chests and drawers and took from their hooks in the closet all the pretty clothes that Raoul had given me, and cried over them a little and rejoiced over them more, reminding myself of the skill in needlework that I had learned during my convent life. I would make them over with my own hands. Raoul should buy nothing more for me for months — years to come. I would insist upon directing our household expenses, and by all manner of cunning economies, which he should never learn, the debt would soon be lifted.

I stole to a room that looked off toward Los Penascos. It almost seemed as if I could see the lights of the little settlement twinkling in the distance, but the road that formed our direct connection with it, the road by which Raoul would come, wound for miles through a narrow cañon, a black blur on the moonlit landscape.

Through the open window I watched this gap in the hills, straining my ears to catch the distant clatter of hoofs, but only the mournful cry of some night bird broke the stillness.

Every moment increased my anxiety and dread, and lent new force to the forebodings of my husband's friend. At length I sprang to my feet with a sudden resolve. If the meeting should be a short one, or if, as Mr. Maynard had intimated, there had proved to be no meeting at all, but the call was only a ruse to decoy him to the place, he must have started for home long before, and might even now be entering the mouth of the lonely gulch. He must not pass through it alone and unwarned. Whom should I call — Manuela, Miguel, stupid old Felipe — and waste precious time in arousing them to a sense of the possible danger, and perhaps be laughed at among the servants the next day for my foolish fancy? It was foolish: how foolish I would

prove to myself by going alone down the untraveled road that led to the gap in the hills, and waiting there until I heard the beat of Sultan's hoofs.

I snatched up a dark shawl, wrapping it about my head and shoulders as I stole down the driveway and along the dusty highway, until I came to where the road branched off to Los Penascos. The cañon was all in shadow. It required all the courage I could muster to turn into the lonely road, its inner bank overhung with trees and wild clematis, the outer margin lined with treacherous bowlders, draped with blackberry vines and flowering shrubs, a charming picture by day, gruesome by night.

There were voices around a bend in the road. The black figures of two men were silhouetted against the gloom.

"He'd ought to be along before this," grumbled one.

"Shut yer cursed mouth," said the other. "He'll be along soon enough. D'ye hear that?"

Echoing up the gulch came the sound of a clattering stone, detached by a horse's hoof, and I knew Raoul was coming, unconscious, to his death.

There was but one thing to do. I dropped from the road into the tangle of vines and brush below, and fought my way through them. The wild blackberry snared me in a prickly mesh. The sharp thorns of the mountain lilac bristled in my path. My feet slipped on slimy things, and once a cactus needle pierced my foot, but I scarcely heeded it, while a sharp pang that was almost like physical pain assailed me as I realized that the pretty dress Raoul had given me was being reduced to rags and tatters. I could hear one of the ruffians above proposing to "take a shot at the critter in the brush," and the other angrily admonishing him to save his powder for their chosen victim, and not to alarm him while there was yet a chance for his escape. A little further on I regained the road, and fled swiftly down to where Raoul, humming an old Spanish ballad, was leisurely climbing the grade.

The big gray horse stopped with an intelligence almost human. Raoul leaned forward, startled, incredulous.

"Marian, is it you?"

"Raoul," I cried, "they are waiting for you in the bend above the spring. Turn back. Ride fast. Leave me and go. I can go back the way I came."

For answer he stooped and lifted me to a seat on the horse behind him.

"Put your arms around me. Hold tight!" he commanded.

He wheeled the horse and dashed down the road to where an old mountain trail crossed it, a hundred rods below. The animal sprang bravely up the steep ascent. So lightly did he step, moving always in the shadow of the brush, that it seemed as if the waiting ruffians might be cheated into a belief that their ears had borne false witness. Yet our progress was painfully slow. The horse labored under his double burden.

"Oh, Raoul, I wanted to save you. And I have only made your escape more difficult."

Raoul drew off his glove and held my left hand close pressed against his heart. The deep, strong throb made the blood leap in my own pulses. All fear, all pain, all uncertainty fled. Toiling up the rough mountain trail, with death lurking in the pass below, I felt a happiness, a glad exaltation that I had never known before.

We were leaving the shelter of the brush, and coming to a portion of a narrow spur which laid bare in the moonlight, directly above where the assassins lay in wait. His master was putting Sultan through a series of odd manœuvers, facing directly towards the cañon, and advancing by side-long steps. Even as I realized that my husband had interposed his own body as a shield between me and death, there came a double report from the hideous hollow. I felt a stinging pain in my head, a warm stream

trickled upon my hand. Sultan made a grand leap across the open space, and I knew no more.

When I came to myself I was in a room that was strange to me and yet oddly familiar. Where had I seen the brass bedstead on which I was lying, the faded silken canopy, the little alabaster shrine, the quaint draped figures on the wall? I raised my head weakly. A wandering branch of honeysuckle strayed into the window, and at the foot of the bed an old man's figure bowed. Señor Garcia hastened to my side. The solemn tenderness in his face brought back the memory of that terrible night.

"Raoul—my husband—where is he? Ah, he was killed! His blood fell on me—"

"Hush, my daughter, while I tell you," said the old man soothingly. "Father of Mercies, but what can one do when a woman cries after this fashion? As for me, I resign the task."

For I was crying hopelessly, with hard, dry sobs that seemed to rend my very being. Who was it that came so quickly to my bedside, taking me into his arms, covering my face, my neck, my hands with kisses, calling me his dear, brave wife, thanking God that I was restored to him once more? Who but Raoul, alive and safe! Heaven be praised!

"And the blood, Carita? A mere scratch in my shoulder. It was the other ball that was fired with deadly aim. And a miracle saved me. Look, my darling!"

I had not observed that my left hand was bandaged. He unwrapped it tenderly. There was a deep indentation in the gold circlet on the third finger, and an ugly furrow in the flesh beyond it.

For my wedding ring had turned aside the bullet aimed at my husband's heart.

EULALIE.

BY GEORGE MARTIN.

Dear eyes whose love light is my day,
Dear ruby lips that shame the morn',
Dear heart whose longings bid me stay
E'er by that fount where love was born;
Bright love that hovers o'er my life,
Sweet spirit born of fragile clay—
O holy essence guard from strife
My soul,—my heart from passion's sway.

BY JOHN CRAIG.

THERE is an element of adventure in a tale of smuggling that appeals to the popular mind; but if any one imagines for a moment that the life of the customs officers, who are paid to keep a weather eye open for the daring evader of the McKinley Bill's dictum is laid on beds of roses, just let him leave his cigar and cosy seat by a home fire, and go out on one of the ordinary night jaunts of these officials.

The customs force at San Francisco is one of the best in the United States, and under the administration of Timothy Guy Phelps and Paris Kilburn, respectively collector and surveyor of the port, many gigantic frauds have been unearthed and thousands of dollars saved the Government. The recent disclosures, followed by the flight of the Deputy Collector and the dismissal of the former Appraiser, have demonstrated that even wholesale bribery of subordinates can not long withstand the searching inquiry going on all the time in the customs department here. The keen detective work of Special-Inspector Noyes, and the untiring vigilance of Deputy-Surveyor Gaskill, Chinese-Inspector Ruddell, Interpreter Rickards, with the subordinate inspectors, have made it a dangerous thing to attempt to run in any contraband goods.

The difficulties in the way of the customs officers at San Francisco are perhaps greater than those any others have to contend against, owing to the principal contraband article—OPIUM. This admits of being smuggled in every manner conceivable to the imagination. And again, the Chinese, who are foremost in the work of bringing it in, are the craftiest people on earth and the most difficult to deal with.

There are few classes of people who exercise more cunning in carrying out their work than the smugglers. In bringing contraband goods into a large port like San Francisco, there is no bold, daring work of hand-to-hand encounters with the "coastguard" of the novel—no rakish craft lying off shore awaiting the signal rocket to run her cargo in. Bold men there are, and bad, who engage in such work, but there is little question of personal bravery with them, their boldness lying entirely in their methods. When it comes to "ways that are dark" the opium smuggler is alive to every conceivable device to bring in the costly drug.

When it is known that prepared opium brings very close to $20 a pound in San Francisco, and that the duty is $12 a pound, the incentive to bring it in without paying tribute to Uncle Sam is apparent. Li Yuen, or Hong Kong opium is the finest of the product, while the Victoria opium is the next in quality.

One of the favorite methods of

smuggling the drug on steamers coming from British Columbia is by means of the false-bottomed trunk. Beneath the false bottom many hundreds of dollars in opium can be placed. The Chinese resort to all manner of devices, down to false heels and soles to their shoes. They have even been known to bring in the drug in grindstones, which have had holes drilled in them, and then covered so cleverly that even experts could not detect that the stones had been tampered with. Within a month a large quantity of opium was discovered in a shipment of salmon from Portland. It has even been brought in barrels of nut oil. During the latter part of the past year, fully $15,000 worth was discovered in a shipment of playing cards sent down by way of Portland, though originally packed in Canada.

The vigilance of the customs men has made it so difficult to smuggle any large quantities in on the regular China steamers, that the heavy contraband shipments are generally run in on "tramp" steamers or sailers. One of the boldest pieces of work was discovered in February, 1891, when over $40,000 worth was seized from the bark *Bischoff*. This was invoiced as *chow*, and consigned to Sang Yuen, a mythical personage for whose creators the officials are still yearning. Several vessels, arriving previous to the *Bischoff*, had large consignments of *chow* for Sang Yuen, and the supposition is that many hundred thousands' worth have been brought into the port in this manner by the mythical heathen. So cleverly was the entire affair manipulated, that a large portion of the goods was carted to a store in Fish Alley, in the Chinese quarter, before the fraud was discovered. By the time the deception had been found out, the goods had vanished, and inquiries for Sang Yuen brought out the usual "no sabbe" from the stolid heathen there. *Chow* is a kind of prepared food, composed of chopped vegetables. It is brought here in large quantities for the use of the Chinese population, and the wily fathers of the mythical Yuen were alert to take advantage of the large importations, to run in their opium under that designation.

The customs men are kept well posted by the authorities at other ports, whenever suspicious shipments are made, and whenever any large amounts of contraband opium are expected on an incoming vessel, look-out boats are stationed by the "heads" inside of Fort Point, to intercept smugglers' accomplices picking up packages of the drug that are thrown overboard. This is a common method of "running in" contrabands, as it is a hard matter to tell just where, along the vessel's course, the goods will be dropped. Many times, large quantities of opium have been thrown overboard as high up as Point Reyes, where they have been picked up by the smugglers and shipped into the city by rail in butter kegs, which excite no comment coming from a dairy country. In former years, large lots were picked up and smuggled in by way of Saucelito. Little did the patrons of one of Saucelito's wharf restaurants think that the polished hardwood ceiling above them could slide aside, at the magic touch of one of Smuggler Whaley's accomplices, and reveal choice lots of Lie Yuen. But they use this place no more. Smuggler Whaley, whose name is linked with that of the famous yacht *Halcyon*, was formerly a custom house employee, and hence knew all the "ropes" in the workings of the force, but this very knowledge has made him fight shy of San Francisco and seek other fields for his gigantic deals in contraband opium. The "ring" is still at work, however, but the large shipments are few and far between, for so many have been seized of late years by vigilant customs inspectors, that it has become a losing business.

Some months ago over $11,000 worth was seized from one of the coast steamers. Only recently, on December 27th, 1892, fully $10,000 worth was

seized on board the steamer *Oceanic* of the China line, through the efforts of Inspector McGinnis. The speculators who shipped the drug, had selected a hiding place well fitted for the purpose. Under the steerage storeroom, at the extreme end of the forward hold, are two water tanks, placed about ten inches apart, which rest on the ribs of the ship, close to the keel. Underneath these tanks is a space about ten inches high, which is accessible only from the top of the narrow crack between the two tanks. To add to the difficulties of the search, the space above and around the tanks was piled full of 100 pound rice mats. Between the lower deck timbers and this pile of rice mats was just room enough for a man to crawl, and into this space Inspector McGinnis made his way, foot by foot. In probing through the rice mats, he discovered the narrow space between the two tanks, and with great labor the heavy bags were moved aside, until the rays of the lantern could be thrown into the dark hole. Nothing could be seen at the bottom, but by bending his iron probe into a sort of shepherd's crook, the inspector discovered the narrow space under the tanks, and with the hook succeeded in bringing up a tin of the deadly drug. Tin after tin was thus brought up, until 1,080 were found, worth over $10,000.

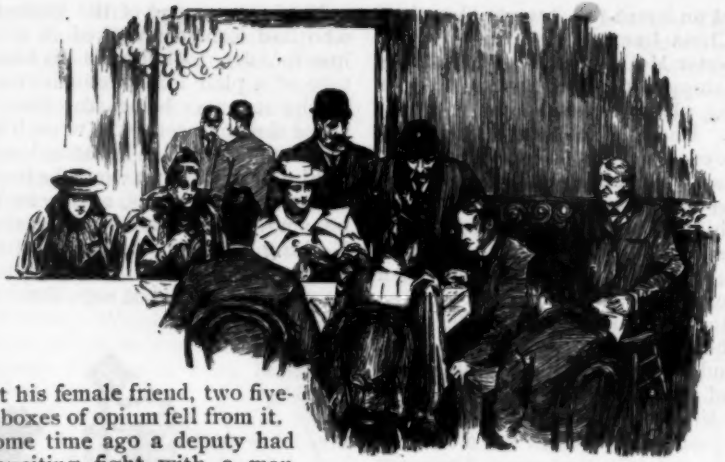
Petty smugglers of opium give great annoyance, and engineers and "stokers" on the steamers are inveterate smugglers of this class. Every nook and corner of the incoming steamer is examined by the searchers. Places where fresh paint has been put are carefully sounded, while suspicious nails or bolts are pulled out in the search for secret hiding places by steamer employees. With their long prods the searchers go over the entire cargo, even probing and turning over the coal in the bunkers. The steam colliers, coming from the North, are often subject to the closest inspection, and their entire cargoes are overhauled if there is a suspicion that all is not right aboard.

Not long ago one of the inspectors, who had formerly worked in a local iron foundry, took it into his head to take off a plate from the boiler on one of the steamers being searched. He asked the engineer for a wrench with which to do this. The latter laughed at him, telling him it would be impossible to turn the rivets, as they had not been moved since the steamer was built. Nothing daunted, the inspector went at the work. Rivet after rivet was found immovable, but soon three were

OPIUM SMUGGLER.

found that turned readily, and when these were loosened the entire plate came off, revealing the hiding place of a quantity of opium. The others were merely bolt-heads welded on to the iron to baffle zealous searchers who might try to turn them.

One amusing instance of the discomfiture of the petty smuggler is related by the Surveyor's deputies. A dignified and fairly well dressed man, wearing a high silk hat, was seen to come down the gang plank of one of the North Coast steamers. As he neared the wharf end, he spied a woman eagerly awaiting his arrival, when politeness got the better of discretion, for as he raised his hat to



CUSTOMS INSPECTOR ISSUING BAGGAGE CERTIFICATES.

greet his female friend, two five-tael boxes of opium fell from it.

Some time ago a deputy had an exciting fight with a man who was apparently a cripple, when first grappled with. A hunchback was seen to go aboard one of the steamers being searched for opium. Something in his manner attracted a deputy's notice, and when he came off the deputy approached for the purpose of searching him. No sooner had he done this than the man sprang upon him and a tussle began. In the melée the "hump" disappeared from the smuggler's back, when some three hundred dollars' worth of prepared opium fell to the ground. The man escaped up the dock, and though several arrests were made, so altered was the man's appearance without his "hump," that no conviction could be secured.

A customs boat is nearly always stationed under the wharf during the stay of a China steamer, and from time to time the officers see planks, pieces of scantling, and tins—with floats attached—thrown overboard for some waiting boatman to pick up. When seized, they nearly always prove devices for smuggling in the costly opium. The planks and scantlings have long auger holes bored in them; these are filled with the drug and then carefully plugged up. Innocent looking boards are taken from a steamer and laid carelessly to one side on the wharf. They are not there long, for presently some watchful eye has discovered them and they are quickly "sneaked off." These are likewise full of opium. In the Surveyor's office is a trophy in the shape of a large "dummy" plank, four inches thick by fourteen wide. This is made of very thin redwood strips, and so cleverly that it could hold several hundred dollars' worth of the drug. Another instance of smuggling ingenuity came to the eyes of the customs men about a year ago, when a man wearing a Paul Boynton rubber suit was discovered making his way around the bay, close to a China steamer. A large package of opium had just been passed out through the vessel's dead-light, and the inventive smuggler was about to take it in tow when captured.

An exciting incident in the lives of the San Francisco Customs Officers occurred some time back, when a "tramp" steamer came into port. Some one was seen to throw overboard a huge package, to which a line and a float was attached. For several days and nights a boat-load of officers watched under the Pacific Mail Dock, to see if any boats would visit the

spot. After waiting in vain for several nights, they had about decided to give up the vigil, when late one night two boats were seen to pull toward the scene from around the bay. They cruised about for some time, when one was seen to begin hauling on the line attached to the float. The officers managed to pull quite near before they were discovered, but on reaching hearing distance, the smugglers dropped the work and took to their oars. Then came an exciting chase. The smugglers headed for the other side of the bay, and in the dull, dark light of an over-clouded moon, they could be seen making for Oakland Creek. The Custom House boatmen fairly bent their oars double in the vain attempt to overhaul the fleeing smugglers. Bullet after bullet was sent with a warning to stop; but the men who were ahead knew better than to do this, disappearing up the Creek, and in the blackness of the night they escaped capture. Few such exciting chases occur in the routine of the local officials, and their usual task is to devise measures to check-mate the cunning of crafty law evaders.

Opium is, naturally, the chief article "run in" by the smugglers, but by no means the only one. Chinese women nearly always wear in several suits of silk underwear, besides packing their baggage full, and invariably

HON. PARIS KILBURN.

HON. T. G. PHELPS.

they wrap their legs about with as many silk handkerchiefs, scarfs and the like, as will permit locomotion.

Recently, when one of the large steamers was at the dock for repairs, preparatory to taking her from the China route and putting her in the Panama trade, numbers of mattresses were thrown on the wharf with the apparent intent of letting them air. One of the Surveyor's force, though everything seemed quite right, took the precaution to rip open one of the mattresses. Instead of the customary filling, he found it stuffed with some of the finest silks that have come into the port. They were principally silk nightgowns, and beautifully wrought. The other mattresses were similarly filled, and the "find" amounted to an immense sum.

In connection with the smuggling of silk goods, perhaps the most gigantic frauds ever perpetrated in this country were recently unearthed by the San Francisco Customs Officers. One of the wealthiest importing firms of the city had for years been bringing into the port the costliest of silks, while paying only a nominal duty on them, to the discomfiture of its rivals in trade. By a system of wholesale bribery, this firm had the silks invoiced and shipped to them as "crash toweling," on which the duty is slight, and when selections of cases were made

for the inspection of the Appraiser, those that carried a secret mark were selected by the bribed customs man, and contained, of course, the character of goods specified in the consular invoice. This work had been going on for a long time, but Inspector Eager, an alert official on the Surveyor's staff, opened one of the other cases in a shipment, disclosing silk goods instead of the toweling specified, and thus one of the largest government swindling schemes extant was stopped. Over a quarter of a million dollars was, perhaps, saved by this firm in the past, but no evidence was to be had except on the consignment seized, and on payment of $70,000, the duty on the shipment, the perpetrators of the swindle were released. The former Deputy Collector, who is alleged to have connived at the steal, is now wintering in Canada, safe from the law's demands, for the Dominion Government has refused to acknowledge the requisition papers issued for him.

A FOREIGNER'S MISCONCEPTIONS.

BY EX-GOV. LIONEL A. SHELDON.

IT seems quite difficult, if not impossible, for Europeans to comprehend our system of government, or to pass impartial judgment upon its practical workings. Having been organized on a theory and with a machinery for which there were no precedents, and when the whole world was monarchical, it was but natural that at first its success should have been doubted, and that it should have appeared Utopian to those who believed there could be no stability except in the maintenance of the principle of heredity. It is surprising, however, that after a century of successful experience, our system and methods should be misconceived and disparaged by Englishmen who profess confidence in the good results of popular control, which they claim is the underlying principle of the British constitution. The explanation probably is that having been reared under institutions which combine recognition of heredity with popular rights, they form judgment from their own surroundings, and are unable to distinguish between their own and a government that recognizes the single dominating power of the people.

That continental Europeans should misconceive and err is not so surprising, for generally they are acquainted only with institutions founded upon monarchy, aristocracy, or class distinctions, or all of them combined. On the other side of the Atlantic, public affairs are managed by a few individuals, even where popular rights are most enlarged, while in this country the great body of the people participate actively in politics, and are recognized as the masters of public officials. In Great Britain, where popular domination through the House of Commons is presumed to exist, public affairs are managed by designated leaders, and consequently there is not, and cannot be, that individual independence and freedom of thought which prevail in this country. Really

we have no leaders, certainly no established right to leadership. Nominees for office are, in a sense, leaders for a campaign, and there are always a few men of extensive influence, on account of their abilities or meritorious public service. In Great Britain, the Prime Minister and the leader of the opposition are party dictators, and partisans yield them obedience almost as implicitly as subjects do a crowned head. Andrew Jackson, in the zenith of his power over his party, was not as potential as is a party leader in Great Britain, whether in the government or opposition. It is apparent that the most intelligent foreigner is liable to misunderstand us, because our institutions and methods are so unlike anything the world has ever known, and it requires the most thorough observation and study, and the exercise of impartial judgment to comprehend and do them justice.

Mr. James Bryce is a late European author of an elaborate work upon the constitution, laws, and political methods of this country, which bears the title of the American Commonwealth. His work represents a good deal of research, and his knowledge concerning the machinery of our institutions is extensive, but he manifests an indifferent knowledge of its practical workings. From his standpoint, the want of leadership is a radical defect. He finds the President independent of Congress, which is also independent of him, that the two branches of Congress are independent of each other; and the members of the Cabinet are above all control, except that of the Chief Executive. It is a puzzle to him that we get along at all with all this independence, and without some one to dominate over all branches of the government. As a fiction, the British king is the supreme power, who graciously rules according to the popular wishes expressed in the House of Commons. The king is a nominal perpetuity and the Commons is his weathercock. We have no such fiction. The President and Congress are chosen for prescribed terms, and to carry out the views of the people as expressed at the time of their election, until they are regularly succeeded. In this there is a steadiness that does not exist in Great Britain, for there, though the king endures, Parliament is liable to be dissolved, or the ministry changed at any moment, and even for a trivial reason. Leadership in that country by no means assures stability, for its placidity is frequently disturbed by leadership rivalries.

Mr. Bryce presumes that in consequence of the independence and co-ordination of the several branches of government, there cannot well be harmonious and co-operative action. The fact is, as a rule, in no government on earth do the several branches act in better accord than in the United States. Even where there have been wide and positive political differences, or differences upon measures not partisan, but of highest importance, in matters of general administration, there have been no conflicts of serious detriment to the public, and ordinary legislation takes place as a matter of course, uninfluenced by party affiliations. Mr. Bryce is greatly mistaken on the subject of official intercourse and co-operation between the president, the cabinet, senators and representatives. Under most circumstances, intercourse and consultations are free and frequent. Bills relating to subjects within the jurisdiction of any department are referred for investigation and opinion, and often bills are drawn in the department by request of a committee and sent to Congress for enactment. Concerning the public business, one branch of government never withholds information from another; no secrets are kept which relate to the public interests, except where their disclosure would be detrimental.

Another feature which this author criticises, is that there are two independent committees in the lower house of Congress, one having control of the raising of revenue and the other of its

expenditure. He cites the fact as a curiosity, that in a late Congress the chairman of ways and means was a free trader, and the chairman of appropriations was a protectionist. It is not necessary that these chairmen should be in accord as to the principle on which revenue should be raised. All parties agree that there should be money enough to supply the reasonable wants of the Government. Every Congress, as a basis of action, takes the reports of the fiscal department, showing the estimated revenues, and the sum necessary to carry on the Government, and before any change is made in the revenue laws, the committee and the secretary of the treasury make a careful calculation of the effect upon the receipts. The expending committee is careful not to go beyond the revenues.

Some of the largest appropriation bills are withheld till near the close of the session, that action may be intelligent and in accord with changes that may have taken place during the session. That appropriations are sometimes deficient is not a danger or a source of grievous inconvenience, though it is a practice that Mr. Bryce is disposed to criticise. It is true that the deficiency has become one of the regular appropriation bills, but it should be remembered that Congress is in session in each six months of the fiscal year, and that appropriations rarely, if ever, run short the first six months. There are reasons for making short appropriations, one of which is to encourage economy on the part of the officials, and another, which is hardly worthy, is for political effect, that the party in power may make profert of the record as proof of its economy before an election, well knowing that the deficiency will be provided for at the next session. It is a practice, however, that the country has come to understand, and as a political makeshift it has become impotent. No political party has the temerity to block the wheels of government by withholding adequate revenue, or by refusing sufficient appropriations.

In Great Britain, the budget is a party proposition, and includes both the raising and the application of revenue; and it is carried through under the whip and spur of the party leaders. Here the financial requirements are plainly stated, not as party measures, but for the information of Congress and the country. No member of Congress feels bound to support recommendations of the administration for partisan reasons, though occasionally the thumb-screw of the administration is applied to secure the adoption of its recommendations, but its pressure is as often successfully resisted as submitted to. Here the desires of the people are regarded more than the wishes of the executive. Thus far, and especially since the war of the rebellion, the financial affairs of the Government have been managed with the greatest success, notwithstanding the disjointed methods, as Mr. Bryce regards them, that have prevailed. Though at times there is strong party antagonism, the restraint of public opinion is greater than in any other country, and it compels general harmony of action, especially so far as to secure proper care of the public interests. The very nature of our institutions forbids leadership of the character existing in Great Britain. Leaders are not selected by Congress or committees, but by the people.

The States being so largely independent of the general government, and having policies so entirely their own, it seems logical to Mr. Bryce that in every State parties should be formed on local questions; but to his surprise he finds that the national parties carry on State campaigns the same as they do those which are national. The State governments have nothing to do with economic and international questions, or with interstate or international commerce. The great subjects with which the general government deals, are ever

existent in some phase or other, while State questions are as a rule, speedily and finally disposed of. Work in the one is unending and in the other comparatively ephemeral. Parties formed on a present State issue, would be forced to disband when it is disposed of, and others would have to be formed upon something new. For more than a hundred years there has been a controversy over revenue and financial questions, and as to the limitations of power between the federal and State governments, and it seems that there is not likely to be an agreement upon lines of policy which will put an end to differences of opinion on these subjects. The election of State legislators has a direct influence upon national policies. The national parties can act upon State issues as well as parties formed especially for that purpose. They do declare themselves, and it not unfrequently happens that one party carries the State ticket, and the other secures the presidential electors. This occurred in 1888 in New York, and came near happening in 1884. The iron rule of party does not prevail in this country as it does in Great Britain, and hence the voters feel more at liberty to follow their convictions than they do in that country, and intelligence being more general, there are more men in this country who have convictions. Notwithstanding their business activities and engrossment, the American voters give more study to public questions than their British cousins, though a most grievous evil is that our business men are not vigilant enough in regard to public affairs.

While Mr. Bryce feels that it is a weakness of our institutions that we are destitute of leadership, he pictures us as being subject to the dominion of omnipresent bossism. That we suffer for the want of leaders, and also because we have bosses would seem to be paradoxical. Leader may be a word of more dignity than boss, but in common understanding the two words have substantially the same meaning. We have had bossism and sometimes it has been grievous, but it can only exist where party organization is iron bound. Bossism began with Aaron Burr, who first taught the lockstep of party discipline, and it was continued under Van Buren and his associates and successors in the Albany Regency. There have been so called leaders in all the States since the beginning of the Government, but few of them have possessed the dictatorial powers of a real boss. There has been more bossism in New York than in all the other States combined, and it may be accounted for on the ground that the great monetary and commercial metropolis of the nation is in that State. It is true that in New York City bossism has continued, with occasional brief intervals, since the days of Aaron Burr. It is this fact which is seized upon to give character to the whole country. The character of a community often suffers from the conduct of a single individual, and the nation in the minds of foreigners, has been brought into disrepute by the practices in that city, for they take that as a sample of the whole. In all other places bossism has been ephemeral, and it is growing more and more so as time advances. In the last few years the boss has been squelched as soon as he has made his appearance, and nothing will sooner bring defeat to a party, outside of New York City, than the domination of a boss or ring in nominating conventions.

It is true that all parties have National, State, Congressional District, County, Municipal and Township Committees for purposes of organization, disseminating information, and conducting campaigns, but they rarely attempt to dictate nominations or party policy. This is all done by conventions in which the people are directly represented. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury are as emphatically bosses in British politics as any men have ever

been in American politics. An able advocate of a principle or measure often has great influence in this country, but he is never clothed with the powers of a boss. In Congress parties are not held together by "whips," as in the British Commons, but by interchange of views through caucusses and individual intercourse, and by concessions and compromises. It is often that they split upon particular questions, and they fall apart permanently when a question is overshadowing and time is required for its ultimate solution; such was the slavery question.

Mr. Bryce has been quite industrious in endeavoring to get at the bottom of our methods, but he has fallen into error by relying too much upon surface indications. It is the habit of our partisan newspapers to attack opponents unsparingly, and stump speakers are inclined to fall into the same vein. From these sources he has evidently acquired the idea that our practices are loose and corrupt. He has read the newspapers and has talked with politicians, and especially with those who have more party malevolence than intelligence. Reading the Democratic organs, a stranger would be led to believe that the Republican party and its leaders are corrupt and dangerous to the country, and the same impression would be made as to the Democratic party by reading Republican papers; and if our own people believed what the newspapers and politicians say, it would be doubtful if any one could be found who really loved his country.

So much vilification is practiced, that quite a percentage of our own people affect to believe that all officials are dishonest. It is not to be wondered at that foreigners, who do not go to the bottom of conditions, should be misled, but one who investigates, for the purpose of putting his views in writing and for publication, should look beneath surface appearances, and study the character and conduct of the body of the people. If Mr. Bryce has done this, his perceptions are defective, or he has given more weight to "trifles light as air" than to "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." He has gleaned everything bad and criticisable to sustain his views, but he has failed to note conspicuously, that our whole history discloses continuous and successful efforts to remedy defects, remove abuses by punishing official delinquency, and to improve conditions. If he had gone among the masses for information, he would have discovered a virtue and solidity of character nowhere on earth excelled, and probably not equaled. If he had investigated thoroughly and adjudged with the fairness of an impartial author, he would have arrived at the conclusion that though dereliction, fraud, and crime have appeared occasionally and in localities, the people have promptly and effectively applied the corrective, and that generally the country has been free from political or official abuses. He has made bad things prominent, and kept that which deserved commendation in the background, illustrating the truth of the saying of Marcus Antonius that "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones.'

Mr. Bryce speaks of our methods as devoid of system, and our legislation, in considerable part, more particularly that of the new States, as crude and unassimilated; and ascribes this to the want of leadership and to the prevalence of bossism. There is not such system and well-adjusted legislation as could be desired, but the want of leadership and the prevalence of bossism are not the causes of these defects. They are the results of conditions which people in old Europe cannot easily comprehend. We are yet a comparatively young nation, and a large part of the country is new. We have not fully passed out of the condition of colonization into that of organization. Our people have been busy in the settlement and development of new regions. To perfect a system requires

time and experience—we are yet but a century old. Crudeness is a more prominent feature in the new than in the old states, for the latter have had more time to devote to public affairs. Progress, however, is disclosed in every part of the nation. That there are differences in the legislation and institutions of the several States, is not necessarily proof of defects or of crudeness. We have no positive standard of excellence, and it was never designed that we should have. Each State is free to adopt its own local policy. Conditions and environments are dissimilar, and it should not be expected that methods would be the same. The States have sole power to legislate on the subjects of marriage and divorce, the descent and distribution of estates, sale and conveyance of property, and many others within their respective territorial limits. The British Parliament has legislative jurisdiction over states, territories and provinces, but our Congress has not. Our system is dual and distributive, while that of Great Britain is single and central. It is difficult for Europeans to understand this, and that uniformity is not necessarily the measure of excellence.

It is true, as this author says, that we may have suffered from the fact that those who wish to engage in public life are not sure of a career. A public career is more certain in Great Britain than in this country. There, men are under the patronage of leaders and party committees, and the people are very little consulted as to whom the candidates shall be. The percentage of men capable of filling high places is less in that country than in this, and hence competition is greater here. Population in this country changes through immigration, as well as accretion; there it is unchangeable, comparatively. We have a greater variety of questions, and new ones more frequently arise. The people here take sides in accordance with their convictions, with less restraint from party organizations and leaders.

It is true that there is an idea, more or less prevalent, that favors should be passed around, and to confer an office is supposed to be a favor, and then there is some sentiment to the effect that it is advantageous to a community to have numbers of men experienced in public affairs, even though they have gained but a smattering of knowledge. There is no doubt that the greater the experience, the better is a man fitted for public position, and that it is unwise to change a capable and faithful officer, more especially a representative to a legislative body. Not all constituencies have made the mistake of frequent changes. The South has been more devoted to continuous service than the North, which in large part was the secret of its almost continuous domination during the first seventy years after the adoption of the Constitution. Upon this subject a favorable change has been and is taking place, and there is better assurance of careers to those who display ability and demonstrate their devotion to public interests. Rotation in office in the past was not due to the fickleness of the American people, but to the circumstances and conditions which existed in the country.

There can be no doubt that spoil is the support of bossism. Men, devoid of principle, can be massed in a body to support the pretensions of a man for sinister objects. At the beginning of the government, and for forty years thereafter, appointments to office were rarely made on partisan grounds. There was a radical change about sixty years ago, and for thirty years the idea was dominant among political leaders, that success of party was best assured through providing places for partisan workers. During the slavery conflict, fidelity to the "peculiar institution" was deemed the paramount qualification for official position by the supporters of that institution. That serious demoralization followed, is undeniable. That we have suffered at times from extreme party feeling, and the false idea as to the best means of

party success is undoubted, and the country has become very largely advised of that fact. Public opinion has changed, and now the prevalent view is that party success is best assured by giving the people the best possible government. To destroy the spoils system is to sap the foundations of bossism. The favorable change that has taken place is not made prominent in the volumes of the American Commonwealth. Cities, the world over, are the "sores upon the body politic."

The country is the seat of stability, virtue and patriotism, and ours is also the abode of general intelligence. If Mr. Bryce, instead of holding up the cities as illustrations of our methods, had left them out, and given the bucolic population its deserved prominence, he would have presented quite a different picture of our institutions and practices, or if he had placed the two side by side, showing how small the areas are where bossism and corruption prevail, as compared with those free from such defilements, the European reader would be able to gain a correct impression and a juster appreciation of conditions in this country. He should have made more conspicuous the fact that individualism has been developed, until it embraces the largest percentage of the voters; that crimes against the ballot are generally deemed among the most heinous; that legislation to prevent political frauds and official corruption, is fast approaching perfection; and that investigation of misconduct in all classes of government is frequent and searching, and that punishment of the guilty is unsparingly inflicted. The history of the country demonstrates that the people are equal to any emergency, whether in combating national perils or in correcting abuses.

This author indulges in classification, and points out a few spots as oases in the general desert of bad practices and neglectful indifference. The most favored localities are, in his opinion, some of the New England States and Northern Ohio, and there are others which are neither so good nor so bad as to be especially noticeable. He names New Orleans as the worst place, and New York and San Francisco as good seconds. He is correct in his idea that where bossism most prevails, political corruption is greatest and government is the worst. There can be no doubt that in the haste and hubbub of colonization and development of a new region, the mass of the people are less watchful of public affairs, and governments are founded and administered with less regard to system and economy than is really requisite. California is illustrative of this, its government being inordinately expensive from a superfluity of offices and excessive salaries, and in this respect there has been but little improvement, though it has been a State more than forty years. Conditions in California have been unusual. The output of gold, in the first decade after its cession to the United States, was sufficient to enrich the world. Wealth was easily acquired, wages and prices of property were high. The lands were remarkably productive, large ranches resting upon Mexican grants were purchased for a song, the construction of transcontinental rail lines and general development greatly enhanced values. The population was sparse, and all earned livelihoods and gained more or less wealth with facility. They thought less of taxation, or the character of the government, and more of their private affairs. The public burdens were scarcely felt by the masses. Under such circumstances, it is fortunate that a more expensive and irresponsible government was not established.

New conditions have arisen, population has vastly increased, and though wealth in the aggregate is immense, yet per capita it is very much less. There is a larger percentage who earn their living by toil in the work shops and upon the farms; and taxation is more sensibly felt, especially by these classes. They are intelligent and disposed to look into public affairs, and to

exact of officials the utmost economy, and of legislators such action as will improve the machinery of government, and lop off unnecessary expenditures. In future their wishes will be heeded, and favorable changes may be confidently expected.

In respect to future progress, California is not exceptional. A similar feeling prevails throughout the country, and more especially in the newer States. The masses of the people see the necessity to develop a higher degree of political morality, and to reform systems of government by the removal of excrescences, crudities, and extravagances. Such movements were on foot when Mr. Bryce investigated and wrote, and they have grown immeasurably since that time. The American people have ever manifested a tendency to reform, and have continually progressed in all respects. These important facts, having been kept in the background, render the objectionable features pointed out in the "American Commonwealth" unjustly conspicuous. The author has already retracted some of the statements which appeared in the first edition, by leaving them out in the second, and if he will impartially reinvestigate and rewrite, he will afford more accurate information to his European readers, and remove the injustice that he has done to this country.

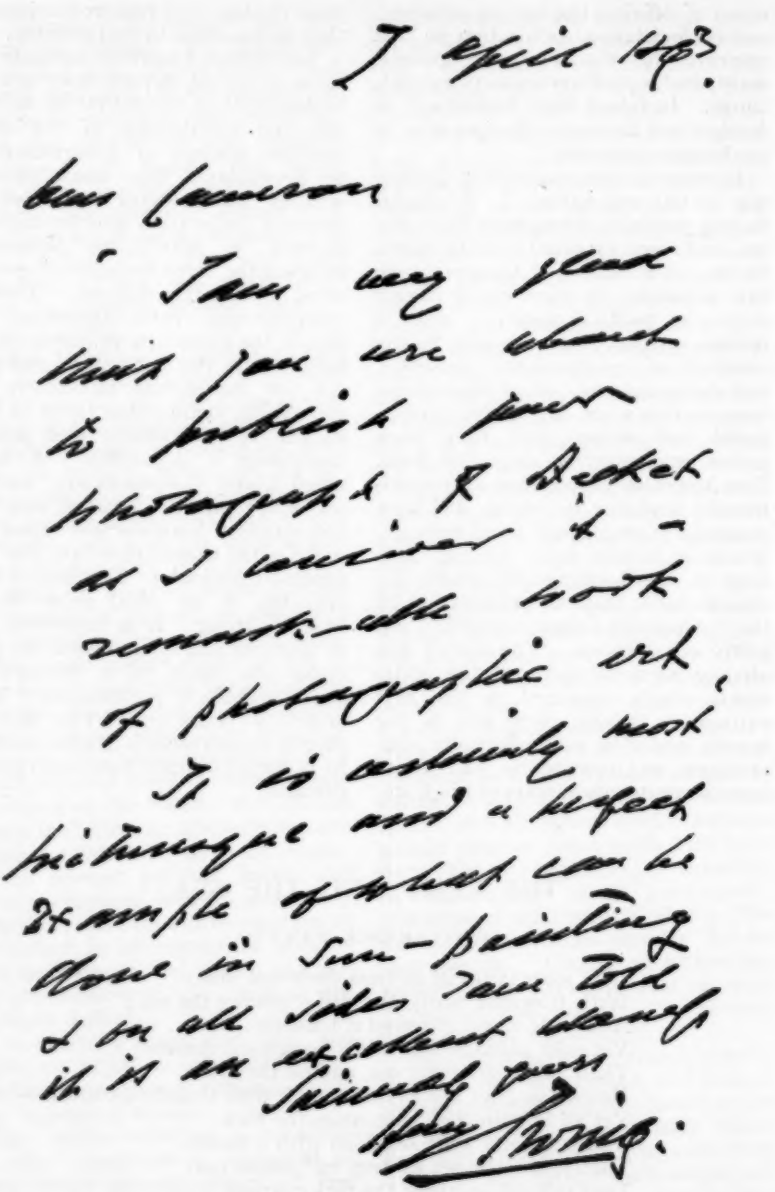
To contrast American methods with those of Great Britain does not tend to demonstrate the defects of the one, nor the excellencies of the other, because systems of government are so dissimilar. Our constitution is written, and contains a concise and succinct declaration and limitation of powers, in which the boundaries between the three branches of government are clearly defined. There is comparatively little discretion conferred, the autocratic principle has no lodgment in the instrument, and powers and duties are so clearly and specifically defined that there is little danger of irregularity, and positive usurpation is impossible. A designated leader is unnecessary, and the waves of temporary bossism beat with comparative harmlessness upon the rocks of the Constitution and the laws enacted thereunder. The British Constitution is an ideal more than a tangible thing. It is unwritten, and to discover and comprehend its principles one must delve through the musty records of parliamentary legislation of centuries. The so-called British constitution is flexible, and can be distorted into any form emergencies demand.

THE CLIFF AND THE SEA.

BY CLARENCE HAWKES.

Like some imperial fortress dark and lone,
With frowning walls, the cliff o'erhung the sea;
And little waves caressed it tenderly,
Yet each advance was coldly backward thrown.
Then angry grew the sea, and on the stone
Heaped mighty waves that struck with thundrous shock—
Yet all in vain they beat upon the rock,
And wind and wave subsided with a moan.
Then spake the sea in deep and sullen roar
That echoed far along the rocky strand—
"Behold! My waves shall break upon this shore,
And I will lash the cold repellent land
Until this cliff that proudly towers me o'er
Beneath my feet shall be but grains of sand."

LYCEUM THEATRE.


1 April 1893.

Dear Cameron

I am very glad that you are about to publish your photographs & Etchings as I consider it a remarkable work of photographic art. It is absolutely unique and a perfect example of what can be done in sun-painting & on all sides I am told it is an excellent likeness.

Sincerely yours

Henry Irving.

The accompanying letter is of special interest as referring to the frontispiece, which is considered an extraordinary example of artistic work.

HENRY IRVING.

BY PETER ROBERTSON.

WITH the passing of Edwin Booth, the American stage has lost its only great serious actor. While we have Joseph Jefferson we can still claim a representative of comedy, who holds his own even against the house of Moliére, but while Edwin Booth lived, we could, with fair show of reason, dispute with England the possession of the greatest Shakspearean actor. When we consider the round of characters in which Edwin Booth was notable, it is not difficult to believe that the history of the stage will rank him with the greatest of those whose names have been handed down from generation to generation. It will be written of him that, in a period of quite unprecedented interest in the theater, and of advanced education in the greatest of poets and dramatists, he reached the height of his fame coeval with that development. His death leaves, without dispute, on both sides of the Atlantic, the palm to Henry Irving.

In this brief article the writer does not propose to enter into any deep analysis of the English as compared with the American actor. Such comparison, between two men so widely different in temperament, character and method, could be of little practical value. Their positions, in relat on to the drama in their respective countries, have little resemblance to one another, although they might have been the same, had Edwin Booth succeeded in his ambitious scheme when he built Booth's Theater. It was fate that Henry Irving should be as conspicuously successful as Edwin Booth was conspicuously unfortunate in the same ambition. Henry Irving is, to-day, one of the most prominent figures before the world; but the American actor who has just been laid in his grave amid the mourning of a mighty nation, need not envy him, if envy be possible.

There appears to have been only one great actor whose success was almost instantaneous. Garrick made from the first a triumph; but the history of the others is a record of years of obscure toil, of discouraging experience. There is such a thing, apparently, as the development of genius; yet it seems strange that men and women can work for years without impressing upon the public their exceptional ability, then suddenly spring into fame and universal acknowledgment.

Henry Irving was born in 1838, on February 6th, at a small place called Glastonbury, in Somersetshire. He assumed the name of Irving, his real name being John Henry Brodrib. His parents did not intend him for the stage. It may be said, in general terms, that nobody has ever succeeded who was intended for the stage. Actors and actresses alike seem generally to oppose their children taking up their profession; and when Henry Irving was born, the stage was by no means a pursuit looked upon with favor by people like his parents. They gave him a good

education and then found him a desk in an East India merchant's office, from which he ran away and became an actor. He made his first public appearance at Sunderland, and, perhaps, felt the usual disappointment upon achieving no immediate fame. He played minor roles, but he was in the best of company, for he supported such artists as Miss Cushman, Helen Faucit, Vandenhoff, Robson, Charles Mathews, the younger, Ben Webster and Wright. This was variety of work and study, surely. Miss Cushman and Helen Faucit were both serious, as was also Vandenhoff. Robson and Wright were two of the best low comedians; the memory of Charles Mathews stands yet unrivaled as a light comedian, and Webster was a character comedy actor of note. In 1859 Irving made his first appearance in London, at the Pioneer's Theater; but it does not seem to have been a notable début. He revenged himself by going to Manchester and playing Hamlet, for which he appears to have been let off. In 1866 he had begun to assume some importance, and from then till 1869 he played in the St. James' Theater, the Queen's and Drury Lane, in London.

Perhaps the most memorable event of Irving's career was when, on June 4th, 1870, a new comedy by James Albery, called "The Two Roses," was played at the Vaudeville Theater. In the cast with him were Thomas Thorne, Amy Fawsitt, and H. J. Montague, afterwards an idol of Americans, who was taken ill on his benefit night some years after, at the California Theater, and had to leave the stage, to which he never returned. The part taken by Irving was a singularly clever study of character, called Digby Grant, Esq. It suited the actor, who found all his peculiarities useful and decidedly effective. Although it did not at once place him in the front rank of success, it attracted a great deal of attention to the actor. It was a notable performance, and many, who had never noticed him, began to say he was exceptionally clever. It was a year and a half later that he made his triumph. The Batemans managed the Lyceum Theater, and believing in Irving, they secured an adaptation of Erckmann-Chatrion's story of "The Polish Jew," made by Leopold Lewis, and called "The Bells." The story is a strong one, and the character of Mathias, the well-to-do innkeeper who, in the story, has murdered the Jew, and whose conscience has worked him up till he dies in the agonies of a dramatic recital of the murder, in a dream in which he supposes he is being tried and mesmerized, brought out so wonderfully Irving's intense dramatic force that all London was talking about it. People crowded to see the tremendous scene, and Irving's standing as an actor was established. He was materially aided by a fierce discussion. One of those inexplicable excitements arose, and one clique called him the genius of the age and another called him a mere trickster on the stage. Lady Burdett-Coutts, always a warm admirer of theaters and theatrical folk, took an interest in the new actor, and with her patronage Irving very quickly rose into social and artistic prominence. He followed up his success by taking the Lyceum himself and producing "Hamlet" in an elaborate way. Once again the fierce fight broke out, and his opponents sneered at his Hamlet and his friends declared it the greatest Shakspearean performance they had ever seen.

It is hardly doubted that the first season at the Lyceum Theater left a heavy loss; but it established Irving as a manager. The newspaper critics were not all kind to him. He had many virulent attacks to endure on his Shakespearean performance; but by degrees he won them over, and now no actor is treated with so much respectful interest in London by the critics, as Henry Irving. His enthusiastic, careful and elaborate productions of Shakespeare undoubtedly compelled admiration; but a few

years ago there were accusations of "chicken and champagne," which the critics laughed down. The series of great Shakespearean productions, which have now come to be of world-wide interest, included "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," "Henry VIII," "King Lear," and others. His Hamlet met with adverse criticism, but his Shylock was admitted to be a revelation. The Jew had always been played in dingy gabardine, and with repulsive characteristic. Irving dressed Shylock in handsome, picturesque robes, and made a new point out of the character. He gave him dignity and address, and raised a sympathy for him, which the part had not drawn before. His Romeo, as any one would expect, was not a success. The character was altogether out of the actor's line. Other productions at various times were "Faust," an adaptation of the "Bride of Lammermoor," "Louis XI," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Charles II." The latest is "Becket," Tennyson's drama. The criticisms of "Henry VIII" credit Irving with giving a decidedly strong Cardinal Wolsey. His Mephistopheles has been ranked with his best work, and he is unquestionably the greatest Louis XI the stage has seen. His King Lear met with some violent attacks, and stirred up quite a feeling. He was accused of taking liberties with the text, and his performance of the first night was so criticised that he changed it immediately.

But whatever may have been the difference of opinion as to the artistic merit of Irving's performances, there has been, from the beginning of his managerial career, but one expression of praise for his brilliant presentation. Historical accuracy, consistent with stage effect, artistic taste, elaborate costuming and magnificent scenery, with wonderful attention to detail, have been noted in everything. The best artists have been engaged by him; experts on all subjects connected with the plays have been consulted, and it is conceded freely that he is the best stage manager on record. He has carried stage presentation to a point of perfection of taste and of detail that leaves little room for further development.

Almost since his commencement at the Lyceum, Henry Irving has held his envied position. Such was the effect of his work that he drew to the stage a kind of attention it had never attracted before. He gave to the general public a revelation of new phases of its artistic possibilities, and illustrated the pictorial as well as the literary and dramatic value of the great plays, which, it may be said, had up to his time been looked upon as fanciful stories and studies of abnormal character, written for dramatic action. The picturesque, so far as the eye was concerned, had never been taken into consideration, and, indeed, it was a reproach against him that he sacrificed dramatic to pictorial art. But that peculiar class of people known as Shakespearean students, who could quote the great dramatist's lines from beginning to end, and loved to evolve an occult meaning out of a misplaced semicolon or a misspelt word, naturally objected to any new and radically different treatment of Shakespeare, from that they had been accustomed to. They resented Irving's fine scenery, artistic costuming, effective lighting and free and unstinted use of pictorial accessory. To them it was flippancy—it was almost desecration. Irving had thrown tradition to the winds, and with that class of critics and students, every tradition concerning Shakespeare was sacred. In these later days we have still the serious individuals who go to the Shakespearean play with the book, and note every speech cut out, every line misread, every word mispronounced, and score them as vital flaws in the impersonation of the character. But they are either very young gentlemen who are just in or out of college, and are primed with the scholastic analysis of Shakespeare's

lines, or very old men who have no conception of the meaning of dramatic form, and who want Richard III and Othello to roar and froth at the mouth.

At first Irving had much to contend against in the carping of these critics, who, it may be said, for generations had made reputations and crushed ambitions. It was not in old days supposed to be given to all intelligent minds to comprehend William Shakespeare. He was so deep as to be occult, in the estimation of those who learnedly argued as to the meaning of obscure expressions, and devoted their time to trying to discover hidden abstruse thoughts in passages that were perfectly simple. Irving's startling innovations brought all these eccentrics out, but they also drew into the discussion another class of intelligent people, who had hitherto been content to listen to the learned arguments of the oracles. It began to be discovered that there was nothing occult about Shakespeare; that he was a dramatist of human nature of a perfectly comprehensible type, and that while many of the beauties of his lines might not be effective to all minds, there was absolutely no mistaking his meaning when a proper reading and representation of his dramas were given. It remained for an American to give the *coup de grace* to that weird metaphysical study of a simple, clear and meaningful writer, and when Ignatius Donnelly evolved the Cryptogram, the absurdity reached its climax, and the Shakespearean controversy was practically laughed out of existence.

Partly because of the interest stirred up by Irving's production of Shakespeare, and partly through the peculiarly favorable state of the public mind at the time, the stage took a decided bound forward. It became more than a question of a new actor; it was a different movement from that which rivalry had raised in the previous century. For the first time the public began to realize that the drama was something very different from what it had been supposed to be, and actors were more than mummers. The play became a series of pictures; the characters began to take on all the interest of real people in real places; their adventures, which had always been potent on the imagination, became more thrilling as they assumed the appearance of reality. Behind all the great acting of the past had been a background of incongruity. Now the illusion was produced so vividly, that the unimaginative and imaginative in the audience felt alike a new sensation. Scenes were made more beautiful than ever the imagination had painted, and every feature of the romantic, dramatic and picturesque was heightened to an unexpected point. That the class of critics who had ruled the theater so long should fight against the new order of things was to be expected, for the reputation and success of the actor were passing into the control of the general public, whose money was the actor's fortune, and whose praise was his fame. In this class may be included some of the newspaper and magazine critics; but the portion referred to particularly, has no parallel in America, a class of dilettanti, of club and literary men, whose verdict had always been feared.

So quite apart from the consideration of his relations to the public as an actor, Henry Irving rose at once to position of head and champion of the dramatic profession. Actors before him had secured fame and popularity, but with the rise of Henry Irving, the "patronage" of the profession began to disappear. Irving commanded respect, as well as admiration. Perhaps in his early days Irving may, as all of his fellows, have sold tickets for his benefit, and been pleased to get the patronage of people. It is not on record that he did, but it was then a part of the contract. But he had achieved his ambition, and with strong friends and the public behind him, he established the prin-

ciple that acting was an honorable profession, and raised its devotees above, rather than set them below the majority of the other classes of the community.

Then the advocates of social science and other learned associations began to realize that another important factor had been discovered in sociology, and both art and literature felt that the stage had come in to claim decided relationship with them. Irving was called upon to discuss the stage and the drama, and the philosophical question of dramatic art before their congresses. Twice, in 1881 and 1891, he opened the session of the Philo-; sophical Institution at Edinburgh; in 1886 he delivered an address at the University of Oxford; and on his visit to America in 1885, he lectured before the Harvard students, and argued for the stage as a profession for college men.

Irving's success in London had an almost immediate effect upon all actors. That he was envied is certain; that some who had been stars when he was a utility man felt jealous, is very likely; but all conceded that he had raised his profession, and lost no opportunity to claim for it a public and social acknowledgment it had not known before. He did not claim for himself, as an actor and interpreter of Shakespeare, a higher place than men in other lines. Nothing is more noticeable in all his speeches than his application of art to all acting; and very rarely does he speak, especially in discussing the stage, without some allusion to his friend John L. Toole, the low comedian, who has for thirty years or more made England laugh.

It was natural that Irving should turn his eyes towards America. For some years he had been constantly before the London public; America was rising rapidly as the greatest "show" country in the world; Irving's absence from London for a season would only whet the appetite there for more Shakspearean or other productions; therefore he determined on a trip across the water. Then a rival came into the field, an actor who has made many friends, but no great fortune in this country. Wilson Barrett, who had become a very prominent manager-actor in London, aspired to produce Shakspeare and reach up to at least an equal place with Irving. He made elaborate preparations to produce "Hamlet." He had archaeologists and artists engaged on historically accurate pictures of Elsinore, he dug out of history all possible facts that might be useful, he re-read Shakspeare and hit upon the novel idea of making Hamlet a boy, he spent a large amount of money. But his Elsinore and his Danes were too close to historical accuracy, and the costumes were not as picturesque nor pretty as people wanted. His Hamlet and the production alike made no success, and he left the field to Henry Irving again.

Irving was received in America as became a distinguished stranger. While there was no hesitation in condemning his faults, it was admitted freely that he had gained his position in England by merit. He commended himself to Americans by what they have found lacking in dramatic managers among themselves—enterprise. He was not only a remarkable central figure, he was a great artist in stage management. There was no stinting of money in producing his artistic effects. He appealed to his audiences by combining in one representation all the artistic necessities; and the Americans will pay for that kind of thing, no matter who, French, German, English, or American, puts it before them. It is not my purpose to consider at present, Irving's status as an actor. This sketch deals entirely with his place before the public, his influence on the development of the stage, and the means by which he has achieved a standing no other actor or manager has ever had.

In considering his work, it is necessary to allude to Miss Ellen Terry. When Irving decided on his ambitious scheme, he engaged the best English-

speaking actress to be his coadjutor. Some critics consider Ellen Terry as remarkable an actress as Sarah Bernhardt, and unquestionably she has been a most important factor in Irving's success. Nowhere has she failed to win the highest praise, and she probably claims justly half of the triumph that has come to him. She has won all her audiences, and frequently it has been said that without her Irving would not have found America so easy to conquer. It was a stroke of the same genius that led him to success, the engagement and retention through his prosperous career of the distinguished and winning artist. He himself has never failed to acknowledge Miss Terry in his speeches before the curtain, in such a way as to show his recognition of her value.

Although no man has ever been so advertised, by paragraphs, articles in the newspapers and magazines, as well as through the usual channels, it cannot be claimed that he has been made by advertisement. Irving's position is his advertisement. He is one of those men about whom the public likes to read, and the newspapers and magazines will print and pay for articles about him, for which meaner mortals would pay them handsomely, if they would accept the proposition. His position he has earned fairly, by hard work, by constant devotion to one aim, and by living up to his pretensions. The honor and credit that have been given to him are deserved; he had to win them before they were granted to him. And there is honor in doing what he has done. If it were for nothing but having dignified a discredited profession, having opened up a new career for educated men and women, and showed them they can hold it without derogation of social position, which he has done in England, and helped to do in America, he has done the world a service. He has commanded for the stage a respect and admiration of which any one may take the benefit, and those who have ability, the profit. The value of this morally, is considerable. As for the modern drama, it has been made a charge against him that he has done little to help its development, that he has given no encouragement to the contemporary writers. It is unjust to blame him. If the plays that have been imported from England to America are any guide to the best abilities of English dramatists, it is most excellent judgment of Irving to rely on the older writers. Surely nothing Mr. Pinero has written could call for the powers of an actor like Irving, or warrant the enormous risk of such productions as the Lyceum is accustomed to. Irving has produced "Becket," Tennyson's poetic drama. This is a concession to the best taste of literary people, but nobody has claimed that Tennyson is a dramatic poet, however beautiful as poems his plays may be. There can be no development of modern Shakespeares through the production by Irving of the mild comedy dramas of Sydney Grundy, or the melodramas of Sims and Pettit. At present there seems to be no attempt in England to write grand dramatic works, and it is hard to see where Irving could get the modern material, even if he were anxious to develop the modern drama.

To sum up Henry Irving, he is one of the foremost figures in the world of art to-day. He is not only an actor and an artist, he engages and utilizes actors and artists. There are many painters about whose merits friends and enemies quarrel. There are many actors of greater or less merit. There are artists of all kinds. Henry Irving is not a painter, yet in every production he has made, he has shown the acute artistic perceptions of the painter. Such successes as he achieves are not made by a variety of leading mental faculties, but by one directing power having others at its command. Henry Irving has doubtless the best of artists with whom he can consult, but no man can harmonize painters, designers, costumers and all the numerous artistic factors necessary for a theatrical production of the

kind given at the Lyceum, unless he be himself an artist.

Whatever rank history may give him as an actor, and it is hardly likely he will outrank some of his great predecessors, he is a man of unquestioned dramatic talent and original conception. He is not a man of petty points; whatever he does that is new is bold, decisive and significant of a strong intellectual reasoning power. While opinions may differ as to the value of his acting of Shakespeare, out of every play he has produced he has brought a wealth of detail that in some cases has been a revelation. In truth, he has educated theatrical managers and the public, and developed the art of play-producing so wonderfully as to have made his career the beginning of a new era. He has shown a value in the drama far beyond what it has been credited with, he has elevated it, or at least presented to the public its elevated character. He has perhaps saved it from degradation, for the Lyceum Theater in London has been a standing protest against the prurient school that has obtained some slight hold there. But there is no calculating what hold it might have obtained in face of the puny modern play, that has been all that England has had to pit against it, of a modern kind. In fact, it is not unlikely that Shakespeare would have died out in London, for the threadbare representations the great dramatist receives in the other parts of England, could never keep him alive in a metropolis; and, after Irving, who is there to play the great roles?

Even as a London manager, Henry Irving has had a notable effect on America. Those elaborate presentations, art, taste, and a strong dignified central figure, make a standard by which ours may be measured, and the natural result of a high standard anywhere is to improve others. That Irving is to be credited personally with his success, is proved by the fact that here, in America, where there is a public ten times more interested in the theaters, we have been unable to establish a theater like the Lyceum in London, for want of the man to take the place he holds.

NEVADA FOOTPRINTS.

BY ROBERT H. DAVIS.

THERE is, in the quarry yard of the Nevada State Prison, located two miles east of Carson City, Nevada, a system of prehistoric footprints of both man and beast, which has baffled the scientists of both America and Europe for the past fifteen years. We speak more especially of the prints supposed to have been made by a human being, who was of gigantic proportions and immense stride.

The first evidence of animal life was found during the wardenship term of the late C. C. Batterman, who at that time was engaged in getting out rock to construct a shoe-shop for the utilization of convict labor, considerable of which was on hand at that period. In this work a granite bowlder was found, in the sandstone of the quarry. It was used as a date plate in the face of the building.

One day in blasting rock, the prisoners came upon the remains of an enormous mastodon elephant, lying on its right side. The tusks were in a fair state of preservation and were taken out almost intact, and varnished so as to further preserve them from the action of the air.

Time told marvelously upon the fossils, and they now amount to almost nothing, having fallen away in thin flakes of lime and completely lost their shapes.

Warden Batterman paid no particular attention to this discovery, probably considering it the only fossil there, and in consequence very little thought was given the matter.

Mr. Batterman was succeeded by Major Garrard, who took more interest in the fossils without history, than his predecessor, and he at once went to work to preserve all the specimens and data obtainable on the subject. He was not satisfied with the opinions which he himself might form from time to time, but in conjunction with Mr. Hanks, ex-Sheriff of Storey County, he determined to investigate the matter as far as the advanced sciences would permit.

Under his administration, a great portion of the sand stone had been quarried away for public buildings in various parts of the State, and the wonderful tracks became visible and increased in numbers. They were seemingly made by some gigantic man, walking on the shore of what must have been a lake or an arm of the sea, covering what is now known as Eagle, Carson and Jacks Valley, with an outlet running through Dayton into Churchill County, to the lower Sink of the Carson River.

The prison is situated at the base of a low hill, sloping to the plain on all sides except to the south, where it abuts against a ridge of much older rocks. The hill consists of regular strata, nearly level to the eye, but really dipping about three degrees to the west, and it is evidently a remnant left by erosion of a much more extensive deposit. It has been cut into on the northern side down to the level of the plain, so as to form an almost level quadrangle of about 150 yards square, surrounded on three sides by vertical cliffs from ten to forty feet high, on which the level strata are well exposed.

"The strata exposed in this quarry," says Prof. Le Conte, "consists of heavy-bedded grayish and creamy sand stone, separated by thin layers of shale. The sand stone in many places, especially in the eastern cliff, is strongly affected with cross lamination, indicating deposit by rapid, shift-

PLATE I—Fig. 1, Hole in Sandstone Rock, once filled with Root of Sage Brush, taken thirty feet from surface. Fig. 2, Decomposed Sagebrush Root winding round Clam Shell. Fig. 3, Petrified Root on Piece of Clay: Fig. 4, Hole made by Slimy Snail, found thirty feet below surface; rings running around center represent stages of moisture. The clams were all taken out of clay and sandstone strata.

OBJECTS FROM AN ANCIENT LAKE.

ing, overloaded currents — in other words, river flood deposits. We have here, therefore, probably the mouth of an ancient stream. The stone has been removed down to an even shale stratum, or rather to two shale strata, about two feet apart, which form the floor of the prison yard. These shale strata are the track-layers. The upper track-layer forms the floor of the upper or eastern part of the yard, then there is a drop of about two feet to the lower track-layer which forms the floor of the rest of the yard. The whole area thus cleared, is literally covered with tracks of many specimens of birds and mammals."

We find here the tracks of horses, deer, lions, wolves, birds, elephants, and what many suppose to be the footprints of human beings. Warden McCollough has been as anxious to get into the cliff and explore further as a practical scientist would be, and without interfering with other work in progress, has done everything in his power to discover new tracks, and at the same time keep the old ones in a state of preservation.

As a result of this quarrying, stone has been removed from an area of about two acres, and to a depth varying from ten to thirty-five feet, showing the hill to be composed of layers of sand stone, alternating with seams of clay. As above stated, Warden Garrard and ex-Sheriff Hanks went to work with a purpose in view, and opened correspondence with the Curator of the California Geological Museum, C. D. Gibbs.

Prof. Harkness says of this correspondence: "At one of the meetings of the Academy, Mr. Gibbs read the correspondence, which so impressed the members that it was determined at once to visit the locality. The formation, to which allusion has been made, is called by Clarence King, in his Geological Survey of the fortieth par-

allel, the 'Lower Quartenary.' Referring to this region, he says, 'It is composed of sandstones and clays, worn down from the adjacent high mountains and deposited in the water and on the shores of a lake, many hundred miles in area, that at one time extended along the eastern base of the Sierras, and to central Nevada, and having an elevation of 4388 feet above the sea level.' Pyramid, Winnemucca and Walker Lakes, and the sinks of the Carson and Humboldt are now the lower points of this prehistoric lake, which spread its waters in the pliocene age, and which Mr. King has called Lake Lahontan.

PLATE 2—Figs. 1 and 3, supposed Human Footprints. Fig. 2, Mastodon Footprint. Figs. 4 and 5, Bird Tracks.

FOOTPRINTS.

"It also gives evidence of having been at one time the shore of some lake or pond, local and isolated, as its level was above that of Lake Lahontan. Presumably we stand upon the shore of this ancient lake, and as we look about us we see the footprints of a variety of animals, among which we recognize those of the mammoth, the deer, the wolf, of many birds, and most important of all, the imprints of the sandaled foot of man. There are six series of the tracks of man, each being represented by a number of footprints in regular order, and each showing plainly the imprint of a sandal. Besides this, in one of the series the form of the sandal differs markedly from the others. The first of these series is to be seen emerging from the eastern side of the yard, where the cliff is fifteen feet in height above the tracks. This series consists of three of the sandaled footprints, eleven of the elephant and two of the birds. These tracks were evidently made in a layer of sediment, perhaps two inches in depth, for below this layer is compact sandstone. In each instance the mud had been raised by the pressure of the foot into a ridge which entirely surrounded it. Each of these imprints furnishes evidence, as we believe, that the feet of the one making the tracks were protected by sandals. In no single impression do we find conclusive evidence of this fact, but when we study them as a whole, we find that which is wanting in

one is furnished by others which follow.

"In nearly all, the toe portion is well shown, it being as smooth as the work of a mason for the distance of two or three inches. In its outline the impression follows clearly the shape of a human foot. From the great toe outward there is a really graceful curve, which draws in toward the heel, while from the great toe inward, the line is drawn toward the instep, and thence in an outward curve to the heel. In one series this curve is deeper, showing a slightly different form of sandal. The average length of the stride is two feet, three inches. The distance between the feet, or the straddle, is eighteen inches, as measured from the center of the sandal of one foot to the center of the corresponding one.

"These mammoth foot-prints were of an average depth of five inches, and had been made in a layer of sediment which is now so firmly consolidated as to retain a tolerably distinct external outline of the foot of the animal, but owing to the irregular formation of the calcareous deposit referred to, no distinct imprint of the bottom of the foot can be traced. In the prison yard besides the above described tracks, those of birds are found in abundance. Many of these tracks show but three toes; in some instances, however, there are distinct impressions of four. The extreme length of the longest toe in any one of these bird tracks is five inches, and the stride measures a little more than two feet. Several very distinct tracks of deer are to be seen, as well as those of a horse, the imprint of which is the same as that of the horse of to-day. Still other tracks, resembling those of a wolf may be traced for twenty feet or more, when they are also lost in the cliff, and near the western limit of the quarry there are indications of a large animal having wallowed in the mud."

PLATE 3—ANCIENT GEYSER HOLES.

Dr. Harkness probably refers to the hollow where the remains of the mastodon were found at the time the shoeshop was being built, as it is the only spot in the prison yard bearing any evidence of the kind mentioned by him. By walking southwest from this spot to a thirty-five foot wall, we come to the extinct geyser course shown in the illustration, with the various formations in the towering wall behind the two individuals at the base.

This geyser must have simply been covered up and squelched by the deposits of shifting sand, only to break

out in some other spot, as about 250 yards north of it, there are three immense swimming tanks for the use of the warden and the attaches, constantly fed by hot water from springs of like kind. They have never failed to flow, and all the water used by the institution is from this source.

The clam shells and other fossils in Plate 1, are taken from a three foot deposit of clay and sand-stone, at the base and thirty feet to the left of the extinct geyser. Figure 1, of Plate 1, shows the course of the root of a sage-brush in the center of a sand-stone rock. It is about two inches across and penetrates the stone. Figures 2 and 3 are the outlines of petrified roots imbedded in the clay and protected during the countless years by the soft sediment. In the right hand corner of Plate 1, Figure 4, is plainly visible a portion of a snail hole, the dark rings running around it indicating the discoloration made by the glutenous substance thrown off from the body of the little creature. The interior of this slender hole is polished, still retaining its luster equal to that produced by new varnish. The clam shells in this place were all taken out of the clay and sandstone strata shown in Plate 3, extending from the elbow to the feet of the person sitting down. The prisoners have converted them into table ornaments of different kinds, to be sold to the visitors at fifty and twenty-five cents each. Very few people have visited the State prison without securing some relic to take away with them, and although 5,000 visitors and curiosity seekers have investigated these signs of the dead races and species in the last two years, there still remain tons upon tons of specimens which are being constantly brought to light. Warden Frank McCollough has in his possession a few arrow heads, stone-plates and vases found in the quarry by the blasters. The arrow-heads are made of the finest transparent flint, and measure from two to five inches. The plates and vases are very crude in form, but absolutely indestructible, being made from a hard grayish rock, considerable of which can be seen on the surface at the present day.

In this portion of the yard are many footprints of the human being, who seemed to strike a thick layer of soft mud, into which he sank several inches each step. Most of these tracks tend northwest and finally disappear in the western wall, which is the highest in the yard. Coming out from beneath this wall are round tracks, evidently made by some of the feline family. They are sixteen in number, and trend southeast to the southern wall, where they blend with a wolf track, and finally become indistinct in what appears to be a hard formation with considerable sand in it. A plaster cast of the cat track can be seen in Plate 2, resting on top of the petrified bone. Perhaps at this point it would be well to explain this fossil. It was found by a prospector between Pine Grove and Wiley's Station in Lyon County, protruding from the earth with the joint up, about two feet. He attempted to remove it from the soil, which had become firmly set around it, but it was solid as a rock. He broke it off without securing further assistance, and brought it to Genoa, Nevada, where it was placed on exhibition for some months. Across the top it measures eight inches, and when struck it gives out a metallic sound, similar to that produced by marble when struck with a hard instrument. It is extremely heavy and the marrow very distinct. At the broken end it is as hard and brittle as delicate coral.

This bone created considerable comment among medical men, and was pronounced by some to be the femur bone of an extinct race of human beings, existing many thousand years ago. In its petrified state it weighs about forty pounds, some twenty-five pounds heavier than it looks.

The late Samuel Coleman Wright, ex-Superintendent of the U. S. Mint in Carson, became very much inter-

ested in the fossil, and agreed to subscribe sufficient funds to secure the remaining bones necessary to complete the skeleton. The discoverer appeared unable to locate the exact spot and, in consequence, the interest died out. This bone is said to be a fragment of the race of men who walked upon the shores of the extinct lake, and left their footprints on the clay to muddle the scientists of this present advanced era, and furnish food for geological cranks.

It may be well to further explain the pictures in Plate 2: Figures 2 and 3 are casts taken from the prints in the tunnel, illustrated in Plate 4, Figure 2 being the most perfect shaped foot (twenty-one inches) in the series. There are a considerable number almost equal to it. Figure 3 is one of the smallest in the yard, it being slightly over seventeen inches in length. Figure 6 represents the tooth of the mastodon found imbedded in a block of sandstone, and in a perfect state of preservation. The masticating surface, still glistening with enamel, can be plainly seen on the right side of the fossil. This tooth measures nearly four inches across the top, and resembles dirty ivory.

Figure 7 represents the petrified marrow of the shin bone of a mastodon, the sandstone surrounding it. The white spot near the center of the rock is the bone referred to. It is nearly thirty inches in circumference, and pieces can be chipped out with a pocket knife. It goes through the rock and appears in the same form on the other side.

Figures 8 and 9 are the cameo and intaglio casts of the frog of a horse's hoof, the outside line of the entire hoof being very plain in Figure 8. It is about the same size as the hoof-prints of the horse of the present day. Very few of these tracks have been located up to the present time.

Figures 4 and 5 are excellent casts of the water bird referred to by Professor Le Conte. The longest toe measures

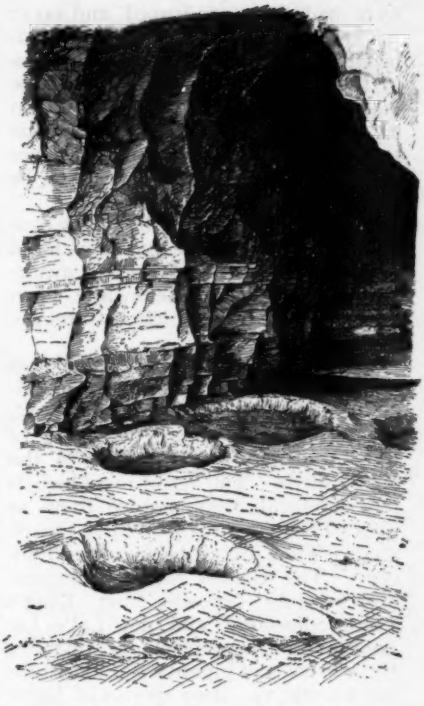


PLATE 4—FOOTPRINTS IN THE TUNNEL.

five inches. These tracks are very thick along the base of the eastern wall, the highest point in the prison yard.

The largest cast in Plate 2, Figure 2, is taken from one of the mastodon tracks, and is twenty-five inches in diameter; the ridge slightly inside of the outside edge represents the track. They have been uncovered in the tunnel some twenty feet, and appear with unfaltering regularity as the work progresses. All the indications in the fossil line point to the fact that these tracks are genuine.

Since the excavations were made, a fossil jaw of the elephant has been found, also fossil teeth of the horse, but both crumbled upon being exposed to the air.

Professor Le Conte inclines to the

belief that the supposed human tracks were made by a quadruped, and says: "The strong argument for the bipedal theory is the apparent singleness of the tracks and the absence of toe marks, while the one strong argument for the quadrupedal theory is the wide space between the right and left series of tracks. To this may, perhaps, be added also the size and shape.

"It seems to me that inductive caution requires that the judicious mind should hold itself in suspense, awaiting more evidence. Meanwhile, however, my own mind inclines strongly to the latter theory.

"Since writing the above, I find that Professor Cope, in American Naturalist, vol. 16, p. 195, and Professor Marsh in a letter to me, regard the strata of Carson quarry as belonging to the Equus Beds. The age of these beds is still doubtful; some regard them as upper Pliocene, others as early Quartenary. They are probably upper Pliocene. The Carson strata, therefore, are possibly deposits from King's Lake, Shoshone, and not Lake Lahontan. From deposits of this age three species of gigantic ground sloths are known, viz.: two species of Morotherium and one species of Mylodon. It is not at all improbable, as suggested by Marsh in his letter, that the supposed human tracks were made by one of these. The size, the stride, the curve and the straddle all agree with this supposition."

Opinions of the many people who have come from all over the United States and parts of Europe, are so numerous, conflicting and varied that it has been impossible to quote more than two or three, these being from scientists and geologists who are considered authorities. Estimates as to the age of the prints range from 3,000 to 325,000 years, and, in consequence, it is extremely difficult to establish an accurate figure.

It is quite evident that at some time this entire country, running up from the Gulf of California through San Bernardino County, taking in Death's and Panamint Valleys, was an arm of the Pacific Ocean, which also passed through Nye, Churchill, and Washoe Counties, Nevada, into Pyramid Lake, at which point immense deposits of coral can be found to-day. It must also have taken in Sixty Mile Desert, near where the town of Dayton now stands, as well as Eagle and Jack's Valleys, already mentioned. On a low range of hills, south of Carson three or four miles, mother-of-pearl shells have been found, and many fragments are scattered around in the locality. These shells have the appearance of at one time belonging to the sea.

Throughout the entire United States we cannot find such a field for scientific research as the quarry of the Nevada State Prison supplies, and while the scientific men of this section are estimating and theorizing on the origin of the impressions in the clay, the touch of time is slowly eating away that which at some future day may be of great importance to the world.

The Nevada World's Fair Commissioners have taken from their resting place two of the human tracks intact, and numbers of bird and animal prints, which are now on exhibition at the Exposition, in the center of the hall of Mines and Mining. Geologists and scientists from all parts of Europe have taken such an interest in them that the United States Government has already extended aid, appointed an officer of the Bureau of Ethnology to take charge of them and continue the research as soon as convenient. They probably attract as much attention as any one scientific study from the Pacific Coast.

Many of the best plaster casts taken by Prof. Harkness in the prison yard, some years ago, are also displayed and arranged in the relative positions which they occupied in their original situations in the hard clay.

The clam shells, showing evidence of the existence of water, and the formation of the deposit have been arranged as an exhibit, in conjunction with the footprints, coming as they do

from the same locality. The petrifactions and bone fossils are being closely studied by geologists, who consider that in them lies the key to their age, and the era in which they were animated with life and motion.

Mr. James A. Yerington, Chairman of the Commission, says the most reputable authorities claim that Nevada's State Prison quarry is productive of more food for scientific research than any other spot in America.

MARGARET.

BY DANIEL MORGAN.

THEY had worked together in his studio side by side for a year; he as master, she his pupil in sculpture. Long hours of silence and hard work, varied by a half hour's interchange of thought, wrought the magic of a touch which accentuates the fraternal attitude one assumes towards another whose aims, whose ambitions are one with his own.

He was of a strong, high-born nature, whose very strength sometimes made him cruel in his judgment; his temperament being even, he had never encountered the fierce fire of a dangerous temptation. His art was his all. The outside world existed for him only as a source from which he might gather materials for the sustenance and development of his genius; love and hope, all centered in his mistress, art. True, he had his ideals to which he clung with unvaried tenacity, but he cherished them only as ideals, having no time nor inclination for analysis, nor practical experiment.

She was silent, deep, discerning, and at times so tenderly womanly that he would pause in amazement when any incident in student life called forth the rich melody of "the woman" in her, which at other times she so jealously guarded. After such moments she was prone to work harder, dig more vigorously into the defenseless clay as if to punish something tangibly for her previous moment of softening, for it was evident she had schooled herself to "hard lines;" and at each recurring evidence of weakness, she took fierce delight in pruning. But toward the faults of others she maintained ever the sweetest flow of sympathy and forgiveness. Frequently, when the studio was crowded with those who constituted the class of which she was a part, and when the malice of idle tongues was turned against an absent one, she had been known to drop her modeling tools, her breath coming quickly, her eyes even tearful, saying: "O girls, don't speak that way. None of us know what motive led to such acts; far less do we know how deep the sorrow, how cutting the pain and sense of failure. One never knows what one might do himself."

Her character for firmness and gentleness had won for her the general respect and regard of those who knew and felt her daily influence, and thus it was her wishes met with ready compliance. By her assiduity she had won a step in advance of the class,

and certain hours she occupied the studio alone with her master, a man seventeen years her senior, and it was at these times she was particularly reserved, worked harder, seemed more absorbed in thought, until the teacher himself fell to studying his pupil more deeply. With questioning wonder he marveled at her choice of subjects. Why should a young, vigorous life with such consummate skill, delicacy and wondrous conception seek only to trace, with the feverishness expressed by the vigor of her strokes, the lineaments of sorrow-crowned humanity, as she drew from the clay the embodiment of a burning truth, working its way towards something as yet unformed—undetermined. She became of infinite and absorbing interest to him. Intuitively he arrived at a confirmation of the existence of some hidden pain — some definite sorrow, but never speculated as to its full import. He was too calm, too self-centered for that.

He grew to look forward to their hour alone. All through the long morning he found himself questioning: what would be her mood? Would she receive his lighter thoughts? Would she brighten under them or, as so often before, by a sudden look whose sadness fell like a weight upon his heart, silence him completely, and turning gravely towards her work question as to the probable result upon a face where sorrow (always sorrow) sat for the first time? Would the lines remain permanent, or were they to be pictured softened, as though about to melt away at touch of some happier experience?

Thus from some hidden power she possessed of moulding others, she drove him to thoughtful words, and silently they worked on, hearts and brains replete with widely different matter. The only sounds evincing life were the deep sighs of her anxious moments, the click of the tools now and then, and the noise of the clay as it fell in response to the ploughing of the tools. At such times she made vigorous onslaught, he suggesting here and there a curve, or deeper indentation, a line more closely drawn. After such experiences he returned home depressed, unsatisfied. Why did her moods vary so rarely, and why this almost habitual somberness? And yet, how could she ring from that unresponsive clay all the power of a feeling, suffering soul, unless she herself could feel? Oh, to be able to turn to one's self all the wealth and power of that tenderness — that strength! Would it not give to love the very essence of life itself? And all—all spent upon lifeless clay.

In vain he argued with himself; in vain he strove to conquer the urgings of his nature, which tempted him to gather to himself the alluring thought of what life would be shared with such a companion.

One day she seemed inclined to talk, and prattled on until she recalled the story of an erring girl, a former pupil, whose heart had made her the victim of deceit, man's heartless desertion had completed. He listened, interested to see what turn her thought would take, and when she at last exclaimed: "Yes, I have succeeded in breaking her chains. I have freed her from him, for I taught her how and why to despise him, and to make a new world for herself outside of love."

"You have done this, you say. And do you hope for the regeneration of this woman through this one experience? No! believe me the woman is lost—lost! Do you understand? She will never regain herself. She will go on from experience to experience—down, down to the very dregs of despair, if she have feeling enough left to be cognizant of it. You are a dreamer. Women do not reform; they sink."

Something made him pause. Was it a gasp from her, or had he imagined it? But there she stood before him, perfectly colorless, her mouth set, hard and firm, her nostrils dilating.

"Do you believe that?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I do," he replied. "It is the commonly accepted history of such things. It is not only a falling away from the path, but more—a positive plunge into utter ruin! You did wrong to yourself to interfere."

Something in her eye forbade him to say more. She turned her head with a dignified poise towards the bust upon which she had been working, and with a voice clear and strong she said:

"I did right!"

After that he dared not speak, believing she would only be hurt by his strong difference with her on the subject, and as he preferred his own comfort and peace, he would rather silently pass over the conversation on amicable grounds, for he recognized with that proud turn of head she also possessed a strength and pride, as well as a spirit of defiance which would not be brooked. In his heart, too, he admired her and warmly applauded her disinterestedness, futile as he believed her efforts to be.

The incident was all but forgotten by him, but not by her. His words never ceased to beat their way into her memory; they stood out in plain characters in the very tapestries which hung about the walls of the studio. They were his, and she could but associate all that belonged to him as reflecting back his sentiments. She grew colder and more reserved each day; paler, too, he thought. But work! Why, she seemed all ambition, and her sudden impulses sometimes threatened destruction to the task so well begun, and never before had she seemed so imbued with the power of wresting from her strong vigorous strokes the expression and life of her thought. "We are progressing," he would soliloquise.

Things went on in this way until he could bear the suspense no longer, and acknowledging to himself that he did truly love the woman, he resolved to tell her so.

It was a sad gloomy day in late fall, the clouds hovering near the earth, enveloping all mankind in their threatening aspect—a discouraging omen, surely, for a mission from which he hoped so much. Coming into the studio, he paused to scan the face wherein he might read what meant so much for him. Never before had he endeavoured to call from out the written lines of the human face the deepest import of human emotions. Not even in the most anxious moments of early art training had he felt the power lying hidden in the contour of a visage, whose power for good or evil seemed accentuated now by his anxiety.

She met his gaze openly, for she was of that frank nature which scorns a half-met look, and turning towards her work was about to begin.

"Do not let us work just yet, Miss Headrick," he said. "I—I want to talk to you. You are such a strange creature; I do not understand many of your ways. I sometimes even fear to approach you, and yet—" he paused here a moment, "I have seen you portray some of the most lovely attributes wherein a warm full nature shone, and I have been held in admiration by your wealth of womanliness. Then again you have been so bitterly cold, so depressing, that I could not draw a conclusion of it all. The coldness seemed foreign to you, not as of yourself, but a forced condition. Tell me of yourself; are you then the real woman, or—or—. I own that in your strength of character you have won upon me, until I am no longer of any purpose unless you are near me or in my thoughts. All that is high and noble in me you awaken, and all that I ever hope to be, it is only in the power of your nature to draw from me. In your work you have carved out my destiny. I am a stronger, better man in every sense, and feel and know I owe it all to you. I love you truly, sincerely, as a man loves, not as a boy, whose fancies might be lit by the soft smiles of a woman—but as one

who holds as sacred all her higher attributes. In you I see them—strength, sweetness and, above all, truth. Tell me, now, may I hope?"

"You are cruel—cruel!" she cried out, her voice trembling and her whole form quivering with emotion. "The love for which I have so hungered for years! This is more than human heart can bear," and she burst into uncontrollable weeping.

The man stepped back, speechless with amazement.

"I do not understand," he said, quickly; "is it then a crime to offer you the very love you crave?"

She crossed to the window, standing there trembling in every limb. Then a sudden resolution seemed to move her and she turned and walked firmly toward him. He had by this time sunk into a chair. She cast herself abjectly at his feet, but when he would have raised her, she determinedly refused to change her position, and he, powerless from shock, awaited her next movement. She partly raised herself so her face looked squarely into his. Then with dilated eyes and lips trembling, she exclaimed, "Listen! You have offered me what I admit I have longed for with all the power of a lonely soul—waited for, prayed for. But you yourself have made it impossible for me to accept. Your love is such as will never be offered me again, but—but—" she dropped her head, but only for a moment, for she was a brave woman and her resolution was taken. Slowly she began to speak, and she seemed to gain courage as the words fell from her white lips, never faltering until she had finished.

"Do you recall the words you once uttered when you spoke of the hopelessness of saving a woman who had fallen, and how you yourself said you had no faith in their repentance nor ultimate self-mastery? Well," her voice trembled and she paused. He looked into her pale face, startled and bewildered, then his own countenance blanched and a low exclamation burst from his lips.

She sprang up and started towards the door, but suddenly he grasped her arm as if to restrain her. She, with blazing eyes, cried out, "Let me pass—do not dare to weaken me by tenderness. Betwixt you and I there lies but one path; that path I alone may follow. To me this is death itself. How could you understand what it all means to me?—you who are so calm, so perfect. Did you ever know what it means to spend the hours in bitter repentance? In all this you say you have no faith. Well, I have. I know." And she sank down upon the floor with a low moan, as if the whole burden of her past sorrow had fallen upon her anew and overpowered her. "Oh," she cried, "the agony of those who feel themselves lost, the harshness of a fate which demands the heritage of a life-long agony for one false step! Now, at least, you can understand why I was cold and why I could picture sorrow. I have felt it—have known it for long bitter years. Whilst you, absorbed in your own self-respect, never even suspected the long dreary way over which I have come. I only learned by actual suffering how easy it is to fall into the pit from whence you say there is no return. The sting of remorse, of conscious failure, taught me a new language, gave to my voice strange notes, fraught with gentleness and love towards the erring. Happiness such as your love I shall never know again, but I can bring solace and comfort to others. Therein lies my work. Yes, more than that, my redemption. Through one grave error I have learned the first essential truth, self-knowledge. I was arrogant, unyielding, unforgiving. I saw no excuse for such a fault in others, and went my way rejoicing in my virtue, my strength. Alas, for human pride—human certainty. I, the imperious creature who scorned a weakness in others—was crushed, humbled, shaken to the very centre of my being. And by whom? A false lover, whose speech had the soft glamour of deceit;

who won me first by a glittering array of sentiments, so fraught with the power of destruction and deception, that before I conceived of his power, he had so absorbed my faith and respect that when his plan of weakening all my prejudices began, I never even suspected him of it. After two years of close companionship, in which we reveled in the fields of art, literature and the study of the finer subtleties of the soul's powers, we became as one being.

"Shall I recount to you the mortal agony, when awakening to the full sense of a misguided soul—the hatred and disgust of self, the tortured hours of sleeplessness? Ah, no. There are no words for all these agonies; only those who have had the experience know them, for they alone can feel. I recall now that face, and the eyes so deeply earnest, into which I once looked with calm trust and said, 'I, at least, have found a perfect man.' Imagine, if you can, after I had gained full consciousness of our mistake, when I made an appeal to him in the name of that virtue and honor which he had before upheld so firmly—he, the one human heart in all the world whom I believed would understand and sorrow with me—O, when I now look back it seems the last blow was the heaviest, for bitter and miserable as were my thoughts, I still held to the hope of recovering our former state. He, who to me had appeared so God-like in his strength, with trembling lips confessed his inability to overcome, and I, trying to believe my own ears, stood aghast. What? he would not even *try*? The answer rings in my ears still. 'It is impossible.' Stung with remorse, cowering with fear, I shrieked out reproaches upon him, which seemed to rend his very being, for he rocked to and fro like one about to fall under a deadly blow. Once he held out his long white hands as if for mercy, and—oh I had so loved him! But who would show me mercy? *Not he.* There he stood, self-convicted, a criminal in his own words. Where then was strength, where was aid? It was then I read within my own soul the answer, 'All power lies within ourselves.'

"Hardened by his weakness, determined to conquer self, I turned and fled, vowing never more to look upon him. Letters of entreaty, of despair were sent me, in vain. I remained cold and firm. True, there followed moments when to recall the tender words, the gentle care which had been his to bestow, my poor heart frenzied almost to madness, and at such times there raged the fierce battle for self mastery. I came here, art attracted me—you know the result. Five years have passed away since I last saw that man. In those years I have known what death, bitterness, repression of all that is human in my heart means, but never have I forgotten that I have a stern duty before me, the determination to rise from my fall purified by the fierce flames of a nature whose over-powering strength had been my downfall. This it is which makes me love all women, impels me to hover over them, as it were, leading them away from the dangerous paths whose pitfalls I know too well.

"You are stupefied, and no wonder. If my frankness seems brutal to you, think it is but another manifestation of my great love for you. Never could I tear myself away from you had I not deadened your love by my confession. I could not bear to inflict upon you the sorrow which will now be mine alone. I have been kind to you, oh so kind. And to myself—" she paused here, almost overcome, "yes, to myself I have been true."

She sat sobbing quietly. He regarded her helplessly. He could not realize that the ugly tale was aught but a madness seething through his brain. She a frail woman? O no! Had he not looked up to her, had he not tested her in every way? Impossible! This thing she told him was a fancied emanation of an overwrought brain. She had worked too hard, poor thing. Why had he

not cautioned her? My God! was she then going mad under the strain? Her choice of subjects too, flashed confirmation on his mind.

Why, when he had directed her in the study head of "Silent Sorrow," and had spoken of the necessity of the deep lines furrowing around the mouth, the compression of the lips, accentuating the expression, had she answered with such strange conviction: "I know?" Ah, she did know then? But this thing she had told him just now could not be true.

Do not false women betray themselves, and would he be apt to love a woman unworthy of it? Never! But she was now tearing off her apron in excited jerks. She cast a damp cloth over the bust on which she had worked so many hopeful hours, and was evidently preparing to leave the studio.

He, still benumbed by the unexpected disclosure, seemed totally unable to rouse himself to action. Thus she succeeded in her preparations without protest from him, and was about to turn towards the door when there burst from him a sudden appeal.

"Margaret, you are certainly not going to leave me now and thus?"

She had grown calm now, fixed, determined, and her voice sank so low it was but a faint moan when she said: "And why not? There is nothing else to be done. Once more must I take up the weary burden of my crime, so painfully regretted, so wretchedly worked out. Again it rises before me like the Nemesis that it is, casting me out once more with no shade of comfort save the knowledge of my own strength to dare the right. How could I stay where daily my eyes were tortured with the look of questioning pity yours would bestow? Ah, I am strong and brave, but not brave enough for that. Never! you will forget me some day, but I trust you will never cease to regard with gratitude the woman who spared you the agony of knowing that your life had been more closely knit with that of a woman who had fallen too low even for your charity. Good bye." For a moment there stole over her face the radiance of a tender love, which quickly changed to the agony of a determination to close her eyes on all that won or charmed her hungered heart.

"You will not leave me," he cried "Wait! Let me think. Oh, I shall go mad—I cannot conceive of all this horrid thing being true. No! You must not leave me yet." Then he paused, as visions of his old traditional ideas of women rose before him, bewildering his senses, weakening momentarily his love. With the quickened perception of the suffering, she read the thought that flashed through his mind; with a gasp she replied: "It must be so, farewell." At one bound she was out and away. He dared not pursue her, she had shown such bravery. It would be too weak in him after her undaunted courage.

Flying like one possessed, she reached her room and cast herself upon her bed in abject misery. Again and again her weary brain seethed with the pictures of that past, which stood before her bristling with cruel darts of remorse.

After the relief of tears, reason assumed command. Yes, there was but one thing now. Fly? Where? Ah, how many times had she asked that question before. Out into the great unknown. Where was home or shelter? And the voice of intuition answered: "Away, far away from this scene of bitterness. The human heart-cry still goes up for aid, humanity still yearns for tender pity. You can give it. Go!"

This calmed her. Rising now with steady motion, she gathered her effects, packed her small belongings, and, telling her landlady she was called suddenly away, slipped out into the night, dry-eyed, stricken and sad, but determined. At times on her journey, thoughts welled up which seemed to question her action.

Why had she not taken that great love? He was unsuspecting, and perhaps the devotion of years would have wiped out the error. Then there arose before her visions of a life of deceit. No, never had she harbored such thoughts, much less lived them. It was best as it was. And he? Left in the utter misery of so sudden a collapse to all his dreams, what could he do but go over again all the sad scene, word for word, gesture and expression, and still he could not solve the dark mystery of his mistake.

After a while he rose and gently placed the bust on a pedestal in a corner, where it stood for so many years after, and the sad lines traced there by agony itself seemed ever to deepen as his misery sank down in that heart so suddenly becalmed by the shadow of another's life.

Turning in despond from the scene of so much suffering, he wandered along, his thoughts replete with this problem of life so rudely thrust upon him. Searching through the inner chambers of his heart, he began to question self. Was he right to have entertained such views—and why had he ever held them if they were not right? What did he know of such questions other than he had learned from those who know? Did they know? Were they right? Perhaps. Ah, that perhaps. All that he did know was that he loved her, cried out for her, needed her, and now she was gone. She would never return, that he knew from her firmness of character. And how brave and noble she had been. "To save him! Merciful God! and *I* should have shielded her." His warm heart forgave her everything. Had she not proven herself worthy, and was a wrong never to be forgiven? Oh, cursed prejudice that eats up and blunts the very instincts of humanity. Does not the same God rule over man as over woman, and are not men daily transgressors of the very law they hold so relentlessly over those they term the "weaker sex?" Where then is justice? Surely not in the human laws which now sway men and women. But purity is a necessity in woman. True, but are not all her tendencies towards it, and if she fail does she do so wilfully? Not always—far from that. And shall all be judged and punished for the few? God forbid! If man was endowed with stronger character and physical superiority, was it not that he should shelter the weak? For what reason had he been given the power if not by strength and tender pity to win back the erring? Again and again he came back to the old truth. Prejudice—prejudice. The growth of an error ancient and barbarous plucked from the very tree of man's selfish pruning, handed down from father to son to an unthinking people and grounded into the instincts of the unborn, that woman's heritage was the bondage of inequality.

Man, in his assumption of superiority, holds out one hand, enticingly displaying the golden apple of delusion which voices the sweet sentiment of "protection," and in the other he holds an iron mallet with which to crush woman to the earth if she dare be the weak dependent his philosophy has made her. Now the whole truth burst upon him because it touched himself, forcing him irresistibly to face the workings of a law which has dual aspects. There was no escape from the rule that crushed out life and hope from the erring—he must suffer, too. Every phase of the case flew like darting flame through heart and brain, resulting in untold misery to him, lessening hope, weakening his power to act. Where was comfort? Nowhere. Into that dark and misty future there was spread before him naught but confusion, nay, almost despair.

Without her he began to realize the futility of attempting to bring his best efforts to fruition, and so time wore itself out in useless regrets, through long years of unsatisfied longing and bitter retrospect, souring his genial nature, causing him to doubt and question all other truths which had formed the basis of his moral training. Art lost

its glamour and life took on such somber shades that the spark of genius that had glowed and brightened in the younger days, now smouldered, blackened and died.

Thus time found him years after, with broken purpose, his hand stayed, as it were, in the very act of consummation, when the dreams of crowning greatness resolved themselves into a hideous nightmare, only too real in its destructive power. He still taught his classes, still filled the ordinary roles of life, but there never more quickened within that brain the fire of conception.

Thus the crime of one man checked the ebb and flow of another's life and its fruition.

Some time afterward there appeared in an art journal a sketch of a woman's career in the far West. She had devoted her entire life to the cause of woman. She had opened a class in sculpture, to which she admitted and taught women who were desirous of learning but had no means. Her home was likewise an asylum for frail creatures, whose motives for recovering a life of rectitude she strengthened. She was described as never smiling, save in tenderness upon these sorrowing sisters. Nothing was known of her former history and none cared to question, so effective had been her work and so beloved had she made herself by her unselfish devotion to so rare a charity.

He, reading these lines, felt instinctively that in that description he had found the one woman who was all in all to him. He would go to her and at once, and show her he had learned to see justice in its broadest sense, and he would lay at her feet the crown of victory which her life so richly merited. Yes, he would go now without hesitation, and impatient to be off he was arranging his studio towards that end when a letter reached him. It was the dear familiar handwriting. It seemed too good to hear from her just when he was flying to her. But wait. Tearing open the letter he recognized the same characters, but how labouriously written—words far between and with many quivering lines. Dying! O God! It could not be; was he not going to her to right all this terrible wrong, and would God permit her to die unrewarded for all her goodness and sacrifice? True—too true! There was no hope, she must even now have passed beyond the solace of human love, human retribution. And she wrote to tell him that she had loved him truly, unselfishly, and in dying thus alone she had been true to herself, her womanhood and him.

With terrible apprehensions in his heart he hastened to her. "Is she still living?" burst from his livid lips as he entered the house. For answer he was ushered into the darkened chamber where she lay—not dead yet, thank God. "You must live, you must live, dear brave soul, and take the love that shall crown your life—my wife!" She seemed to revive at the sound of his whispered words. The poor wasted hands clasped about his neck, a smile calm and peaceful stole over her white face, and she sunk into a quiet slumber.

Questions Of the Day

THE PREVALENT RATE WARS.

RECENTLY there have been greater fluctuations in rates on the trans-continental railroads west of Chicago than for many years. They are reminders of the days when railroads recognized the principle of competition and reduced rates to secure patronage. Eastward of Chicago there is no apparent conflict between the great lines that lead to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other points on the Atlantic Coast, and rates are comparatively steady. Railroads early discovered that rate wars are destructive to their interests, and traffic associations and agreements were invented to avoid them. But it soon transpired that roads in various ways broke their agreements, and surreptitiously cut rates. Pooling was resorted to, which practically is purchasing good faith, and so long as percentages granted to the several members of the coalition were satisfactory, traffic contracts were generally kept with a fair degree of fidelity. The inter-state commerce law makes pooling unlawful in inter-state traffic, which yields more than a moiety of the revenue of the Western trans-continental lines. In such traffic, therefore, the roads must rely on good faith in adhering to rate schedules, but it seems next to impossible to preserve stability of rates through naked traffic agreements; a consideration is necessary to secure good faith.

It is perhaps fair to presume that roads will not put rates so low that loss will be the result, and when they make reductions the country will think at the higher rates they have been making undue profit. One thing is certain, and it is that lower rates will increase the volume of business, and may result in greater earnings, for the increase of the expenses of operating is not in proportion to the increase of business. Cheaper rates tend to larger productions, which also means more consumption, for it is a well-known fact that the greatest producing is the greatest consuming nation.

It is unfortunate that railroads will not put rates at the lowest figure consistent with earning a fair profit, and keep them there. Fluctuations are hurtful to all classes of the people. It was the intention of Congress, in enacting the inter-state commerce law, to assure stability of rates. Merchants never know when to have their goods shipped when rates are unsteady, and the same is true of dealers. No one is able to make calculations for the future when a rate war is liable to break out at any moment. Railroads understand the evils of fluctuations, and they seek to provide against them. To avoid them is a reason why consolidation is constantly taking place. Already the bulk of the roads of the country are in about twenty systems, and universal consolidation may be the best solution of the railroad problem. Consolidation would save a large expenditure in operation. The roads terminating in Chicago have already consolidated the business of receiving and delivering freights, which enables them to make a large reduction of force and of expenses.

Traffic agreements and pooling are chiefly, if not altogether, for the purpose of increasing profits. It is intended through them to destroy competition, and through them the rights and interests of the public are disregarded. Deprived of the support of pooling, traffic agreements have been ineffectual in produc-

ing steadiness. Like trusts and combinations in trade and manufacturing traffic arrangements, that include the making of common rates, and a stipulation to maintain them, are immoral, an evil that should be repressed by law. The legislature of Illinois has recently passed an inhibitory statute, which is probably the beginning of a policy that will be adopted throughout the country. It is right that capital invested in railroads should receive a fair remuneration and no more. It is true that twenty and twenty-five years ago it cost more to build railroads than at the present time or within the last few years, and the older roads are justified in making higher charges than those more recently constructed, but it is also true that the general practice has been to capitalize roads far above their actual cost, and to make efforts to earn income upon that which is fictitious.

Mr. James Hill, in building the Great Northern, adopted a new policy. He employed no supernumerary officers, and adopted the most economical methods in all respects. When the road was completed it was capitalized at just what it cost, and it is operated with the utmost economy, no unnecessary officers being employed, and no extravagant salaries paid. The rates upon that road can be put down very much below those that have prevailed upon other lines, and still pay operating expenses and reasonable remuneration to capital. The cut in rates is not warfare upon competitors, but is based upon simple business principles, higher rates being unnecessary, as there are no fictitious bonds and stocks on which interest and dividends are to be earned. Over-capitalization, supernumerary officials and employees, and extravagant salaries create the necessity for the cost of railway transportation of which the country complains. It may be difficult to separate the fictitious bonds and stocks from the genuine, so as to extinguish the one and preserve the other, but the cost of operating can be materially reduced by cutting down the salaries of the high officials and removing supernumeraries. Then rates can be lowered, and being based upon just premises, fluctuations to a great extent would be avoided.

DEFEAT OF THE GERMAN ARMY BILL.

The friends of peace and popular will have watched the proceedings on the Army bill in the Reichstag with profound and anxious interest. Though the Germans are the most schooled and intelligent of the continental people, and possess marked independence and individuality of character, they have submitted to a government as nearly absolute as any in Europe, except that of Russia. The Prussian monarchy was the embodiment of militarism for a century and a half before Germany became imperialistic. The German people have submitted patiently to heavy burdens of taxation to sustain an army seldom necessary to the defense of a nationality, and never used to promote and maintain popular institutions. Not only have the hard earnings of the people been taken from them, but their industrial forces have been depleted for no purpose but to aggrandize the Prussian monarchy, and latterly the Imperial house of Hohenzollern.

The Germans are not excitable and fickle, but sturdy and stubborn, and hence revolutions have been rare. They have progressed in science, art and learning, but not in political institutions. No people in the world except the Americans and possibly the English, are better fitted for Republican government, yet they have submitted to inexorable military rule. Popular representation was enlarged, upon the establishment of the Empire, which was necessary, as it is composed of numerous small States, and there was not and is not the prevalence of the utmost harmony among the people, forced under Imperial rule by the bulldozing process of Bismarck.

This step toward liberalism was intended to Prussianize the whole Germanic family. From Conrad down, the Hohenzollerns have been ambitious, selfish, enterprising and successful, almost without parallel in modern history. They came to think that their rule rested upon Divine right, and any restrictions upon their will and power was in contradiction of the wishes of the Deity.

When the late Emperor William ascended the throne of Prussia, he boldly announced that he did so by Divine right, and though, as Bismarck said, he was "as fine an old

gentleman as there was in Germany," he sustained his Chancellor in every measure of force and intimidation destined to place him on an Imperial throne, and which made Prussia and all Germany a vast military camp. The present Emperor is more imperialistic in expression and appearance than his father or grandfather, and has attempted to quell the spirit of liberalism by threats to crush all who should oppose him.

Though his subjects are burdened and impoverished by the support of a vast army, he had so much confidence in his ability to intimidate and coerce the German people that he demanded a large increase and made it an imperial measure. He has chafed under the opposition it encountered and his Chancellor, Von Caprivi, has tried to be as bulldozing as Bismarck ever was, but without Bismarck's great intellectual strength and force of character.

For six months the Emperor and his Cabinet have used their utmost power, short of violence, to compel the Reichstag to grant their demands. The failure has been most signal, and the world, with interest and anxiety will watch the outcome. The dissolution of the Reichstag and the rescript for a new election, nominally means an appeal to the electors, and probably a resort to imperial bulldozing upon the people themselves. The question is, "Will the people be as independent and stubborn as the Reichstag has been?" If they stand firm and refuse to be burdened with further taxations and to suffer from further depletions of their industrial forces, a tremendous blow will have been given to the absolutistic disposition of the Hohenzollerns. It may be the very test that will prove whether Germany will become "Republican or Cossack."

From our standpoint it is difficult to see why Germany needs a larger military force to protect her from foreign dangers. The pretense is that as all the great continental nations have vast armies, it is necessary for Germany to be ready for any emergency. It is a curious fact that all the governments of Europe profess peaceful intentions, and yet they maintain great armies. If all are so pacific, why do not they give the best assurances by disarming?

The attitude of no monarch is so threatening to the peace of Europe as that of the German Kaiser. His abnormal activities, although professedly for peaceful purposes, create apprehensions. Constant and unnecessary preparations for war beget the spirit of war. That France is only waiting for a favorable opportunity to attack Germany may be, and probably is, a mere creation of imagination. It is probably the internal and not the external condition that alarms Emperor William. Some of the States which are under his sway are dissatisfied and discontented. Liberalism and socialism are rapidly growing in Germany, and the Kaiser is not willing to rely solely on argument to arrest its progress. He wants a larger disciplined army which regard orders and not reasons.

The opposition to the Army bill came from several elements; the Freisinnige (the liberals), the Centrists (the Catholics), and from some of the radical Democrats. Though they differ on other questions, the army is a menace to all of them. It seemed for a time that the Centrists would support the Army bill, and it is not improbable that the visit of the Kaiser to the Italian King had for an object the placation of the Pope, but the conditions were unfavorable, for the Kaiser is at the head of German Protestantism, and the King of Italy, with whom the Pope is on bad terms, is a member of the driebund. The Pope, it is understood, favors popular government, while the Kaiser represents heresy and heredity.

The rescript allows little time for organization and discussion, and therefore imperialism has an advantage, for it is always organized, and discussion is not an instrument of its warfare.

In Germany the women and children, the aged and decrepit are compelled to work in the field and the shop, and subsist on scant fare, while the young and strong men are engaged in drill and manœuvering and consuming the substance of the laboring people. It is to be hoped that the Reichstag will be sustained, and that militarism will receive a check that will have a wholesome effect for all future time.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Wake! for the Sun, who scattered into flight
The stars before him from the field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a shaft of light.
—*Omar Khayyám.*

THE position of woman in the literary world is much more assured, much more firmly established than ever before. It is needless to dwell upon the bravery and perseverance with which she is making a place for herself in other lines of labor, in her effort to overcome prejudice. The result of her work in all fields demonstrates her power. She is given more deferential recognition in history, she is invested with more dignity in fiction and in all the departments of literary art. She has taken her pen earnestly in hand, and women in literature are represented by such great powers as Madam de Stael, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, George Sand, Frances Hogsdon Burnett, Octave Thanet, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Rose Terry Cook and many more in our own country, East and West. With the results of the efforts of these women, the fact is established that the feminine mind, when properly trained and developed, is capable of the best work. There is a predominance of men among the best writers of the day, but women as writers of fiction are rapidly gaining ground, and each successive year renders the difference less noticeable.

El Nuevo Mundo,[1] a poem by Louis James Block, is a little volume now upon the market. While the poem contains some good qualities, it is permeated with a feeling that the author has undertaken a style of verse too heavy for his capabilities.

An interesting volume edited by W. H. Appleton, Professor in Swarthmore College, is *Greek Poets in English Verse*.[2] In this work the editor has attempted, through the medium of translations, to do for Greek poetry what has been so often done for that of the English language, namely, to give the reader, within the compass of a single volume, some idea of its wealth, and at the same time to stimulate and guide him to further and more thorough reading. The study of the Greek language seems to be less popular than formerly. This is to be regretted somewhat, as the Greek language possesses purity and beauty very difficult to preserve in translations. In this volume, seventy-five of the choicest specimens of Greek literature are collected, representing the Iliad, Odyssey, Homeric Hymns, Hesiod, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Theocritus, Moschus, Anacreon, Bion, Sappho and others. These are principally translations by Chapman, Pope, Leigh Hunt, Cowper, Shelley, Mrs. Browning, Worsley, Edwin Arnold, Symonds, Bulwer, Frere, Bryant, Stedman, Lawton, and prefaced by an excellent essay by Prof. Appleton. Prof. Appleton has selected such works of the translators as best display the intrinsic qualifications of Greek verse and the methods of its originators. A knowledge of Greek history, literature, thought and feeling is not only an interesting accessory of education, but a factor of great importance to the student and writer, as being the source from which he acquires many of his tools and materials.

[1] Chas. H. Ken & Co., Chicago.
[2] Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Dearest,[1] by Mrs. Forrester, a novelist who is a general favorite, is a story containing some true photographs of human nature, among types with which one is ordinarily surrounded. She seems to have a thorough insight to that intricate mystery, a woman's inmost personality — the worldly woman whose motives are perhaps unconsciously selfish, and who wishes to make everything revolve about herself, the woman who, while being worldly in some respects, and diplomatic, still preserves, by the power of a naturally noble mind, the intrinsic worth and beauty of her character, and the impetuous nature of the young girl on the threshold of womanhood, when every fiber of her nature is reaching out in delicate tendrils, to cling to whatever is most congenial, or, more likely, to that which first wins her confidence, love and sympathy, for this trinity possesses the greatest attractions for the budding nature. The book goes to show that it is of the utmost importance to give young girls some companionship with older women of certain qualifications, as well as that of girls of their own age. Many girls that ordinarily seem dull, unattractive and morose, when brought in contact with a woman of quick sympathies, discretion and true womanly nobility, cannot but themselves expand into high types of their sex, free from many of the petty qualifications often so difficult for the feminine character to overcome.

The story also points out many of the indiscretions of girls, who, on account of their deficient home educations, know little of the world in which they move, and while they may consider themselves world-wise, in reality are comparatively unsophisticated and, therefore, but poorly caparisoned to meet and combat the oppositions and humiliations that crouch on the very threshold of the home.

A wholesome, instructive and interesting book for young people is *Archie of Athabasca*,[2] by J. MacDonald Oxley, author of "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood," "Up Among the Ice Foes," "The Chore Boy of Camp Kippewa," and several other stories. It contains a graphic description of the region about Lake Athabasca, and the rivalries existing between the fur companies of Canada —in particular between that of the Hudson Bay and the Northwest. A bitter feud sprang up on account of trade competition between these companies, and continued for years, frequently breaking forth in war and bloodshed. The author seems to be thoroughly acquainted with the portion of the country of which he writes, and has given an interesting description of the region and the mode of life of its inhabitants. The story is bright, full of action and adventure. The father of the young hero is an admirable character, possessed of exemplary parental sympathy and discretion. He uses no force to compel obedience from his son, but guides and develops him to think and act for himself, and at the same time to realize the limitations of his own judgment. By this course of action, a bond of sympathy and affection is established between father and son that could exist under no other circumstances. The story is such as will bring the blood of wholesome excitement to the cheeks of the young, and also teach them many lesson of courage, manliness and duty.

Stories from the Rabbis,[3] by Abram S. Isaacs, Ph. D., is a collection of short allegorical tales, the Hebrew version of many of the old stories that have been told over and over again in many different languages. They are quaint, and many of them rather artistic, pointing to those sound and simple morals that can be readily grasped and comprehended by a child, and which yet contain an undercurrent of thought that is also of interest to the deeper moralizer and philosopher.

The Western Author's Publishing Association has issued a volume containing a series of stories, *In the Confessional and the Following*," by Gustav Adolf Danziger. These stories display versatility and strength, and in many instances, a lively sense of the humorous and ludicrous. Mr. Danziger has been engaged in literary work for some years, and has displayed remarkable ability. He is the sole manager and editor of the Western Author's Publishing Co., and is doing much towards facilitating the publication of creditable work of Pacific Coast authors.

Seraltha,[4] by Abel M. Rawson, may be classed, perhaps, among sensational literature, but it redeems itself in its vigorous handling of repulsive truths, and conditions that are, by the majority, considered as inevitable and therefore not to be contended, but accepted, passed over, or passively submitted to. But they are shown to be reptiles that, when drawn from their holes,

[1] Tait, Sons & Co., Union Square, New York.

[2] D. Lathrop & Co., Boston.

[3] Chas. L. Webster & Co., New York.

[4] The Authors' Association, New York and San Francisco.

can be slain. The story demonstrates the mistake of parents in allowing their daughters to attain womanhood in an ignorant condition, that totally unfits them to meet and successfully struggle with oppositions and discouragements. Parents too often take it for granted that they will always be able to protect their daughters as long as unmarried, and that they will be transferred by marriage to the protection of a husband. In many cases unforeseen circumstances throw a woman upon her own resources, and then no matter what her virtues may be, if she should make mistakes, or even seem to, society does not take into consideration her ignorant and unsophisticated condition, but puts the worst construction it can grasp in its scourging hands, upon whatever she does or says. Here is food for thought.

Paul Cushing, author of "A Woman with a Secret," "The Blacksmith of Voe," "Cut with His Own Diamond," and other books, has written a volume entitled *The Great Chin Episode*.[1] It is an English tale of tragedy, full of interest and excitement. The plot leads the reader cleverly into the implications, and as cleverly unravels the mystery surrounding the story. The criticism that might be offered is that the last chapter leaves the story, in some respects, unfinished, as it simply clears up the tragic mystery, but the important affairs of the human heart are not brought to the usual climax that crowns a tale of whatever nature.

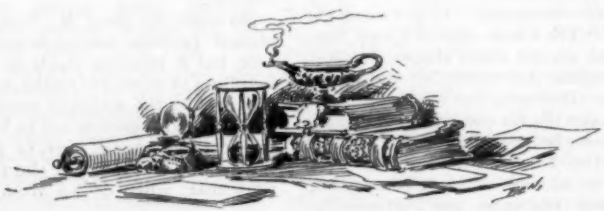
Maxwell Gray, whose "Silence of Dean Maitland" has made him popular with readers of strong romantic fiction, has written a novel entitled *The Last Sentence*,[2] which, while it does not equal in strength his best work, is still characteristic, and bears the attractive impress of his original style. This story, in common with many of his others, forcibly presents the disadvantageous result of deceit under any circumstances. He impresses the reader with the result of a mistake or a sin, even if no one but the perpetrator is cognizant of it, and that the inevitable law of justice invariably demands recompense. It is therefore deduced that living under false pretenses is a folly, and that a great deal of suffering and disappointment might be avoided were honesty always maintained. It requires a man of courage to maintain this honesty, however, and a man of deep comprehension, for on the surface, deception seems an easy avoidance of justice, and the coward quails before the immediate condemnation of a society that compresses its vital organs, and thereby abnormally expands that which is gross and surplus.

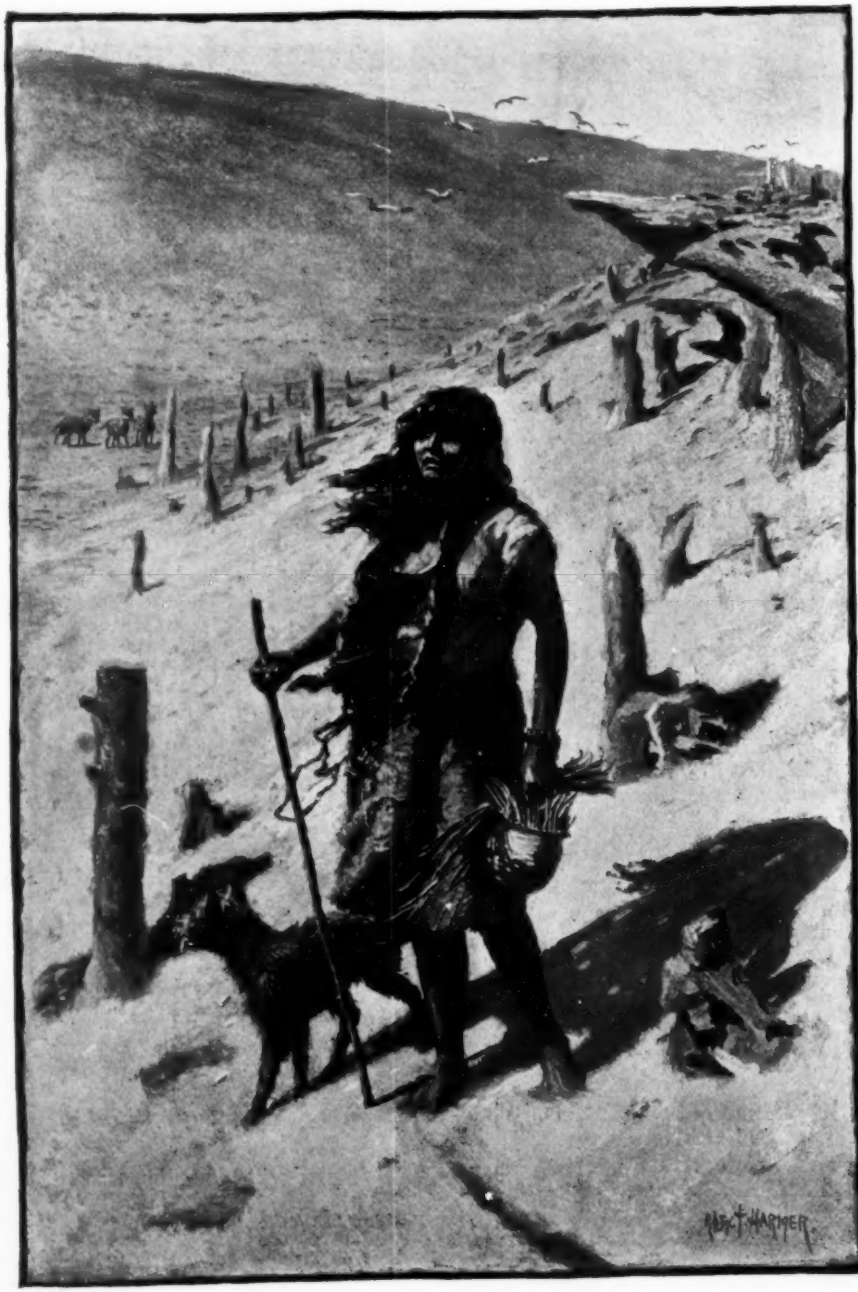
Gœthe, whose nature was comparatively selfish, and though he was often heard to say that he only sought the society of those who could be of use and benefit to him, could not but lift up the souls of others. His appreciation of womanhood few have failed to recognize in that simple yet wonderful character of Margaret. His chorus Mysticies says:

All of mere transient date
As symbol showeth;
Here, the inadequate
To fulness groweth;
Here the ineffable
Wrought is in love;
The ever-womanly
Draws us above.

G. L. B.

[1] Macmillan & Co., New York and London.
[2] Tait, Sons & Co., Union Square, New York.





THE WILD WOMAN OF SAN NICOLAS